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COLONEL C. CHAILLÉ LONG-BEY.

CENTRAL AFRICA:

NAKED TRUTHS OF NAKED PEOPLE.

AN ACCOUNT OF EXPEDITIONS TO THE
LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA AND THE MAKRAKA NIAM-NIAM,
WEST OF THE BAHR-EL-ABIAD (WHITE NILE).

By COL. C. CHAILLÉ LONG,
OF THE EGYPTIAN STAFF.

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ILLUSTRATED FROM COLONEL LONG'S OWN SKETCHES.

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.—Virgil.

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INTRODUCTION.

On the evening of the 21st of July, 1875, in response to an invitation from "La Société de Géographie de Paris," I had the honour to address them upon a subject which has awakened in France, as elsewhere in Europe, the most profound interest and sympathy—Expeditions in Central Africa.

The Volume which I now present to the public is but a reproduction of the history of adventure and exploration, of which an analysis only was then given; and it occurs to me that I cannot introduce it more appropriately than by the translation of my preliminary remarks made on that occasion:—

"For several years an officer in the Egyptian Army, I come more as a soldier than as a savant, to submit to this distinguished Society a *résumé* of the incidents and results of two Expeditions which I have recently made in Central Africa—one to the Lake Victoria Nyanza, and the other to the Makraka Niam-Niam country.

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"Your illustrious geographer, Malte-Brun, has properly said that 'Egypt attaches Africa to the civilized world;' and that 'Africa is now the last portion of the civilized world which awaits at the hands of Europeans the salutary yoke of legislation and culture.'"

Although it is not a European who has devoted himself to this great work, it is one whose elevated soul and advanced ideas have placed him in the first rank of the progressive spirits of the century, and made him in this regard the type and pioneer of its civilization. He is not unknown to you, for the world appreciates the genius of Ismaïl Pacha, the Khedive of Egypt, who, inspired alike by the aspirations of Mehemet Ali and the traditions of the Roman epoch, has crowned the splendours of his reign by the triumphant solution of the problem of the Sources of the Nile.

Influenced by the judgment of kind and, perhaps, too indulgent friends, I have prepared for publication these "Naked Truths of Naked People" in the crude language of a soldier, and with the view alone of faithfully recounting the stirring incidents of my different expeditions; of promulgating correct views respecting the country, the nature and customs of the negro, and of paying an appropriate tribute to the character of the enlightened Sovereign, under whose auspices the work of Central African regeneration is being carried forward.

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Map
of Expeditions made to the Lake
VICTORIA NYANZA
and West of
the WHITE NILE to
MAKRAKA-NIAM-NIAM
1874 and 1875
by Col. C. Chaillé Long,

Chief of Staff to Gordon Pacha, C.B. Royal Engineers,
Governor General of the Equatorial Provinces.

Adding notes of Stanley & Linant, who have since visited the Lake

Author's Route ——

29 30 31 32 33

5 4 3 2 1 0

E l i a b

K a l i k o

L I G O

Gebel Makraka

Country of the Makraka & Niam-Niam

Zilei Mountains

Yeh R.

Sarinou

Sheik Iakoub

Yeriba Makraka Mundon

Yeriba Makraka Assariah

Torah

Camp

Village

Kinia Rio

Bahr el Ghazal

Bahr el Gebel

Loango

L. MWUTAN
(ALBERT NYANZA)

Vacovia

Extensive growth of Ambatch

Missisi

Quando

Mt Agif 1800

Mt Dianva

Mt Madcorly 1900

Mt Baginze

Mt Damno

Gondokoro 24th April 1874

Regaf

Bedden

Shoua

Nashou

Lluiria

Latuka

Akkara

Berri

Obbo

Faragoko

Madi

Niri Mts

Kŭku Mts

Shoilla

Lobore

Mt Assuli

Mt Tula

Mt Fork

Mt Bamó

Mt Shoua

Kidi Wilderness

Kabŭli

Somerset R.

Murchison Falls

Kamrasi

Unyoro

Mrooli

Mozuri

Kafou

Kisiwihe

Lake Ibrahim

Mt Mtiagi

Mt Gordon

Chagamoyo

Neutral Territory between Ugunda & Ungoro

Berumese

Kangaoni

Usoga

Sikondo

Mukalema

Nakusi

Mbule

Lalamba I.

Sasse I.

Nyondo

Kituntu

R. Katonga

R. Mwerango

LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA or UKEREWE
Nerada Bali

English Miles
10 20 30 40 50 60

New York, Harper & Brothers.

CENTRAL AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

Appointed Chief of Staff—Farewell to Friends at Cairo and Departure for Suez—Meet with M. Ferdinand de Lesseps —Arrival at Suez and Departure for and Arrival at Souakim—Bishareen or Amri Arabs.

The morning of the 21st of February, 1874, a special train was in waiting at the Cairo station, to convey to Suez Colonel C. G. Gordon, C.B., of the Royal Engineers of the English army, the newly-appointed Governor General of the Equatorial Provinces of Egypt, whose objective point, as prospective seat of government, was Gondokoro.

In the twenty-four hours preceding departure the writer had been designated, by request of Colonel Gordon, as Chief of Staff of the Expedition, and with him Lieutenant Hassan Wassif, Aide-de-Camp, also an officer of the General Staff of the Egyptian army.

A host of friends were in attendance to bid me adieu; not alone my comrades in arms, but many from a large circle of friends from the European

colony, with whom during my several years of service in Egypt a strong reciprocal attachment existed. A kindly interest evinced in my fate in the hazardous expedition undertaken, and a warm and generous sympathy on my return to Cairo, merit mention here, as a poor tribute of gratitude for what must ever be to me a source of pleasant reminiscence. Central Africa, with all its seductive fields of allurement to the adventurous, could not but be regarded as a bourne from which but few travellers returned, a path of glory that led but to the grave: in this sense, without doubt, the kindly and affectionate adieux were proffered. Alas! that, from among that sympathetic circle on that morning, on more than one, who with anxious face waved me a last farewell, the cold hand of death was to be laid, ere my return from months of community with what, in advance, seemed to devote me to a like fate.[1]

To resume, Ibrahim-Bey Tewfick, then an officer of the Staff, had been appointed by his Highness the Khédive to accompany this advanced guard of the expedition to Suez, where the steamer "Latif" was already in waiting.

The rear-guard, that was left to follow with all the stores and equipment, was in charge of Major Campbell. It counted in its ranks M. Auguste

[1] Auguste Linant de Bellefonds died at Gondokoro; Major Campbell, at Khartoum; Colonel F. Reynolds at Ilium, New York.

Linant de Bellefonds and others, conspicuous among whom was the now famous "Abou Saoûd," released from prison, and made a member of the expedition at the instance of the successor of Sir Samuel Baker.

Nothing of note marked the transit to Suez save that M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, the Father of the Suez Canal, who, in company with two young ladies of his household had left Ismaïlia on horseback, and being overtaken by the shades of night when near our halted train, asked to be taken into our waggon, accompanying us as far as the station "Bir-Néfiché;" where to our great regret they left us, not without, however, a pressing invitation to stop the night at Ismaïlia, an honour that we were forced to decline.

The train arrived at Suez at midnight, where, through very winding ways, we found at last that "British Hotel" whose name should rather be "Supplice des Voyageurs." To run the muck of its dirty Indian servants and abominable "cuisine" without a sour mind and a sour stomach, would imply indeed a callous nature. As a jumping-off place, however, from civilization it may serve to reconcile one, by comparison, to whatever ills prospective African travel may impose.

The morning of the 22nd hasty letters were written and despatched from the "Latif," the boat designated to take us to Souakim. At ten

o'clock the order to heave anchor was given, friendly salutations were exchanged, the last adieu had been said, our courteous escort had gone, and the steamer was soon ploughing the waters of the Gulf of Suez. The landscape was quickly fading out of sight. As I looked down from the steamer's deck into the depths of the mirrored placid surface of the waters that day, they seemed to reflect sunshine upon the long untrodden path that was to be mine, dispersing the sombre shadows that would come and go, for

> "A feeling of sadness comes o'er me
> That my soul cannot resist,"

as I think of home and friends, and the mysterious future that awaits me in Central Africa.

The passage was made quickly and without accident. The 25th, at three o'clock p.m., we arrived before Souakim, whose low sea-coast had been sighted since mid-day, The formalities of quarantine, then existing, detained us till the morning of the 26th, when we disembarked and were hospitably received and entertained by Eliadin Bey, the Governor.

Souakim has been too often described in books of travel to need an extended notice here; a village built of coral stone, its importance may be inferred from the vast quantity of sacs of gum

arabic piled up on its quay, or being placed in boats by the stalwart negro, whose well-oiled skin alone protects him from the blazing sun and intense heat that is refracted from sand and whitened coral, almost blinding in its rays. Other products of the Soudan and Abyssinia find here easy export; and occasional caravans of ivory seek this route rather than the Korosko desert and the Nile, if intended for the India or China trade, where the supply is not equal to the consumption. The natives, except the Arab merchants and the negroes of the Soudan, are the Bishareen and Amri Arabs, a mixed race of pastoral Nomads, whose occupation here is camel-driving in caravans, in the transit of the desert between this and Berber on the Nile, 288 miles distant. These men are of a peculiar type; and a description of one will answer for all.

A small piece of cloth encircles his loins; short in stature, with well carved, though very delicate limbs, he resembles the gazelle in his quick and graceful step. His food is chiefly goat's milk. His hair, grown to an enormous bushy mass, is a subject of greatest care and vanity, and every leisure moment on the wayside is spent in straightening out, "his knotted and combined locks," over which is spread a plaster of tallow of deadly odoured smell, which drips in great streams when in the sun, or forms a whitened crust upon his head and shoulders

when not thus exposed. These people, however indifferent to rank and position when once you are under their escort in the desert, are here, as you meet them, ever ready to extend politeness, and invariably rise to their feet, if seated, as you pass them in the streets or bazaars. A stroll through the irregular streets developes little that can interest; in its little bazaar are chiefly

BISHAREEN OR AMRI ARAB.

exposed articles of camel's harness, saddles, and ropes, and long knives, and a formidable-looking, but really inoffensive sword with a wondrous huge straight blade. The unhealthy smell of grease however, and a burning sun will, I am sure, deter the most ardent sightseer from "doing" Souakim for any length of time.

CHAPTER II.

Departure for Berber—Camel-riding—Solitude of the Desert—Arrival at Hiab—The "Ship of the Desert"—Arrival at Berber—Beautiful Gardens of Sheik Halifa—Boat Life on the Nile—The Tiger of Shendy—Assassination of Ismail Pacha—Arrival at Khartoum.

The 28th, accompanied by a guard of fifteen soldiers, the caravan provided for us by Eliadin-Bey, the Governor, started for Berber, 288 miles distant.

Seven days of forced marches on camel-back, by night and day, is by no means a pleasure trip; the eccentric movement of the camel, the monotony, the suffering from thirst, and the hot scorching waste of sand by day, the cold by night, the weird dusky figure of camel and driver as he silently creeps along in the dim shadow, all tend to fatigue and sleep. The painful effort to resist the latter becomes a torture. More than once, no longer enchained by day dreams and fancies, memory of home and friends, I succumbed to its influence, and pitched headlong from the giddy height, that for the moment seems as high as Olympus as you seek in vain to arrest your fall,

when bruised and half dead to regain your seat, with maledictions against camel locomotion, or to walk on until you have recovered, by violent exercise, the proper possession of your faculties benumbed by want of rest.

The desert is a howling waste of sand; whilst over it a solitude reigns more terrible than that conceived by Byron, when in "Childe Harold" he says,—

> "But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
> To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
> And roam along, the world's tired denizen—
> With none who bless us, none whom we can bless.
> * * * * * *
> This is to be alone; this, this is solitude."

This is not all; the trackless way is marked by countless carcasses of camels, and shapeless mounds of unnumbered graves, rudely marked by heaps of stones, "implore the passing tribute of a sigh," as the last resting-place of the rude savage guide of the desert. On the 3rd of March we arrived at Hiab, the half-way station and watering spot; here, reposing for a few hours, the Bishareen and Amri Arabs collected around us. The sight of an empty bottle gave the wildest delight, whilst the exhibition of a small mirror caused them to start back affrighted, and to regard me with looks of terror and superstition.

I extract from my Itinerary :—

"*5th of March.*—'En route,' five o'clock p.m.,

march all night: painful naps upon the camel's back. The whole party has relapsed into silence, and the hitherto noisy chatter of our soldier escort is hushed in fatigue. We make continuous travel of eighteen hours, arriving at station 'Obak' at eleven o'clock a.m. of the sixth. The heat is excessive, and our guide reports that he has lost the track of the well; fortunately we have sufficient water for our men, but the camels are sorely tried and give signs of failing strength. We find the well at last, and after a meagre repast bivouac and go to sleep.

"It may not be uninteresting to note here the extravagant powers of endurance attributed to that most useful 'Ship of the Desert,' the camel. The popularly received notion that the camel may go eight to ten days without water has no foundation; in fact, three to four days is the limit, and unless his strength be greatly economized he will succumb the fourth day. His vaunted docility is generally the result of advanced age; for when young he is vicious and at times ungovernable; the many dashes from our ranks was a proof of this, causing the hapless rider to bite the dust, relieving often the tedium of the route in the merriment that ensued at the mishap. Unlike other animals he does not possess the instinct that protects them against poisonous herbs: and the most careful attention on the part of his driver is necessary to avoid the not unfrequent cases of his death from this reason.

"*8th of March.*—After much fatigue we reach Berber, having accomplished the distance in eight days. Hamed Halifa, the veteran Sheik of the desert caravans, receives us: and invited to his home, our quick transit is a subject of felicitation on all sides (except my side); for bruised and jaded, I tacitly plead exception to the appreciation of these doubtless well-meant congratulations."

Berber is a collection of low mud-huts, with here and there a building only that has the pretensions of a house of European style or construction: its tall palm and acacia trees, and the beautiful gardens of Sheik Halifa give it a certain charm and beauty, as it rises like a phantom city to the vision of the weary and heat-oppressed traveller, as he emerges from the sandy plains of the desert.

The dress of the Berber woman is very primitive, whilst the unmarried wear a simple leather fringe around their loins, only this, and nothing more.

Preparations having been quickly made, we prepared to quit Berber, and on the morning of the 9th of March, in two nuggers (Nile boats), we left for Khartoum. Here commenced our "boat life on the Nile," made up of angry and, I fear, maledictory protestations with that great personage the Reïs,—not this one in particular, but reïses in general; shooting at crocodiles that lazily sun themselves upon the "shallals" (rocks) in

the river, that our unwilling boatmen insisted might not be passed till "bokara" (the morrow).

March 10th.—We passed Shendy, in the past a great commercial town, and to-day of much importance as an "entrepôt" of caravans from Darfour and Kordofan. Designated as the terminus of the Soudan railway coming from Wady Halfai, this place is destined to play no unimportant "rôle" in the great flow of trade that must pour from its ancient trading grounds, connecting with Khartoum by steamer, to which point the navigation by light-draft steamers is always practicable. Shendy is no less renowned as the place where Ismaïl Pacha, the son of the great Mehemet Ali, was assassinated in 1821, and was in reprisal razed to the ground by the Egyptians.

The story throws much light on Eastern character. Sent by his father to obtain tribute and submission from the ferocious chief who had been the scourge of the country, and who himself had earned the soubriquet of the "Tiger of Shendy"—the prince's first night as an unbidden guest proved his last.

Pitching his tents, Ismaïl summoned "the Tiger" to his presence, and peremptorily commanded him to furnish large rations and supplies for his troops forthwith, as well as to pay a heavy indemnity the next morning. With feigned humility the "Tiger of Shendy" pleaded poverty

of himself and people, and declared his utter inability to comply with the demand.

In his wrath at this reply Ismaïl inflicted upon him the unpardonable insult of striking him over the head with the pipe which he was smoking, saying, "Dog and liar, unless you immediately comply with my orders, I'll have you scourged through the camp by my soldiers."

Apparently stricken with terror, and true to his name, "the Tiger" crouched, feigned immediate and absolute submission, and left his unsuspecting guest with the remark, "You shall have, not only all the forage you want, but more."

All that night, amid all the gaiety of the camp, the Prince and his suite remarked with satisfaction the immense quantities of forage that the tribe were piling around the circuit of the tents, especially the huge piles around those of himself and suite. They understood better the meaning of the "Tiger's" parting speech when, awakened before the dawn of day, they found themselves encircled by a girdle of flame: to prevent escape from which the "Tiger" and his tribe with levelled lances stood sentry, until the Prince and his whole force were roasted alive, in revenge for the insult, and Shendy thus made a historic spot.

Mehemet Ali to avenge this reprisal sent his son-in-law, the savage Defterdar, who razed the town, but the "Tiger" escaped into the interior, and was never captured or punished.

The 12th of March, we met to our satisfaction a steamer sent by the Governor General of Khartoum, Ismaïl Pacha Ayoub, and leaving our slow nugger, to go on board the steamer, we arrived at Khartoum on the morning of the 13th of March —twenty days from our leaving Cairo.

CHAPTER III.

Khartoum—Its Present and Future—Reception by the Governor General—The Austrian Catholic Mission — Dine with the Governor General—The "Soudanieh Corps"—Their Amusements—Dancing Girls at Khartoum—Removal of the "Sod" (Matted Grass) from the Nile—Destruction of Hippopotami—Abou Saoûd.

KHARTOUM, on the left bank of the Bahr-el Azrak

VIEW OF KHARTOUM.

(Blue Nile), about two miles south from its confluence with the Bahr-el-Abiad (White Nile), is

thus embraced in the acute angle formed by the two rivers. A city numbering perhaps 30,000 inhabitants, its commercial importance is already recognized as a great entrepôt of products of Central Africa, the newly acquired equatorial Lake districts, and the country south-west of Darfour, from which great stores of ivory will come. Caravans of ivory, ebony, ostrich feathers, are sent over the great Atmoor or Korosko desert, and find their way to Cairo : whilst grain (dourah), cotton, gum, in exchange for European goods, render Khartoum a place of great commercial activity. The railroad in course of construction to Shendy will connect by steamer with this place : and will soon give it importance, not alone as to its commerce, but will place a point heretofore remote within easy distance of an army of sight-seers, sacred to them perhaps as a horrid slave depôt. Europe, thus brought unceremoniously to the front door of Central Africa, may then, face to face with the negro fresh from his African home, compare him with the picture of "Uncle Tom," or the sentimental portraits that have depicted him as he ought to be, and not as he is.

The street that borders the river-side looks down upon the water from a bluff-like elevation ; here and there are the stately palm-trees and large gardens of citron and orange-trees, whilst the neatly whitewashed constructions, relieved by

minaret and mosque, give it the air of an Egyptian city. The streets are irregular, narrow, and badly drained; and thus in the rainy season great pools of stagnant water throw off their deadly miasma, generating the fevers that are still prevalent, but are yearly becoming less frequent. Certainly outside of the city, or on the opposite bank of the river, in the desert, I believe it to be perfectly healthy. The European population is composed principally of Greek, and a few Italian merchants, chiefly engaged in the sale of wines, raki, beer, canned fruits, meats, and vegetables; the Arab, Turk, and Copt controlling till of late years, the Dongolowee element, that are recruited here as irregular soldiers, or ivory hunters for the interior of Africa, by the ivory merchants, who arm, equip, and furnish them with the necessary "suc-suc" (beads) and other trumpery, for which ivory is exchanged by the savage. A palace and several well-built government buildings face the river-side, where a well-built quay with stone staircase gives easy descent to the steamers that lie alongside.

His Excellency the Governor General received us with marked attention: troops were paraded, and a salvo of guns announced our arrival. The European colony came to present their respects, represented by the Consul General of Austria, the Superintendent of the Soudan Telegraph, and the Apostolic Vicar of the Austrian Catholic Mis-

sion, whose immense building in the midst of a garden of palm and orange groves was a never-ending source of pleasure to me during my convalescence months afterwards in Khartoum, when I became the recipient of many presents of fruit from Monseigneur Camboni, the energetic and zealous head of the Mission. I have to add here my grateful obligations for the kindness and care extended to a comrade who died subsequently within its hospitable walls.

Among those who came also to offer their respects was a very dirty Cyclopic Copt, with a very dirty shirt; his Excellency the American Consul at Khartoum, bought and paid for, if you please!

The 18th of March we were invited to dine with the Governor General: a large number of guests were assembled, including officers of the army, in addition to those mentioned above. The repast, served in European style, left nothing to be desired, and Mr. Hanzell, the Consul General, was particularly happy in the post-prandial speech delivered in Arabic, in which in his private and official character he wished success to the successor of Baker Pacha. The spacious "divan" was filled with guests, whilst the courtyard without held a battalion of soldiers recruited from the "Dinka" and "Chillouk" tribes of the Bahr-el-Abiad, and as well a few from the countries of Darfour and Kordofan; all happy in the con-

sciousness of their elevated position as soldiers, and pride of their white uniforms, in such strange contrast to the inky hue of their skin. These different tribes compose the "Soudanieh Corps;" in face and form ugly, sometimes hideous, they are none the less excellent and devoted soldiers. To beguile the tedium of time the "theatro," or dance and song, is the almost nightly recreation in the Soudan; and recourse was now had to the dance, or "Kamalalah," as known to the soldiers. Lamps were hung around, illuminating a scene new to me, yet bringing back to memory scenes of other days in my far-off home in the "sunny south" when I stole away from the parental eye to Uncle Tom's cabin, there to revel in childish delight in the dance, banjo, and plantation melodies of the happy Sambo. The fiddle and bow of "Old Uncle Ned" is silent now, and these scenes have "gone glimmering through the dream of things that were," to give place to the busy wheel of progress, that has crushed beneath its iron pressure the bonds of slavery in America, and made the slave if a wiser, by no means a merrier man.

There was a scene in the entertainment to which I was an entire stranger. Twelve girls of mixed Abyssinian type were introduced, who, with shuffling step and a peculiar clucking sound made by compression of the lips against the teeth, moved in concert to the tum-tum evoked

from a tambourine in the hands of an Arab musician. A girdle of leathern strips encircled the waist only (the sole attempt at dress); the neck, arms, and legs were encased in well-wrought steel and copper bracelets, whose clinking kept time to the music, as they defiled in review.

These girls are under the superintendence of a director or manager; and all negotiations for exhibitions, here often called into requisition at "fantasiahs," at reunions, and at marriages, are made through him.

A just tribute should here be rendered to Ismaïl Pacha Ayoub, the Governor General, for the accomplishment of the removal of the "sod" (matted grass) that had defied the efforts of Sir Samuel Baker, barring the passage of the river southward between the Bahr-el-Ghazal and the Bahr-el-Giraffe, and compelling the latter's retreat to Tewfickéyeh, in the month of April, 1870, where, a few miles south of the mouth of the Saubat, encamped in a pestiferous marsh, many fell victims to the fever. A few weeks before our arrival, the Governor General at the head of a battalion of Soudan soldiers addressed himself to the work, in order to open communication with Gondokoro, then in his command. The unwieldy, putrid mass of vegetable matter, after three weeks of indefatigable labour, yielded to the efforts of the devoted band, many of whom fell a prey to the

malaria, malignant fevers, and dysentery, or living still, are victims to the dread "guinea worm," that infests the water and marshes of these rivers. At the moment that the tightly-wedged mass of "sod" gave way, a mass of hippopotami, with which the river from this point to its source is wonderfully full, were borne in its inextricable embrace, pressed in and crushed to a jelly, whilst the air resounded with their horrid and terrified roars. A Nile boat was carried away at the same time, and disappeared beneath the crash of "sod," that now with severed fragments was to drift away with the current.

The Governor General was highly pleased with his success, and assured us that our journey to Gondokoro by steamer would be uninterrupted. The news was indeed grateful; for the consideration of the means of removing this obstacle had occupied our serious attention en route; and this accomplished, our expedition began under auspices that transferred at once the scene of operations to Gondokoro. It may not be foreign to the subject to allude here to the unfavourable impression produced upon government officials and the well-wishers to the expedition, on learning that Abou Saoûd was on his way to join us, that he had been renominated; and would go to Gondokoro in connexion with the administration of the Equatorial Provinces; for in Khartoum Abou was looked upon as inimical to the interests

of the Government in these regions. Reference to him will be hereafter made, and his true connexion with the Expedition and final fate be fully shown.

CHAPTER IV.

Embark for Gondokoro—Confluence of the waters of the Bahr-el-Azrak and the Bahr-el-Abiad—Hassanieh and Bagarrah Arabs—Island of Meroe and the Queen of Sheba—Fashoda—The Chillouks—The Dinkas—Kam Kom—The river Saubat—Wretched state of the inhabitants—Their extreme ignorance—Ant-hills—Bor—Arrival at Gondokoro.

On the morning of the 22nd of March, every preparation had been made for departure; seven steamers then at Khartoum were to ply between that place and Gondokoro in the service of the Equatorial Provinces. It is but just to say here that Sir Samuel Baker had brought out from England, and had superintended the construction of these boats of light draft, and capable of ascending the Nile as far as Gondokoro, the highest navigable point north of the Rapids, if I may except a short period during the rainy season, when Gebel Regaf may be reached, fifteen miles farther south, not however without difficulty. Having breakfasted "à la turque" with the Governor General, we embarked on the steamer, No. 9, waiting to receive us, amid a salvo of guns,

and the kind adieu of the hundreds collected to wish success to the new Equatorial Government. The waters of the Bahr-el-Azrak and the Bahr-el-Abiad at their confluence are clearly marked, as the pure waters of the former commingle with the discoloured waters of the latter. A parallel here may be drawn between the junction of the waters of the Mississippi and Missouri, where the turbid waters of the former strike the limpid and tranquil stream of the latter, projecting themselves across its bosom, making a well-defined line of discoloured water in its invasion of the purer stream.

As the steamer turns the point at the junction, and enters the Bahr-el-Abiad at a slackened speed in stemming its swift current, I cast a long lingering look behind, as the last haunt of civilization fades from view, ere I turn to brave the uninviting future that awaits the traveller in Central Africa.

"Now Harold found himself at length alone,
And bade to Christian tongues a long adieu.
Now he adventured on a shore unknown,
Which all admire, but many dread to view.
His breast was arm'd 'gainst fate, his wants were few;
Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to meet.
The scene was savage, but the scene was new;
This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet."

The two shores of the Bahr-el-Abiad, for a considerable distance, are not uninteresting; dotted here and there by trees and undergrowth,

at intervals great flocks of wild geese, ducks, and pelicans; herds of cattle and sheep browse upon its grass-covered shores. Further on, we see the straw-mat huts of the Hassanieh and Bagarrah Arabs, who occupy both banks of the river from this point till near Fashoda; pastoral nomads, they resemble the Bedouins of the Desert, whilst in colour, contour of figure, and delicate limbs, surrounded as they are here on all sides by negro races, they invite a study of their obscure origin, a puzzle to ethnologists that may not admit other than mere speculation.

Herodotus speaks of the Egyptian troops to the number of 240,000 stationed at the isle of Elephantis (Philae), who deserted to the King of Ethiopia, assigning as a reason "their non-payment and non-displacement for a period of three years," replying to the expostulations of Psammeticus in thus quitting their country and wives, in terms so "bizarre," and so untranslateable "to ears polite," that we must refer thereto, to Herodotus himself. M. Caillaud, the celebrated traveller, has placed the residence of the Queen of Sheba at the island of "Meroe," situated between Shendy and Khartoum, where, as he says, "cette célèbre reine d'Ethiopie, qui alla écouter les sages préceptes et les tendres discours de Salomon," met him.[1]

May it not be, that the deserting Egyptians,

[1] "This celebrated queen of Ethiopia, who went and listened to the wise precepts and tender discourses of Solomon," met him.

amalgamating with the Ethiopians, were the ancestors of the Bagarrah Arabs of whom we speak?

The 31st of March, we arrived at Fashoda, having transferred baggage, &c., to the "Bordène," a more comfortable steamer returning from Gondokoro. Fashoda, situated on the left bank of the Nile, is an outpost of the Government at Khartoum; on its left is a Chillouk village of straw-huts; the town itself is a collection of mud-huts, with here and there a government building of stone, a prison, and a divan.

Under the "surveillance" of an affable officer, Colonel Yusef Bey, the Chillouks are being encouraged to cultivate "dourah," and their condition is being very sensibly ameliorated, the land to this point being passably good.

From this place, however, to Gondokoro, there is nothing but a sea of marshes, through whose slimy bed the river Nile runs its extremely tortuous course for at least 1000 miles!

The 2nd of April we arrived at the mouth of the river Saubat: a detachment of soldiers here mark the limit of the administration of the Khartoum Government, and the point where commences the frontier of the Equatorial Provinces: here we stop for wood. The mosquitoes attack with great ferocity, and their bites are so painful as to render sleep impossible; this was but one of the daily torments which we experienced in an ever-memorable voyage of twenty-six days, varied only

by frequent shots at troops of elephants, buffalo, crocodiles, and hippopotami, that ramped and roared around our boat, if "tied up for wood."

The Chillouk and the Dinka occupy the right and left bank of the river. In this hurried transit no study of these people was possible; it was only afterwards, in passing and repassing on service, that I was brought in close connexion with these tribes who, in common with other negroes, have been endowed by enthusiastic travellers with qualities, that I regret to say, an unprejudiced opinion, added to a long experience among negroes, under various circumstances, does not permit me to corroborate. I cannot do better then, than quote here an analysis of a "résumé" of my travels, an extract of a speech delivered before the Geographical Society of Paris, on the 21st of July, 1875, having the merit of conclusions drawn from actual and painful observation.

"Twenty-six days of navigation by steamer through a region, where an almost inextricable maze of jungle-grass seemed at times to threaten to bar completely the way, brought me to the Bari country, near Gondokoro; a distance of about 1000 miles, entirely covered by fetid and stagnant marshes, over the dangerous surface of which wander troops of elephants and buffaloes. The river was full of crocodiles and hippopotami; the roars of the latter alone breaking the terrific silence which reigns in these regions.

"Later, on returning, feeling anxious to know something about the Saubat, I went up that river nearly 300 miles, and learned that, farther on, at nine days' march, was a village called 'Kam-Kom,' whither the Abyssinians or Gallas repair for trading purposes. At a few hours' distance from the place where I stopped (called Manshiah by the negroes) flowed a river, which by its direction I supposed to be an effluent of the Bahr-el-Azrak. I heard there of an overland route, by which one might even reach Gondokoro; a fact unknown till then.

"The banks of the Saubat present the same sombre and dismal aspect as those of the Bahr-el-Abiad. They are inhabited by the Dinkas and the Nouers. Like the Chillouks who dwell on the left bank of the Bahr-el-Abiad, these people possess none of the ideas or qualities which had been previously ascribed to them. First of all, the Dinka is no worshipper of the moon; he worships the cow. The Chillouk, who had been introduced as the founder of a kingdom in Sennaar, seems by his present wretched state and miserable appearance to belie the statement of his ever having played so grand an historical part. The most deplorable conditions both of climate and habitation, are alone sufficient to have prevented the Chillouk from acting the part of a conqueror, which has been assigned to him. Let us cast a closer glance at the negroes encamped on the banks of the

Bahr-el-Abiad, encircled by a row of dung-hills, to which they set fire, either to preserve themselves from the venomous bites of the mosquitoes, or to protect themselves during the night from the attacks of the lions, leopards, and hippopotami. Indolent and timorous, the Chillouk scarcely finds sufficient means of subsistence in the doubtful

SCENE ON THE BAHR-EL-ABIAD, BETWEEN THE JUNCTION OF THE SAUBAT AND GONDOKORO.

pursuit of the wild beasts that surround him. Deprived of the resources which fishing affords them, one year would suffice to annihilate these beings, among whom famine has become a chronic state. By the Chillouk stands the cow, which for him supplies the place of every other divinity. These cows, as emaciated as himself, give but very

little milk, and the Chillouk never kills them for food. The possession of this animal is a guarantee of freedom; for the Sheik of every negro tribe detains as slaves such as do not possess at least one cow.

"These people live thus in idleness, sheltered from the burning rays of the sun by a dense curtain of smoke. Besmeared with muck mixed with ashes, they seem yet more hideous with their protuberant jaws, the absence of lower incisors, and their upper teeth projecting from their upper jaw like the tusks of a wild boar. As for a divinity, they have none other but the above-mentioned one, the cow. I may add that many other negro tribes are in the same state; and such as have any notions of a God, hold them from the nomad Arab. Does it not also appear probable that the different hues in the colour of their skin may be imputed to miscegenation with the Arab and Indian?"

The 5th of April.—The place where the "sod" had barred passage to Baker Pacha, since removed (as heretofore mentioned), permits our uninterrupted passage. On board of our steamer are some of the soldiers who were employed in that work, and their legs, covered with great sores produced by the guinea worm, give evidence of their hard service.

On the 8th of April I go ashore; fire at troop of elephants; hit one with explosive shell, but he "gets away beautifully;" tumble into an

elephant pit-fall covered from view by grass and bushes, and extricate myself with difficulty. The savages come to the steamer and beg for "dourah" (corn); their starved and emaciated figures give fearful evidence of their misery.

Frequent stoppages for wood bring to our steamer, always begging for food, these miserable starving creatures, who are assembled in mass upon the great high ant-hills, whose cone-like shape deceives one often into belief that they are villages. These ant-hills, from ten to twelve feet high, dotted here and there in great numbers over the marshy plain, alone break the oppressive depression of these lowlands. From these points the negro, leaning upon his spear, with his leg uplifted and forming an angle, his foot resting upon the knee of the left leg, supporting thus, in not ungraceful pose, his body, bent forward in eager and curious gaze at the passing steamer.

April 10*th.*—We pass the spot called "Wossis" (priest), where once a brave little band of Austrian priests settled in these fetid marshes, devoted victims to a strange infatuation. The place now, alone is marked by some banana-trees planted by them, the sole surviving memorial of their faith and sacrifice.

April 11*th.*—We arrive at "Bor," an ivory establishment, where we receive the doubtful honours of a Falstaffian band of "Dongolowee," belonging to the independent corps of ivory

hunters and merchants at Khartoum. Farther on we stop for wood, procuring *ebony* for fuel; here I got a chance shot at a troop of giraffes, but without effect other than to send them flying through the brush.

April 13*th*.—Stopped for wood near a deserted negro village in decay; the ground is covered with skulls and human bones; the huts are perched upon ebony posts, which we secure for fuel.

April 15*th*.—The river is becoming less deep and navigation more difficult; at intervals we stick on a muddy shoal. Immense number of hippopotami and crocodiles, our constant companions *en route*, seem here with angry roars to oppose our passage.

April 16*th*.—We can see in the distance the mountains near Gondokoro, "Lado, Belignan, and Regaf," and the dreary waste of pestiferous marsh of this gloomy river Styx gives place to "terra firma," when we had almost begun to think that Central Africa must lose itself in the black stinking mud, that has been our home for the last twenty-six days.

April 17*th*.—We arrived at Gondokoro, where we were received with customary honours by the commandant of the garrison, Colonel Raouf-Bey (now Pacha).

CHAPTER V.

Gondokoro—The "Canissa"—Graves of Mr. Higginbotham and M. Auguste Linant—Destructive powers of the White Ants—Loron, the great Sheik of the Bari—His Wife and Daughters—The Governor General returns to Khartoum—Despondeney—The connexion of the Lakes Victoria and Albert, the Problem—Ba Beker—Death of Livingstone—Determine on the Journey—My Companions—My Staff—My Horse "Ugunda"—Heavy Rains.

GONDOKORO, on the right bank of the river, on a bluff-like elevation ten feet above the level of the stream, is a military encampment, composed of straw huts enclosed in a high palisade of straw; a little stream running through marshy, and at times flooded land, bounds the north side of the encampment. The brick "canissa" (church) had been long since pulled down by the "Baris," and had served, mixed with grease, to besmear their bodies with the favourite red colour they affect. The magazine of heavy tin, filled with trumpery for the savages, is a relic of the administration of Sir Samuel Baker. Not far away, a rude memorial erected here marks the grave of one of Sir Samuel Baker's most energetic aids, Mr.

VIEW OF GONDOKORO.

Higginbotham. 'Alas! that on my return from Lake Victoria I should find the deserted spot invaded, to give place to my friend, M. Auguste Linant, the son of M. Linant de Bellefonds, of Cairo. Not without a spasm of pain I looked at the broken turf that marked his resting-place; and memory went back to that morning, mentioned at the opening of this book, when he and a host of friends bade me adieu in Cairo. Poor Linant, then insisting that I should cause him to be appointed to the Expedition, my interference had been too successful; for he had arrived and died ere my return. Others too lay close by, victims alike to a deadly fever prevalent here, since Gondokoro had proved almost a plague spot, in this respect alone.

The famous white ants of which so much has been written, at Gondokoro, as at every point from the Saubat south to the Equator, employ their energetic qualities to such an extent as to destroy almost everything, save metals, if left for twenty-four or forty-eight hours on the earth. Warned of this, all my clothing and baggage were carefully hoisted from contact with the ground. Others, more unfortunate or more incredulous, did not take the same precaution; and consequently had their clothing, and even sword-belts, almost entirely destroyed by this veritable plague. They throw up large red mounds, that rise solitary and alone, the only distinctive marks

that break the monotony of the plains and marshes, and from whose tops, eight to ten feet high, the naked savage may be seen with foot resting upon the knee of the leg that supports him; the right hand clasping the lance crosswise, as a means of defence or offence—of livelihood, if he be an inhabitant of the river banks; for the lance alone serves him as a means of procuring fish, by the uncertain process of spearing them.

As I have said before, we have left the gulf of marsh and pestiferous land that separates Gondokoro from the mouth of the Saubat. Goudokoro looks out upon a country not unpicturesque; the mountains in the distance; the grass-covered land dotted here and there by tall stately trees; flocks of sheep, goats, and cows: and nicely constructed villages, constitute indeed a pleasant change from the country we have recently passed over. Loron, the great Sheik of the Bari, comes to make our acquaintance, and introduces his numerous wives. Loron, a great, tall, magnificently built man, in a state of "puris naturalibus"—a national distinction of the Bari—takes his seat upon the little stool in ebony carried by all Baris habitually, so that the legs embrace the left shoulder near the head. His huge limbs are in such great contrast to the pigmy article as to obscure from sight the stool; whilst at the same time, to excite mirth at the seeming painful and ridiculous position of the

great chief, his wife and daughters—from whom, in accordance with the tribal custom, all capillary attractions had been removed by native depillatories, both as to their heads and bodies—were covered with a coating of grease and oxide of iron. They were far more modest than Loron, and wore the native girdle, consisting of strips of leather finely cut hanging down in front; whilst in the rear "the correct thing" is to have a long bushy tail falling nearly to the ankles. This is to be fashionably dressed "à la Bari."

The details of inspection, consequent upon the arrival of the Governor General, have no place here. Quickly despatched, the Governor General determined to return to Khartoum, and there hasten forward Abou Saoûd, *en route* from Cairo with the rear-guard; and acting in concert with him, return to Gondokoro.

On the 20th of April, then, Colonel Gordon returned to Khartoum. The brilliant prospect of aiding in the work of the regeneration of Africa,—

> "To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
> And read your history in a nation's eyes,"

had received, through the long stretch of dreary deadly marsh that interposes from Khartoum, a very sensible shock. The disheartened tone of officers and men, whose sickly emaciated appearance, too truly corroborated their long drawn "griefs," caused me, for a moment, to regret my

voluntary exile from a pleasant service in Cairo; but a sentiment of duty rather than enthusiasm rose high above the apparent obstacles to my purpose. Imbued with that sentiment of Longfellow's,—

> "In the world's great field of battle,
> In the bivouac of life,
> Be not like dumb driven cattle,
> Be a hero in the strife,"

the prospective journey to the Lake Victoria Nyanza, had been suggested to me by the impatient desire of the world to know something of that mysterious region, the Source of the Nile. I had in my mind's eye the connecting of the two lakes—Victoria and Albert—till now a problem: the unfinished work of Captain Speke. Another incentive to this journey to the Lake Victoria, was to visit and confer with that great African king, of whom only vague accounts had been given by Speke, whose visit to Ugunda resulted in the discovery of the Lake Victoria Nyanza, but who had still left the question one of mystery and doubt.

The presence at Gondokoro of a wily black, named Ba Beker, who had made his way through Unyoro, coming from M'Tsé, King of Ugunda, and bearing letters to Sir Samuel Baker from Lieutenant Cameron, announcing the death of Livingstone at Ujiji, seemed a propitious circumstance, though the non-arrival of baggage and provisions,

and an utter want of every necessary, conspired to render the attempt nothing short of folly. The Governor General, ere his departure, had been informed of my wish and opposed no objection thereto, although from letters addressed to me from Khartoum he had deemed it utterly impracticable, and presumed me still at Gondokoro. Invested, however, with the necessary authority, I made a demand upon Raouf Pacha, the Colonel commanding post, but only two soldiers in the weakened condition of the garrison could be detailed to my service. They came from the "Forty Thieves" of Sir Samuel Baker, or as they were known, the "Soudanieh Corps"—Saïd Bagarrah, and Abd-el-Rahman—destined to be my faithful companions and comrades in arms in all the eventful scenes of misery and hardship that marked our joint adventures. My two unfaithful and useless servants, and a miserable wretch in exile, Ibrahim Effendi, in the capacity of dragoman, composed my staff; the latter unfortunately only adding to the obstacles interposed by savages and by the elements. The rainy season had commenced, and the hastily collected stores of sugar and coffee that could only last me in the first steps of my voyage, received a fearful deluge of rain the night preceding my departure, the 23rd of April. My horse and Saïs Suliman should not be forgotten here, both have a place in my affections to-day from their faithful service and com-

panionship. The former kept me company in the long vigils of stormy nights that marked my absence and secured for me doubtless, on my entrée as a Centaur at the Palais of M'Tsé, in Ugunda, the honours of human sacrifice, accorded only to the equals of African kings! Retiring to my tent I prepared several hasty notes of adieu, rendered almost indecipherable by the howling rain that invaded and deluged my retreat, and thus rendered sleep impossible. On the morrow, at an early hour, I determined to put myself en route, and to defy the almost insuperable obstacles that presented themselves at the commencement of my enterprise, and now—

"Here is one fytte of Harold's pilgrimage:
Ye who of him may further seek to know,
Shall find some tidings in a future page,
If he that rhymeth now may scribble moe."

CHAPTER VI.

Violent Storms and Rains—Affair at Mrooli—M'Tsé, king of Ugunda—Connexion of the Lakes Victoria Nyanza and Albert—Desire to solve the Problem—Preparations to depart — My Escort—Ba Beker — Description of my "personnel"—Death of my Horse—The Dongolowee—Bid Raouf Bey a last adieu—Cross the "Hor-el-Ramlé"—"Gebel-el-Kelb"—Hadid, the Iron Man of Fatiko—The Mŏgi Country—Massacre—Prepare for an Attack from the Mogi Tribe—Their mass in front attacked and dispersed — The Laboré — The Bahr-el-Asua — Miani's Tree—Utter break-down of Kellerman—Porters dying of fatigue are left unburied—Address of Gimmoro—Arrival at Fatiko—Received with enthusiasm by the Garrison.

The morning of the 24th of April dawned in thunder, lightning, and rain; the unabated storm of the night previous had seemed to gather new violence, as if with its chilling influence to act in concert with the officers of the post, whose sombre representations of the difficulties of the route southward alone might have deterred me from the attempt, certainly at this season of rains, whose duration would be six months, and

when the wild jungle-grass springing up to an enormous height, formed at times an almost impassable barrier. This was not all, for after quitting the last military post at Foueira, I should be wholly dependent upon the country for food; in fact, alone with two soldiers to run the gauntlet of African diplomacy, and dangers that had caused Speke, with fifty soldiers, to leave uncompleted the navigation of the Nile, between the Lake Victoria and the Lake Albert; and forced Sir Samuel Baker, just entering Unyoro, at Masindi, with a large body of soldiers, and every luxury of camp and tent life, to retreat from the country, many of his soldiers killed, and his immense stores destroyed by Keba Rega; thus rendering nominal only his "annexation" of this country, and leaving a passage through it a matter of peril, as will be shown hereafter, in my recital of the affair at Mrooli, as well as in the subsequent massacre of the troops of M'Tsé; and later still, of thirty-six out of the valorous "Forty Thieves" of Baker, who accompanied my unfortunate friend M. Linant, then returning from Ugunda.

I have said elsewhere, in an analysis of this expedition, made before the French Geographical Society, at their request, that "Par suite de circonstances, dont le détail ne serait pas ici à sa place, je dus me mettre en route avant l'arrivée de mes bagages. C'était une imprudence qui

aurait pu nous coûter cher à moi-même et à mes compagnons, mais elle me fut imposée par le sentiment du devoir." [1] It is this that may excuse me for an act of premeditated folly and rashness.

That mysterious region, the Lake Victoria Nyanza, the source of the Nile, was the Eldorado of Central African explorers, to unlock whose difficult and hidden secrets, and explore the uncertain and unknown link between the two lakes, Victoria and Albert, was still in the geographical world a consummation devoutly to be wished for.

Alone at Gondokoro I sought the key to unlock the forbidden door, and determined to brave all danger, "to set my life upon the cast, and stand the hazard of the die." I then proceeded to inspect the poor stores I had collected from the magazine, and which the night before had been sewed tightly in new cow-skins for protection against the weather. They consisted of several pounds of sugar and coffee, and a few pounds of bread, the remnant of a few rations for the route

[1] "By a concourse of circumstances, the particulars of which I need not here detail, I was compelled to start before the arrival of my baggage and supplies. This was an act of folly that might have cost dear both to myself and to my companions, but it was dictated to me by a sentiment of duty."

purchased at Khartoum, sufficient only for a few days. My uniform and a change of clothing comprised my personal store; the rest composed of "Suc-Suc," a Soudanieh nomenclature, under which beads, red cloth, tarbouches, and other trumpery articles (packed in tin cases left by Baker), to strike the fancy of Africans, are designated. These were intended as "salaam-alak" (gifts) for King M'Tsé. As porters of these effects there were then at Gondokoro 300 Fatikites (negro porters) of Fatiko, who had come from the Fatiko military post with a column bringing ivory, and the supernumeraries carrying the effects of officers and soldiers, accompanying them as an escort, numbering sixty men, in command of a lieutenant; the sole means of transport in these countries being the negro, paid by "Suc-suc," or a cow, if the burden carried be of much value. It may be remarked here that nowhere in Africa, though possessing the elephant, giraffe, and buffalo, has the negro ever attempted to make use of them as beasts of burden. As a fact however, and only in justice to him, the need thereof is scarcely understood; since labour of any kind is the exception not the rule in African wilds.

In addition to the troops there were eighty irregulars, Dongolowee ivory hunters returning to their station at Faloro, under the command of

Suleiman, the ex-Wekil of Abou-Saoûd, now enrolled in the government service in the ivory interest, at a salary that rendered him of great importance; not alone this, he was going with plenipotentiary powers to the court of Keba Rega as ambassador![1] They would accompany me as far as "Miani's Tree," whence, westward to the Nile, they would go to Faloro, where large quantities of ivory were already stored. My advance southward then, within the lines of our military posts extending to Foueira, near Karuma Falls, was rendered comparatively secure. Last, though not least, in this escort was the high functionary, Ba Beker, heretofore mentioned, a black diplomat from the court of M'Tsé, and privy counsellor to this potentate. He had been entrusted by M'Tsé with letters, that "his people had received at Ujiji from a white man" (frequent communication is had between Ujiji and Ugunda), supposed to be Lieutenant Cameron, addressed to the Governor General at Gondokoro. Ba Beker had received orders such as the king is accustomed to give in all cases: "Fail to execute your mission, and your head pays the forfeit." By stealthy marches by night, and secreted in marsh and banana grove by day, Unyoro had

[1] This fact is mentioned here in connexion with the affair at Mrooli, the 17th of August, 1874. Suleiman was then at Masindi, only three days away to the westward.

been passed, and the watchful, wary Keba Rega successfully eluded, and Ba Beker with a few followers had reached the government post at Foueira, whence with the ivory escort he had made his way to Gondokoro. Nervous as to his return he gladly welcomed the announcement of my visit to Ugunda. I saw that though boastful of making his way through Unyoro, that "annexed country of Sir Samuel Baker"—he felt very much like the school-boy fresh from the influence of the nursery, whose traditional dread of passing lonely churchyards at late hours, has been appreciated by all whose youth may have been spent in villages.

Ba Beker, though black as ebony, was a cross between the negro and the Malay. Very short in stature, his little black face was illumed by two little fiery red eyes, that burned like coals when excited by anger or cruelty; but habitually were downcast, or half closed in modest mildness and humility, that Uriah Heap might not have surpassed. When addressing me his body was bent low, his hands upon his stomach: replying to every suggestion of mine with the expression that became stereotyped, "Rasak tiib ye Bey!" "Your head is clear, O Bey!" This fellow inspired me with a feeling of disgust and suspicion, warranted by succeeding events; as he became jealous of my influence with M'Tsé, and came near, by conspiracy and intrigue,

in thwarting my plans, and often jeopardizing my life.

So much for the escort that were to accompany me the first steps of the route. I turn now to my followers, who were to brave with me the dangers of the route to the lake.

Saïd Bagarrah and Abd-el-Rahman were two black soldiers, armed with Snyders, selected from the Soudanieh Corps to accompany me by Raouf Bey (now Pacha), the commander of the post at Gondokoro. The first was a native of the country near Fashoda, of the Bagarrah tribe; the latter, a native of Darfour. Devoted and courageous, these two native soldiers were my constant companions in all the hardships and dangers that awaited me, and with pleasure I shall do them justice in my recital of the perils we shared together. Suleiman, my Saïs (Arab groom), was a bold and daring fellow, but an old wound obliged me to leave him at Foueira, as he was unable to proceed.

Adam, a Berberian, my cook, was nearly always sick and perfectly worthless. Ibrahim Effendi, Arab dragoman, a convict, had been exiled to the Soudan as punishment for misconduct, and behaved so badly that I soon left him in arrest at the station of Foueira.

W. F. G. Kellerman, Alsacian and Prussian, had insisted upon accompanying me, notwithstanding my objections. He had enrolled himself as valet

at Khartoum; but, after a few days' march, declared himself "a gentleman," and refused absolutely to aid me in any way whatever. Unable to send him back, this *fainéant* proved a source of great care and annoyance throughout the expedition. He went to Ugunda with me, and waded through bog and slime with clothes on, insuring himself thereby an extra portion of fever that myself and others evaded by divesting ourselves of dress, removing the sometimes putrid paste in some friendly pool of water, rather than submit to being encased in the poisonous matter, that rendered Kellerman's presence at times intolerable.

With this outline of circumstances and *personnel* on the morning of my departure I have only to join the column that is waiting for me beyond the sentries. The Governor General had turned over to me the only horse at Gondokoro; he had come with us from Berber, where he had been purchased; facts that are mentioned in grateful memory of the service that he rendered me; whether borne by the faithful animal, or by his side, the bridle on arm, along the long difficult path; the "centaur" at M'Tsé; our silent sympathetic communion in the lonely vigils of the night, as he lay with his head at my feet—all these endear to me beyond the power of belief the memory of "Ugunda." He died at Gondokoro three days after my return, and the news of his death

caused me almost as great pain as would that of a human being.

Mounted, I bade adieu to officers and men as I rode along the opened ranks of infantry, and responded to the honours that were rendered me. The column was put in motion, and Raouf Bey accompanied me for several hours of the march. This officer had for five years commanded at Gondokoro, and through the influence exerted by him, the treacherous and cowardly "Bari" had at length accepted, as a fact, the definitive occupation of the country by the Government troops, against whom these people, and in fact every other tribe, had been excited by the Dongolowee faction. So true was this, that open hostility reigned between the Soudanieh Corps and the Dongolowee, not alone here, but at every Government Station; the latter regarding the former as invading precincts that belonged to them as ivory hunters; and the former, boastful and proud of their reputation as soldiers, treated these men as "Hotariah," irregulars or "Basha Bouzouks," become now a word of reproach. These Dongolowee were recruited at Khartoum by the ivory houses of Agad and Co., and Rataz, chief agent of the former being Abou Saoûd, having as his lieutenant Suleiman, already mentioned, and "Wat-el-Mek," otherwise known as "Mehemet-el-Tar." The dissolution and withdrawal of these houses from the trade left these men still at the "Zeribas" (stations). They

had been compensated for their services at the rate of five francs per month, and "loot," that is to say, in the razzias that were made in uniting themselves with some native tribes, and making the attack conjointly, with a division of spoils, "women and ivory." Eminently fitted for the hard and arduous service of this nomad life, the Dongolowee, the Bedouin of Upper Nubia, without traditions and without a country, save the jungle of Africa, could not but look with displeasure upon his dispossession, and the enforcement of order and justice, where before he had been "monarch of all he surveyed." The removal of the leading ambitious spirits among them, such as Abou Saôud, Wat-el-Mek, and Suleiman, would have left them without the inspiration for evil, and an element that is almost a necessity in the occupation of that country. Certainly in the great trade in its ivory they could have been made an instrument of progress and civilization; for, with all their faults, these rude children of the jungle have many generous qualities, and are exceedingly tractable. This digression has been made to endeavour to make clear the signification of names and persons, that have been called to play their part in Central Africa; as well as to correct impressions that have been sought to be made to the prejudice of the Government troops. The presence of these men with my command besides induced the explanation.

Let us return now to the column on the march. The road runs over an undulating ground, dotted here and there by wide-spreading trees, whilst in the distance, almost shut out by the now thick mist that has succeeded the rain, are seen the mountains Regaf and Belignan, whose redoubtable "Sheik" defied the authority of the former Governor General, and is no less now a terror to the surrounding tribes, by his frequent incursions and "cattle-lifting." A continued internecine war of tribes exists in Central Africa. The stronger takes from the weaker cattle and slaves. "Might makes Right" is essentially a savage instinct. Arrived at a muddy and now swollen stream I dismounted and threw off my nether garments, and at the head of the column, "en chemise," remounted. I waved Raouf Bey a last adieu, my antique costume causing this officer a hearty laugh as he wished me a safe return. All were passed over in safety, and resuming the march we bivouacked at four p.m., beset by a violent storm of rain and sleet, that uprooted my tent from the spongy earth, and it was only kept in place by the combined efforts of myself and two soldiers. Only one tent, and this was in rags, could be procured; for it will be remembered that these stores were taken from the magazine left by Sir Samuel Baker; the camp equipage, provisions, and medicine, intended for his successor, were still en route, and doubtless

had not yet reached Khartoum. As an opening scene in a drama of fifty-eight days of rain, misery, and privation, yet to be encountered as we advanced, it fell cold and cheerless upon the poor actors. I confess to a moment of utter despondency, almost fear of the terrible undertaking before me; and the entreaties of the officers to desist came painfully to my mind. The die was cast, for I felt—in the homely words of Lincoln—that it was now "too late to swop horses;" and to return would subject me to criticism, however unjust.

April 25th.—After a night of desperate struggle against the storm, that seemed determined to deprive us of shelter, the réveil was beaten. At six o'clock the officers came to drink coffee with me; and half an hour afterwards the column was in motion.

The route runs through deserted villages of the Bari. Here and there we cross "Hors" (streams) that cut in every direction the now-flooded lowlands. The country is rolling, and assumes as we proceed a park-like appearance. Tamarind and ebony-trees grow on every side, and the land has changed from the dark pasty soil to a light gravelly character. We cross the "Hor-el-Ramlé" (Stream of sand), whose quicksands terrify my horse "Ugunda," as he sinks in its treacherous bed. The cortége passes over, however, without accident; and resuming the route, after a long and

fatiguing march we encamp in a deserted village of straw huts. These huts are constructed of "Esch" (jungle-grass), forming a thatched roof that descends from a conical shape; perched upon stakes of wood in a circular form, and plastered with earth, thus forming the sides. The corn-bins are raised from the earth on four stakes, to protect against the ravages of the white ant that here, as heretofore mentioned, is the redoubted pest of Central Africa. The bin itself is of ingeniously plaited strips of fine wood, and has the appearance of an immense basket. The Bari villages are constructed in circular form, protected by a hedge of cactus or of wood, to serve as shelter or defence against attack. Ere the rain fell I took a refreshing bath in the "Hor-el-Ramlé," and wearied with fatigue sought my tent to sleep.

Whilst the réveil was being beaten we drank a hurried cup of coffee, and prepared for the march; and quitting the village at half-past six a.m., we crossed again the very serpentine "Hor-el-Ramlé," that eventually makes its way to the "Bahr-el-Abiad," nearly opposite "Gebel-el-Regaf." A march of six hours brings us to "Jebel-el-Kelb" (Dog Mountain), at whose base we encamp, menaced by a fearful storm that soon beats down relentlessly. The rainy season has commenced, and such rain! My poor tent is a mere sieve, and the only thing that protects me,

though but slightly from its effects, is a mackintosh that the kindly Dr. Sala, the post doctor, has loaned me.

April 27th.—With military precision, doubtless induced by the discomforts of the night, we are *en route* at half-past six a.m. The severe illness of the officer commanding the troops compelled me to bivouac at mid-day. With the exception of a bottle of laudanum and a bottle of chlorodyne, I am totally unprovided with medicines; for the reason that there were none at Gondokoro. From this small store, however, I administered him a potion, and quickly recovering, I found that I had established a reputation as "Hakim" (doctor), that caused me no little annoyance in the future, not alone because I had nothing with which to relieve the suffering patients, but because they persisted in believing that I was a "medicine man," and ascribed to me extraordinary powers in the healing art.

April 28th.—Awake this morning at five o'clock a victim to the fever; already Kellerman and Adam have been attacked and looked the perfect pictures of despair. Whilst striking the tent I was attracted by the appearance of one of the Fatiko Abides, who, standing among his comrades who were feeding on "dourah," the corn of the Soudan, looked with a shadow of melancholy resting upon his countenance, the picture of the melancholy Dane. In common with most of his people

no dress concealed his form; a few only covered their loins with the skin of some animal, the wild cat, the leopard, or the deer. "Hadad," or "Hadid," as he was called by the Arabs, was innocent of all clothing: he had doubtless received his name from his vocation as he claimed to be a worker in iron, and not an iron-man as his name might signify, though the coils of finely wrought-iron around neck, arms, and legs, would fairly justify the name.

The many coils of iron with which the neck was embraced forbade his looking downwards. This fashion is not uncommon to other tribes of Central Africa, and particularly noticed as common to both men and women of the Makraka Niam-Niam tribes, westward of the Bahr-el-Abiad. Hadid in this respect had the appearance of a London swell; whilst the manipulation of his hair was really wonderful, giving to the intricate and carefully worked head-dress and chignon the aspect of a Parisian belle.

Calling Hadid to me, I addressed him, curious to know if the ever problematical question of the innate existence of a Deity existed, "à priori," with the untutored savage negro.

"Where is your father?"

"Dead."

"Where do you think he has gone?"

"Into the earth at Fatiko."

"Don't you think he has gone to heaven?" pointing above.

With the utmost disdain he said to me, "Don't bother me with such ideas that come from the 'canissa' (Gondokoro); you know that one can never climb up there."

All this loses by relation, but the gestures, expressions, and accent of Hadid were such as to provoke the greatest mirth. The tribe of the Fatiko are by far superior to any tribes I have ever met south of Khartoum; more industrious and more honest. Their language is like the yelp of a dog, and the effect upon the listener for the first time very wonderful. They extract the lower incisors, perforate the lip, and introduce either a piece of copper, or well-shaped bead, held in its place by a head like a nail; this is the *fétiche* of the Fatiko; added to which his ears and nose are encased in copper or iron ornaments. Further on, I shall refer to the Fatiko in connexion with their ideas of a Divinity.

At six o'clock we break camp, and after four hours' march enter the Mŏgi country. Our way leads across a fine undulating country; at the base of the hills run water-courses, whose beds are filled with mica and gneiss. A further march of four hours, and we encamp under a large tree, always sought for in selecting a bivouac ground; as it affords shelter from the rain for the naked Abides, who cower and shiver around a fire that with difficulty can be made to burn, owing to the now saturated wood.

At this spot, not more than a year ago, a lieutenant with thirty men *en route*, returning from Gondokoro to their post, were surprised at night and massacred by the Mŏgi tribe. They are regarded as a cruel and treacherous tribe, and warned by their menacing attitude, as great numbers hung upon our flank since entering their territory, I made the proper dispositions to anticipate any attack; at the same time giving the most stringent orders, that the cordon of sentinels should not be passed either by soldier or Abide. This order may not have been understood by a number of Abides, who unobserved had entered the village and commenced "to loot." Cries of distress soon reached my ears; I mounted my horse, taking with me a detachment of Soudaniehs; arriving upon the ground I found three Abides pierced with lance-wounds of the most horrible nature. Two were perfectly dead, the other with nine wounds was still living. I had him borne to the camp on the shoulders of his comrades.

The "Mŏgi" were gathering on my right in great numbers, and with defiant shouts and gestures were evidently preparing to attack. The long roll was beaten, and the regulars and irregulars were quickly in line; soldiers' wives, of whom there are always an unlimited number, with baggage, being placed in a secure position. I should state here that the soldier of the Soudan

carries but seldom either knapsack or havresack. His "bint" (woman) does this office for him, as well as grinds his rations of "dourah" between two stones, whose harsh, hissing sound may be heard far into the night, as the preparation of the morning repast is being made by his devoted mate, who accompanies her work by a peculiar song whose notes are perfectly indescribable. I had more than once objected to what I deemed an impediment to the lightness of a column on the march; experience however proved to me afterwards that a soldier encumbered, through jungle and difficult passes, would be unable to cope with the ever wary savage; and that the "bint" was a "sine qua non" to prepare his meals; since a column of soldiers was scarcely ever strong enough to dispense even temporarily with his service as a sentinel, whose constant vigilance was necessary to guard against surprise. There are no beasts of burden in Central Africa, save the negro, who is the only transport of the "impedimenta" of the soldiers. Unprovided with tents, he is oftentimes obliged to seek shelter in the huts of the savages; a necessity that the latter, to whom the kinder instincts of pity or sympathy are unknown, resists, and hence the conflicts that often occur. To return to the attack that was now being made, I first assured myself of the proper dispositions for defence of the camp, and joined the skirmish line already deployed, where, after a sharp fire upon the mass

collected in front, we charged them at the double quick, and they disappeared in the jungle not far away. Returning to camp, I endeavoured to staunch the wounds of the Abide, but his icy cold flesh and glazed eye too truly told me that he was beyond all human aid. He died, and was buried at sundown. My dragoman, Ibrahim, during the affair was nearly collapsed with fear; and my Saïs Suleiman was heard upbraiding him for his want of manliness. Warned by the surprise and massacre of the previous detachment, I doubled the sentinels, relieving them every half-hour. I sat through the long silent watches of the night alone with the storm of savage elements and savage human nature that raged without; my poor tent was now absolutely in rags, and the rain came down as if in mockery of any covering whatever. My pipe, dear companion of my travels, could not aid me in dispersing the sombre phantoms that these silent lonely hours summoned up; for I could scarcely light it ere it was filled with water.

April 29th.—The day dawned in rain and mist; at six o'clock coffee was served to the troops from my little store, and soon after the column was in motion. The "Mŏgites" appeared upon our rear and left flank to the number of three or four thousand, but contented themselves with yells and menacing gestures as we defiled slowly away; weary, cold, and cheerless, as on the day before

we had bivouacked on this inhospitable soil. The country is picturesque, and the first signs of cultivation appear as we proceed. The "Mŏgi" plant only "dourah," the production of which in a limited way is almost the sole culture of the Abide of Central Africa.

Bivouac at four o'clock amid a pelting rain. All my suite have fever, save my two soldiers.

April 30th.—At six o'clock a.m., the réveil having roused the camp at five for preparations as usual, we are *en route*. The fever of the night before had left me weak and exhausted, but I soon threw off its influence when once mounted. The Mŏgi still followed in my rear. As the route became difficult and of a jungle character, I determined to engage the enemy, who evidently hoped to gain advantage of a pass at the base of two mountains, through which we were obliged to defile. With a handful of men detached from the rear-guard, I attacked them sharply with ball and bayonet: they precipitately fled, and the road was thus left open.

A three hours' march brought us to "Laboré," the country of a friendly Sheik called "Wani;" many of our porters were natives of this country, being in friendly intercourse with the Fatiko tribes. As we rested beneath the friendly shade of a tree, for the sun, in the interval of rain that falls, shows itself with fiercest beams, I noticed with curious gaze the salutations of parents that

came to visit their children who made up a part of our porters. The "old man" would take between his two hands the head of the prodigal Abide, and gathering a mouthful of saliva, eject it upon his forehead and eyes, which in turn was applied by the son to different parts of the body.

The "Laboré" speak the language of the Madi, whose country is adjacent; in appearance he has the same outward characteristics as the Bari, without his timidity or his treachery. The Laboré woman resembles the Bari female in everything, except that the tail, which hangs from behind, is much longer and almost reaches the ground. The men and women are, as a general rule, ugly and brutal-looking.

At six o'clock I observed a partial eclipse of the moon.

The 1st of May at six o'clock we broke camp, marching through a mountainous and uneven country, arriving at night at Loquia, where we encamped.

May 2nd.—At six o'clock a.m., with accustomed regularity, the troop is put in motion; the route leads through jungle and over tortuous stony paths. Our negro guide lost completely the way; aided by my compass however I found it myself, and thereby secured a most exalted reputation among my negroes, here totally at fault. These roads are simply paths broken through the jungle by

elephant or buffalo, in this respect much more provident than the negro, who avails himself only of the serpentine path made by animals. At one o'clock p.m. we arrived at the "Bahr-el-Asua;" a river whose rocky and uncertain bed, now fordable, becomes a raging stream later under the influence of the rains. This latter information came from the natives, but I crossed it later in the rainy season (month of October), and I found it fordable though much swollen; its width here is about one hundred yards, and its depth from three to four feet. We marched nine hours to-day; at three o'clock bivouacked. The consequent fatigue has greatly told upon Ibrahim, my dragoman; who whether from his scare at Mŏgi or otherwise, is now a constant victim to most fearful attacks of fever.

The 3rd of May we arrived at "Shagarah-el-Miani," Miani's Tree, a point reached by Miani, a well-known African traveller, who returning to Khartoum under the most adverse circumstances, that here demand an expression of sympathy from me, undertook an expedition to the Bahr-el-Ghazal, where, ere he had accomplished his purpose, misery and suffering in a deadly climate claimed him as a victim.

At this place, Suleiman with his Dongolowee command, left me to go westward to Fabbo and Faloro (ivory stations). My servant Kellerman here disheartened by the rigours of his African life,

utterly broke down, and announced himself to me as a "gentleman and a soldier, and the son of a Marshal." This was a further aggravation of my position, since I had hoped, against my better judgment, that Kellerman already become a burden, would either leave me, or adapt himself to his ill-advised determination to accompany me. I would have sent him back, but I had not the heart to abandon him to the uncertain care of the savages.

En route, I had an exciting chase to flank a troop of "Ærial" deer, but they are too wild, and my shots were made only with the object of frightening, rather than with the hope of reaching them; I succeeded however in wounding one in the neck, but he got away with the rest of the herd.

We encamped at four o'clock amid a fearful rainstorm.

The 4th of May at six o'clock, amid jungles and country cut by numerous ravines, we commenced the weary march, losing the way at every moment; the clouds hung heavy above us, and a thick mist prevented us from being certain of the road. At half-past one p.m. we bivouacked. During the march two of our porters succumbed to the fatigue of the route and insufficient food, uncooked "Dourah" being their only nourishment. Their comrades quickly divested them of whatever poor ornaments or beads they possessed,

heartlessly leaving them without burial—a negligence that horrified me then, but to which I soon became familiar in my intimate life among these tribes, where heartlessness, brutality, and selfishness are the rule.

We encamped under the shadow of the Shoua mountains, from which point Fatiko, a military post flanked by Gebel Franké, could be seen in the distance, over a country less wild and with but little jungle to obstruct the view. My camp was pitched among huge boulders of rock, with a grateful little rippling rivulet making its way through them. The close and sultry day had given place to a clear sky and a brilliant sunset, causing an elevation of spirits among all my suite and as well among the poor Fatiko porters, who assembled to partake of their frugal repast (dourah), now for the first time prepared with boiling water, since fire had been denied them by the incessant rains, that had rendered the use of fuel impossible, by reason of its complete saturation.

Whilst my soldiers were pitching my tent I had strolled around the mountain that hid from view the setting sun, and noticed the portentous cloud that emitted sharp, quick flashes of lightning, coming rapidly upon the horizon, but which, behind the mountain was ignored by all. On my return to camp, the now happy Fatiko flattering himself that his repose for the night would be

unbroken, and glad of heart that on the morrow he would rejoin his tribe and kindred at Fatiko, was giving vent to boisterous cries of joy. The moment seemed propitious to "Gimmoro," the native Sheik "grand diplomat," to exhibit his powers not only as a rain-maker, but as a rain-controller as well. The heavens were bright with stars, and the Fatiki were assembled in congress, Gimmoro addressed them as follows :—

"O Lubari, thou who art my slave, thou who hast maltreated my people on the road and wet them continually! I order thee not to do so again; leave them then, and go away at my bidding!"

The Fatiki received this speech of their Sheik with confidence and enthusiasm, and around a grateful fire retired to sleep; two hours later, a fearful drenching storm fell upon the camp, putting out the fires, and rendering sleep impossible. In the morning, observing great commotion among the Abides, I learned that they had lost all confidence in Gimmoro, and threats were being made to dispossess him, nay more, kill him for his diplomatic failure. I went to his aid, however, in explaining to his followers that as a rain-maker myself, and of greater influence, I had addressed myself secretly to Lubari that it might rain, and that Gimmoro could not be held responsible for the disobedience of his orders. This was believed, and the credulous Fatiki retained their Sheik. I

have said elsewhere that the Negro has no innate idea of a Divinity; his superstition and his caprice acting in place thereof. "Lubari" in more than one African idiom signifies "firmament;" and in appealing to Lubari, rain that falls therefrom is meant for and becomes their god, the Jupiter Pluvius and obedient servant of their Sheik, without which power no Sheik may be chosen.

At six o'clock we put ourselves en route, arriving after a brisk march at Fatiko at half-past eleven a.m. Huge rocks lined the wayside, on whose heights were perched the anxious comrades of my porters, gathered to welcome their return. A halt was made for the purpose of allowing my escort to doff their soiled and tattered uniforms for brighter ones. When we resumed the march over a country, where great granite rocks peered from the rolling ground, and where splendid springs of water gushed forth, two abrupt mountains in close proximity to the camp, lent to the landscape a boldness that was pleasant to the eye. The garrison in open order received me at the gate; their snowy uniform in strange contrast to their ebony hue; for the men and officers compose a part of the Soudanieh Corps, many of whom wear the decoration for service in their Mexican campaign. I was received with enthusiasm by the whole garrison, and by the officers. A formal reception, as is customary, was immediately given me, as I was shown to a neatly-constructed hut,

where I stood to receive the native officers as they passed in and out through the opposite door, with the accustomed Alakoum Salaam. They heard with astonishment that I was going to the Great Lake, with only two soldiers and my servants; and many were the exclamations of "Wallaï" (by God), made by these men, who knew the almost desperate venture on which I was embarking, and thus expressed their astonishment at my rashness.

CHAPTER VII.

Fatiko, its strong position—Adjutant-Major Ábdallah—Lango and Lobbohr—Wat-el-Mek—Merissa—Unsavoury Milk—Dances of the Soudanieh Soldiers—March southward—Jungles, bogs—Elephant holes—Fetid odours—Son of the ex-king Rionga—Prepare to cross the Nile—Dangers from Hippopotami and Crocodiles—Successful Passage of the River—Foueira—Reception of Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman by their former Comrades—The ex-king Rionga—Keba Rega—Riongi Pottery—Obliged to leave the Albert Nyanza question partially unsolved.

Fatiko is a neat little earthwork surrounded by a fosse about ten feet deep, constructed by Sir Samuel Baker, flanked on its western side by a huge rock mountain that serves as well for a look-out. Its position and construction render it almost impregnable, certainly against any African force. From its rocky eminence one might see the Nile, though more than a day's march distant westward, winding its serpentine way from the Albert Nyanza. The commander of the post was Adjutant-Major Abdallah, who, with many other officers on service in those regions, was one of the Soudanieh Corps, that served in the Mexican campaign under Bazaine. During my stay at the

post he wore his decoration of the Legion of Honour, conferred by the late Emperor Napoleon upon him and others, when his corps, returning, passed through Paris. It gives me no little pleasure to refer here to the cleanliness and discipline of his command, and the *esprit de corps* which he had instilled into both officers and men; nor can I now forget to mention the care and consideration with which my every wish was complied with; for, thus early in the march, I was obliged to ask his aid in making our only tent habitable, by countless patches from a few yards of cotton-cloth in his possession. At the same time he also gave me several donkeys which, notwithstanding their savage and "mulish" propensities, rendered me very great service. These donkeys are found in "Lango" and "Lobbohr,"[1] countries lying east and south-east of Fatiko; whence the natives, speaking an unknown idiom, had already reached Fatiko, and had come beseeching the commander of the post to aid their tribe in robbing and enslaving an adjacent hostile people!—

[1] Sir Samuel Baker has said in "Ismaïlia," vol. ii. page 119, "In the Lobbohr there is a river called Juba; this is, I believe, the Juba that flows into the Indian Ocean."

Having been called to command the land forces, in an Expedition organized by his Highness the Khedive in the month of September, 1875, on the East coast of Africa, with a view to geographical and scientific research, I explored the unknown river Juba for a distance of 150 miles. Its source, however, could not for the moment be definitely ascertained.

a proposal that the gallant officer repelled with disdain. I refrain from any outburst of enthusiasm in regard to this place, and cannot concur in Sir S. Baker's eulogy of the Fatiko country as the Paradise of Central Africa. Here in the immediate vicinity are two wild bluff-like mountains; whilst afar on the horizon in the vicinity of the river may be seen Faloro and Fabbo; for the rest, a low table-land that soon loses itself, as you turn southward, in that low marshy pestiferous country of Unyoro, through whose confines we are to pass.

Wat-el-Mek, the wekil of Abou Saoûd, has been made no unimportant figure in the expedition of Sir S. Baker. Among the officers who, on the day of my arrival, defiled past me in salutation, as I stood to receive them in the neat little hut assigned me, I noticed a tall, very black man, dressed in the uniform peculiar to the "Dongolowee"—a long white tunic, confined at the waist by a belt which supported a Turkish scimitar—Turkish "bags" of same material, bound up to the knees, however, by leggings of raw-hide, his feet encased in Turkish slippers. Sundry little talismans in leather, the peculiar mark of distinction of the inhabitants of the Soudan, hung from his belt, his face was deeply marked with small-pox, and the effect of "Merissa" was clearly shown in his husky voice and blood-shot eyes. Merissa is a fermented beverage known in all

Central Africa, and made either of dourah or bananas, and is the great drink common to all these negroes. This was Wat-el-Mek.

Neither Abou Saoûd, nor Wat-el-Mek ever seemed to me necessary to the government of these provinces; since they could not but long for the entire possession of a country they deemed their own. This appeared to me so natural that I looked upon Wat-el-Mek, as I had on Abou, as opposed to the object of my mission, and the mission of the government, then at Gondokoro. Having no incentive to evil, however, Wat-el-Mek was possibly a very good fellow; and my mention to him of his connexion with the expedition of Sir S. Baker gave him great pleasure. At this time he was exercising the function of Sheik-el-Bilad over the Fatiko country, under the protection of the garrison at Fatiko. He desired to accompany me southward as far as Foueira, the last outpost on the Nile on the borders of Unyoro (Keba Rega's country), where there was a Dongolowee camp of eighty soldiers, in addition to 190 regular soldiers of the Soudanieh Corps.

The Adjutant-Major Abdallah interested himself so far in my trip southward, though he considered it Utopian at that season, when the rains had become absolutely terrible, as to offer to detach from his command, weakened by disease and wounds from which the soldiers suffered in

passing the esch (jungle grass), a soldier whose name was Selim, a native of Zanzibar, and who spoke the Ugunda language. I gladly accepted the offer, and Selim was added to my force. As the Adjutant-Major told me he would be a check upon the machinations of the wily Ba Beker, who had already commenced to show signs of jealousy, and of whose character for treachery, already known to the Adjutant-Major, I had been convinced from the first.

On the morning of the 8th of May, whilst struggling with an attack of fever, I received a visit from "Gimmoro," who brought me a gourd of milk as an expression of gratitude for saving him, at an opportune moment, his position. Burning with fever, I drained at one draught a goblet full of the foaming fluid, ere the sense of taste could detect the nauseous mixture; my stomach, however, quickly rebelled and rejected in violent retching the unsavoury potion, seven-eighths of which were simply the urine of the cow!!—a practice, by-the-bye, common to all Central Africans, who never drink milk unless thus mixed. This fetish and superstition thereby insures protection for the cow, here as on the Bahr-el-Abiad, mysteriously connected with the unknown: a shadow possibly of the old Egyptian worship.

The Fatiko men wear across their shoulders, leaving thus their persons exposed, only a small

skin of leopard, wild-cat, or deer. The women generally go entirely naked; their head-dress being the sole object of adornment, and certainly in this respect they rank with the most accomplished coiffeur.

As soon as the sun sinks, night, unheralded by twilight, comes quickly on. Then the happy Soudanieh soldiers gather around a blazing fire, that serves to warm them, as well as to illuminate the scene. His "bint" (woman) joins him in the dance—now the nightly orgies. And it so closely resembles the "*Cancan*" of the Jardin Mabille, that I have often speculated on the possibility of that famous dance having originated here, while watching and envying the gambols of these grown-up children, under such adverse circumstances.

From the 9th to the 11th of May I was occupied in preparations for my trip southward, in recovering strength, and in mending my tent. Kellerman and my cook were both very ill, but insisted on accompanying me. The morning of the 12th, at half-past eight o'clock, we quitted Fatiko. The Adjutant-Major gave me an escort as far as Foueira, and Wat-el-Mek accompanied me as well as Selim, though Ba Beker had strenuously resisted his appointment. The truth was that Selim spoke the Ugunda language, and would be invaluable to me as an interpreter. Ba Beker saw and feared this; and his jealousy of Selim was very apparent.

Though weak and ill from fever, and almost unable to mount my horse, I gladly take the road; as inaction and uncertainty are great incentives to fever with me. The route runs through great jungles, and is rough, wild, and uninhabited. Elephant, deer, and buffalo abound in great numbers. I succeeded in bringing down a deer, firing from my horse; but a wide stretch of nauseous bog prevented me from getting the game. My poor horse, Ugunda, struggles and slips through the black pasty ground, and often falls into the great elephant holes that one sees at every step. We bivouacked at four o'clock, and here we are all attacked with severe fever.

May 13*th.*—En route at seven a.m., the road is very difficult, and the rain terrible. During the march a herd of tetel (*Antilope bubalis*) cross my path; a chance quick shot wounds one in the neck. Bivouac amid rain-storm at three o'clock.

May 14*th.*—Fetid odours asphyxiate us as we pass the low marshy plains. Here, as elsewhere in Africa, we were obliged to drink water from the elephant and buffalo holes, and the smell and taste is nauseating in the extreme. Rain at two o'clock; and we bivouac.

May 15*th.*—Our guide lost the way this morning; found it, however, though the rain prevents our seeing ahead of us. At mid-day we are obliged to encamp.

May 16th.—En route at six o'clock. The humidity is very great; the route leads through jungle that, the natives tell me, becomes almost impassable a few months later—a perfect netted mass of grass. A march of eight hours brings us in close proximity to the river, where we encamp, to await the preparations for our transit across. This they told me; but delay is ever one of the ingredients of life in Central Africa; here it really means to give time to the post to prepare to receive me with proper honours; and, as customary, allow my escort time to wash and renew their tattered uniforms.

May 17th.—At early dawn we broke camp and approached the river through a long, deep marsh, overgrown in jungle-grass and papyrus; sinking to the knees at each step in the liquid inky soil, "Ugunda" jumps, starts with terror as the mud yields under his weight. More than an hour was consumed in this march of a mile only. We arrived finally on the banks of the river, where we found awaiting us boats sent by the Adjutant-Major, and with them the son of the ex-king Rionga, an intelligent, good-looking young negro of eighteen years, who had been sent by Rionga to salute me and aid in my transit of the river.

The river Nile is here 100 yards wide and very deep, describing a westerly course as it passes to Karuma Falls, where its hoarse murmur is distinctly heard not far away. On the opposite bank

(south) is "Foueira," a military post under command of Adjutant-Major Baba-Tuka. The high opposing banks, almost cliffs, render the scene quite imposing—in striking contrast to the lowlands that have marked the journey from Fatiko.

The river is filled with hippopotami and crocodiles; the former in undisturbed possession seemed to dispute our passage, by their uncomfortable proximity and fearful roars; the latter were still more dangerous. Not a day passed but that some too venturesome native was seized in or near the river. To swim my horse across them was not to be thought of. What was I to do? To build a raft would take too much time; and the "dug-outs" trembled under the tread of a man. A tree had served as the dug-out of one of them; and I resolved, if possible, to induce "Ugunda" to enter it, placing weeds, grass, and mud over the interval between the edge and the bank. The poor beast trembled with fear, and refused absolutely to move. With the assistance of Saïd, however, I bound my handkerchief over his eyes, and with the help of the Abides finally forced him into the uncertain canoe: poor "Ugunda" shook with fear, as conscious of the danger, for the slightest movement would have caused it to upset, and sent us all into the jaws of the crocodiles, who were only kept away now by a volley of balls into their midst, so audacious had they become.

SUCCESSFUL PASSAGE OF THE RIVER.

The excitement attendant upon getting him in the boat, and the dread of losing the faithful beast gave place, on my safely reaching the opposite shore, to a wild exclamation of joy, in which the Rionga Abides heartily joined; Ugunda himself looked more appreciative than a horse might be expected under such circumstances. I had another reason to be thankful; fever and lassitude had for several days attacked me, my few rations were exhausted, and weary and ill I welcomed this last military post as a haven of rest. Could I have looked into the future, and seen a panoramic view of the perils that awaited me in my voyage south, and my return six months later at this post, almost dead with starvation and disease, I would have thou[illegible]t little of my ills then in comparison. As I as[illegible]nded the high bluff-like bank on which the camp is situated, I was received first by the Dongolowee irregulars with their customary honours: namely, the firing of guns, that results often in accident to themselves, and to him who is being honoured. Farther up the bank, I passed to the camp of the regular garrison, composed of about 190 men of the same Soudanieh Corps spoken of at Fatiko. Like the latter, men and officers had served in Mexico, and the commanding officer, Baba Tuka, wears the decoration of the "Legion of Honour." His troops received me at open order, with "Salaam Dohr," presented arms! It needed but a glance to recognize in

these black veterans the auxiliaries of Bazaine, for their soldierly bearing, even in this fearful climate, was still maintained, though they had been here several years. The camp was a model of neatness and order.

Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman belonged to this corps; and they were received with enthusiastic "wallaï's" from their ancient comrades.

The earthwork is surrounded by a fosse of insignificant depth; the camp itself is composed of the straw huts common to the country.

Without the camp, and along the river bank, the banana is seen in groves that, commencing from this point, mark the entire country southward. Here, as in Ugunda, the peculiar tree of the country is a species of wild-fig, the adjunct of every hut, cultivated for its bark that is cut in strips as long as the trunk of the tree and then prepared by being beaten with a peculiar wooden instrument. The pieces are sewn together neatly, making quite a large sheet, which is worn like the Roman toga, the two ends being tied over the left shoulder.

Rionga, dispossessed of his kingdom at Mrooli by Kamrasi, the late king of Unyoro, lives at Rionga Island, eight to ten miles from the camp at Foueira. He has always been friendly to the government, and has sought its protection. Brave and warlike, he is still surrounded by his faithful subjects and fellow-exiles, and still dreams of re-

gaining his throne. I was singularly impressed with the ex-king, a man of fifty years of age. A shade of perpetual melancholy rests upon his modest and handsome features. Of a slight copper tint, Rionga has none of the characteristics of the negro; loyal and honest, the Adjutant-Major has told me that his word is his bond. Keba Rega's crown rests uneasily upon his head so long as Rionga lives; for he feels, that at no distant day, Rionga will avenge upon him the injuries done him by his predecessor Kamrasi. They told me that only a few days before my arrival Keba Rega had written to the Adjutant-Major professing love for the government, and offering a large sum of ivory to betray Rionga into his hands!

Rionga pays tribute of ivory to M'Tsé, whenever the opportunity offers to evade the vigilance of Keba Rega, through whose territory it is obliged to pass. I made him several insignificant presents of beads and tarbouches, and he invited me to visit him, on my route southward, at his palace at Kissembois.

The Riongi tribe, as well as the Unyori and Ugundi, speak a common language. The two former wear, in many cases, the cloth spoken of previously as manufactured from the bark of a tree; the greater portion, however, go entirely naked, whilst in Ugunda clothing is obligatory. If the government of Rionga is weak, I believe he never exercises over his subjects the punishment

of death; nor does he use the strange hereditary prerogative of African kings, as Keba Rega and M'Tsé, of wholesale massacre, if caprice should will it. Their colour is less of that copper hue that distinguishes the Ugundi, but they are tall and muscular and capable of great fatigue. Their principal food is banana, sweet potatoes, and fish; they raise cattle and goats, but strange to say, like other negroes, they make no other use than of the milk. The winged ant serves as an article of food for the poorer classes, a fact cited in notes of expedition to the Makraka Niam-Niam, as a necessity consequent upon the absence of meat. The Riongi manufacture pottery of curious device, and their milk jars and pots are really beautiful; the gourd that grows here, however, has been admirably adapted by nature for holding liquids, whether milk, or the "Merissa," the very general intoxicating beverage used by all tribes along the Bahr-el-Abiad. In common with the tribes in question they are armed with the lance.

My stay was prolonged at Foueira, first because Kellerman and Adam were both too sick to march; the former having with strange infatuation persuaded me to permit him to accompany me; and, in the next place, because of the difficulties of procuring a few porters, to carry baggage, and the presents intended for King M'Tsé.

In my report, dated from this place to Col. Gordon, I said, "In returning I shall force my

way through the Lake Albert, thence north back by the river to the highest navigable point." On my return, without the means, I was obliged to leave the question of the Albert Nyanza still unsolved when it was fairly in my grasp, for reasons which shall be given later.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mareh southward—Changes in my Troop—Arrival at Kissembois—Kindly received by Rionga—Mosquitoes—Jungle fever—Pinto—Depart for Ugunda—Cruelty of a Sheik—Filthy water—River Kafou—General Siekness—Uninteresting seenery—Fire "against the eountry"—Morako, the Sheik, makes a Raid—Enter Ugunda—Dreadful Roads of Putrid Mud—The Grand Kahotah—Invitation to Ugunda—Arrest of Ibrahim, my Dragoman—Illness of Saïd—We mareh, preeeded by the Kahotah, to the Court of M'Tsé—Flag of Ugunda—Body-guards of M'Tsé—Halted in front of the Palaee—Taken for a Centaur—Led to my Zeriba—Sound Repose.

On the morning of the 25th of May, after many attempts that had proved vain, I started southward with the followers heretofore mentioned, with the addition of "Selim." The rains were now almost incessant, and the roads running sluices. My dragoman Ibrahim was becoming drunken, disobedient and surly; more than once he had intimated that I was taking him into the country to die; and his cowardly conduct at "Mŏgi" left me entirely without the slightest confidence in him. Suleiman, my brave and faithful Saïs, suffering from an old wound, from

poisonous grass, that here is very difficult to cure, had become entirely helpless, really in a pitiable state: and I was obliged, much against my will, to leave him at the garrison. Selim was appointed Saïs, and "Ugunda" was transferred to his care. As I rode on, in front of my little column that morning, already weakened by fever, and suffering from my now chronic state of wet, I tried to think that I was more hopeful than on the morning I had left Gondokoro, just one month before: but the painful conclusion forced itself upon me, that I was without a reasonable hope of success. I look back to that ride, that morning, as among the darkest hours of my life. More than once I decided to abandon an enterprise that now began to look fool-hardy—for failure meant certain death. In the midst of this gloomy and uncertain mood, we arrived at Kissembois, after four and a half hours' march.

Rionga came to greet me arrayed in his war dress, which consisted of a wonderful robe made of the bark of tree, but wrought in the most beautiful manner; parallel lines of black dots crossed the Roman like costume; whilst with sandals on his feet and spear in hand, "he looked every inch a king." I was quickly surrounded by his men of state, all dressed in cloth similar to that worn by Rionga, but more simple. His numerous wives stood without the circle, and their repeated "Wah! wahs!" proclaimed their

astonishment at sight of both white man and horse. Huts were assigned me, and soon his sons came bearing me great pots of milk, bunches of bananas, sweet potatoes, and "merissa" made from compressed bananas. This drink has been highly spoken of by Sir Samuel Baker, and both he and Lady Baker were accustomed to drink it; to me, however, both the odour and flavour were disgusting.

At night, a dance was given in my honour; the novelty of which caused me to forget, for the moment, my sombre thoughts and forebodings. I made them several presents of beads, cloth, tin fifes, &c. I had with me a small magnetic battery with which I gave them a rude exhibition; that is to say, I knocked several of them down. If I were an enthusiast in the idea of the quick regeneration of the African, I would suggest the use of the magnetic battery; it clothes the possessor with every attribute human and divine, and the negro yields a ready submission. This little "Lubari" was an open sesame for me to the African heart; and with my horse "Ugunda," my good star had placed in my hands two talismans that were to win success, where others strong in resources, arms, and soldiers had failed.

I scarcely need add that each shock administered them (and they were by no means delicate ones), was received with shouts of

laughter and Wah ! wahs ! of wonder and superstitious awe. I turned from the friendly crowd with a lighter heart : I had a friend in the future I had not counted upon. We then were five, viz. myself, Saïd and Abd-el, "Ugunda" my horse, and little "Lubari," the magnetic machine.

The mosquitoes here were so thick, and their bites so irritating and poisonous, that sleep was impossible. Kissembois is situated in the bend of the river, that here, in a serpentine way regains its general direction southward or south-eastward. The land is low and boggy, and during the night, Kellerman, Ibrahim, and myself, had a most violent attack of jungle fever : whose first intimation is felt in a benumbed sensation, that crawls like ice along the vertebral column, followed by violent fever and utter prostration.

May 26th.—Ba Beker, who now has charge of my porters, delays departure, and claims that he must return to Foueira in order to bring up some porters that have failed to arrive. The excuse is made simply to take advantage of the bounteous hospitality of Rionga ; and to drink freely of the large quantity of merissa sent me every day.

I showed them my Reilly Gun, No. 8 Elephant, and established a reputation and sobriquet of "El-Chadide," (the great), by planting an explosive shell in the centre of a tree a hundred yards

distant, the ball crashing through, and making a clean hole in its transit. At night, the accustomed dance was given. The ex-king was surrounded by his Mtongoli (ministers) in respectful attitudes on their knees. At the feet of Rionga sat his chief musician, who evoked not unpleasant music from a well-made guitar. The colour of my hair, face, and uniform was a never ending source of remark, and ejaculations of astonishment.

Whilst seated in my hut the door was suddenly darkened by the figure of a boy, who came as porter of an extra jug of "merissa." "Pinto" told me his name, and proclaimed himself at once the favourite and the buffoon of Rionga by his contortions of face and witty sayings (he spoke Arabic from his constant intercourse with the garrison); "Pinto" looked askance at some red beads and red cotton cloth that, as he said, "would make him a Sheik at once." They were given him unfortunately for my peace of mind, for like Oliver Twist he begged for more incessantly.

May 28th.—No longer able to restrain my anger, at being compelled by these bacchanalians to remain in this feverish encampment, I called Rionga and begged him to compel my men to march. He did so, and soon packages of food sewed in skins, and my tin cases were distributed among the porters who, as usual, screamed and chattered in angry discussion. When all was

ready I bade adieu to Baba Tucka, the Adjutant-Major who had accompanied me thus far. To him and Rionga I said, "If I come back at all, look for me by the river." Rionga replied to me, "Impossible; you can never return by the river, no one has ever gone or can go to M'Tsé by the river: the Keba Regas will prevent you."

Rionga had arrayed himself in the same costume in which he had received me; he came now to bid me adieu, and whispered to me in an undertone as I mounted my horse, "Beware of Ba Beker, he is as false as a fox!" an admonition that proved of service to me; since I watched him closely and checkmated all his endeavours to ruin me, when later he became jealous of the influence I exercised over King M'Tsé.

Scarcely had I left camp when Ugunda commenced "to go lame," whether shamming or not, I do not know; but the following day he had quite recovered the use of his leg.

The country is flat with here and there several mountains, which like Pyramids in the distance, rise from its depressed plane, to break the monotony of the scene.

I shall ask the reader to go with me through my itinerary, with its record of perpetual rain, fever, and misery, to the capital at Ugunda.

May 29th.—"Mirabile dictu!" no rain last night, the porters make every excuse not to march to-day, and I am therefore compelled to submit.

The inaction of camp is far more dreaded by me than the fatigue of the march. During the day "Morako," a "Mtongoli," Sheik of an Ugunda province, exasperated with one of his men who had drunk up his "merissa," brutally cut off both his ears. The cries and screams of the victim are terrific, and rendered hideous by the intermingled jeers of laughter from his comrades, who looked unfeelingly on. The punishment by cutting off of the ears is a prerogative of a minister, or "Mtongoli" of Ugunda; whilst to M'Tsé alone belongs the power to put to death.

May 30*th*.—We marched seven hours and a half to-day through rain and mist; the water that we are obliged to drink is execrable; the spongy earth quickly absorbs the rain, save that which here and there collects in great holes, the tramping ground of elephant and buffalo. The water is a mixture of their excretions, and of this, with tongue parched with fever, we are obliged to drink. Fetid odours arise from the black marshy ground, and almost asphyxiate us as we pass over it. During the march Ba Beker sends a boy reeking with small pox to march near me; three times I had him sent to the rear, but his return the third time seemed to me so studied, that I was compelled to lecture Ba Beker severely.

May 31*st*.—Fever of last night abated; en route at seven a.m., and pass Mrooli. The Keba Regas (Unyori) come out from their village, and content

themselves with savage looks. The river is in sight from here, and has quite a lake-like appearance; at midday we cross the river Kafou, a stream of three feet deep, but which swells later to a much greater depth. It was hence that, following its course for a certain distance, Sir Samuel Baker in his first expedition went westward to the Lake Albert Nyanza; the Kafou being the farthest point that he reached southward.

All my people are ill save Saïd and myself. Abd-el-Rahman has a fearful attack, whilst later in the day a genuine "jungle" seized me, effect of which leaves one almost in a state of collapse. Bananas have become our almost only food, varied now and then with a potage of "dourah," that I make myself, since Adam is perfectly worthless, and Kellerman with strange perversity will not aid me. The natives and my porters envelope the unripe banana in its huge leaf, and putting this in a large earthen pot over the fire, they are thus steamed and rendered palatable to the savage, who scarcely ever eat the ripened fruit. In Ugunda the fruit, in addition to this process, is both roasted and dried; the latter process being preparatory to converting into a flour, from which a very wholesome and palatable bread is made.

June 1*st*.—The storm that prevails prevents us from marching; we cannot see the way, and are thus doomed to inaction. The day is passed in administering from a little store of quinine in my

possession to my suffering people. Left alone to my sombre thoughts, with nothing of that exhilirating effect that even the rigours of a campaign sometimes excite in the bosoms of those ever eager to exchange the haunts of civilization for venture in a savage land—hard, stern, self-imposed duty was my only support under these trying circumstances. The country, cold and cheerless, forbade me those sensations of delight and ecstasy that have become stereotyped by almost every traveller in Africa, who, trusting that no other might be so unfortunate as himself, has painted imaginary scenery that might vie with that of a Claude Melnotte. The quaint and uncertain histories of that great Arab traveller, Ibn Batuta, had become a model for his successors, anxious thus to acquire fame and reputation, where the naked truth would perhaps have been coldly received. I have never seen in all Africa any views of landscape that merit notice except the scenery on the Lake Victoria Nyanza.

Whilst encamped here my ten men given me by Rionga presented themselves, asking that I would "shoot three big guns against the country of Unyoro (Keba Rega)," with which their tribe, as already noted, is at constant war. I did not at that moment feel disposed to humour them, and they left me sadly disappointed. On the following morning they again presented themselves, repeat-

ing the request of the day before, proffering at the same time a present of Indian corn wrapped in banana leaves. What a treasure, and relief from my now unwholesome diet of "dourah" and bananas! In the enthusiasm of the moment I order three shots to be fired in air "against the country!" which was received with the greatest satisfaction. This was one of the greatest feats of diplomacy I had ever seen in Africa; the stomach had been appealed to instead of the heart, always a vulnerable point with the negro; he had applied the law to me, and had won!

Day after day we march through rain, bog, and slime over the marshy earth. Poor Ugunda groans, and labours to extricate himself from the holes in which he sometimes falls. I am obliged to dismount and very often pull him, aided by my porters, through the black, filthy mud. Rain and misery by day, and misery and rain by night, with the addition of the chilly atmosphere—these may be accepted as the leading incidents of the route.

The 9th of June we arrived near Chagamoyo, neutral ground, that separated Unyoro from Ugunda, "Morako," the Cheik heretofore mentioned, taking with him my porters from the territorial line into his *own country Ugunda*, for the purpose of making a raid. On inquiry, I found that this was a custom on all roads passed over by a great Sheik like "Morako," and the people captured were, by right of conquest, his

slaves. Here was a feature of the slavery question I had not yet been brought to consider; though afterwards I learned by experience, that the greatest slave-dealer in Central Africa is the Sheik of the tribe himself.

"Morako" returned with three goats, three sheep, three dogs, and three women; they had rushed, with some old flint-locks, from the cover of banana-trees into a circular open space, and with fearful yells had made the above captures. I should have been inclined to interfere, but the women seemed perfectly contented, and apparently accustomed to this change of life. My interference however in any positive way would have been as useless as ill-judged. I was powerless to act, for I was not quite sure but that a worse fate awaited myself.

The next day the 10th, the country changed for the better, and the lowlands of Unyoro gave place, as we entered Ugunda, to roads *well swept*, that, "Morako" tells me, have been widened and swept by orders of his great master, M'Tsé, who had sent him a messenger, in response to a message sent by Morako, apprising him of the intended visit of a great White Prince, whose face and features were unlike those of the Ugunda, and whose strange "mount" would astonish even M'Tsé. The uncertain and difficult mission which I had imposed upon myself led me (as I became fully aware of the risk I had

undertaken), to study to make up in diplomacy for my very weak position. I had sent word by the messenger "that a great Prince would visit him, the great M'Tsé, the greatest King of all Africa" (I meant Central Africa). He was flattered by the recognition of his greatness, whilst it gave me a position to treat with him, and secured for me a reception that was denied Speke, and caused him to leave Ugunda with his plans almost foiled. (M'Tsé never forgave Captain Speke for insisting upon sitting in his presence; whilst to me he accorded a seat near him, and caused his people to prostrate themselves before me.)

A certain exhilaration now replaced the gloom that had pervaded me. My lips were bursting with fever, and bleeding, either the effect of poisonous weeds, that sometimes in a vacant mood I would put in my mouth in passing, or from the fierce rays of the sun that at times broke through the generally overclouded heavens.

M'Tsé had ordered these roads to be *swept* and cleared, as they led over steep ascents. The red clay soil marked their direction for miles through a grass-covered country, or climbing the sides of mountains, were lost to view in the misty atmosphere. At the base of these mountains run treacherous muddy streams, almost impassable, through which my horse reared and plunged, and which often obliged me to dismount. I have been forced to flounder waist deep in the disgusting

putrid mud, and to wash off the paste from my person and my horse, whilst waiting the tardy passage of the porters. The water that we drank here was execrable, and of the same character as that already referred to. We bivouacked at four o'clock in a banana grove, in the midst of which, as usual, were now to be seen the neat straw huts, divided into compartments, that distinguish in their cleanness the habitations of the Ugunda. The inhabitants fled on the approach of their own people — a cause of congratulation in this case, as I was only too glad to exchange the nominal shelter of my tent for the comfortable Ugunda hut.

June 11th.—The arrival of the Grand Kahotah (Minister of Foreign Affairs), was announced by a rush of his guard, who with drum and horns made a deafening noise. He encamped near me in the banana forest. He has brought me twenty cows (the cows were not given me, but were kept by the Kahotah), bananas, and tobacco; and an invitation to come at once to Ugunda, and instructions were given to his messengers not to let the White Prince, "Mbuguru," tread upon grass: that is to say, to make me follow the road that he had caused to be made for my reception.

African diplomacy willed it that I should remain encamped for several days, until the king should prepare a "Zeriba," — enclosed huts for myself and staff—and also have reported to

him whatever he might want to know of me in advance. The "Kahotah" was a man of great importance with M'Tsé; besides preparing for M'Tsé political dishes, he was also his cook, and alone prepared the food that M'Tsé always ate alone. This chief then gave himself all the airs of a man clothed in a little brief authority. His first message to me was, that "he would receive my visit at his hut." Here was a quandary; for to accede was to acknowledge his superiority. I said simply to his messenger (Selim acting as interpreter), that I came to see M'Tsé, and not the Kahotah. This seemed to solve the difficulty, since he sent me word that he would come; but the proud fellow never did, and though he escorted me to Ugunda we never met, but sent daily reciprocal salutations. Could anything have been more diplomatic? The faithful minister had doubtless orders that my first interview should be with the king.

My dragoman Ibrahim, however, paid frequent visits to the "Kahotah," whose representations of M'Tsé and his court bred in the wily Ibrahim a desire to be a great man also. The stories of great quantities of ivory incited his cupidity, and the natural hypocrisy and deceit of the man induced him to conspire against me. He assumed the rôle of "fiké," or priest, and so won upon the Kahotah, that he finally believed the most monstrous lies: that "I was going to see M'Tsé,

and that my intention was to take the country and supplant him as king; and other insinuations tending to prevent my being permitted to enter the capital. The faithful devotion of Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman, however, frustrated the intrigues of Ibrahim. I arrested him on this and other charges, that made his continuance with me impossible, and therefore called upon the Sheik, "Morako," for men to send him to Foueira. By presents I induced him to give me the guard for the moment, leaving him under surveillance at the Zeriba of Morako, near by, until I could ask M'Tsé for a guard to send "an unfaithful servant back to Foueira"—this was afterwards granted, and M'Tsé made the detail himself—Ibrahim was returned safely in arrest. This was a serious blow to me; for I depended very much upon this fellow as an interpreter and writer, for at that time I spoke but little Arabic; I was, however, favoured by a fortuitous circumstance, for M'Tsé had with him a dragoman named "Ide," who served me in his stead. Absolute necessity compelled me to speak Arabic, and I did so finally with great success.

The rigours of the climate may be imagined when Saïd, the last to succumb, has finally fallen a victim to the fever. Born in the malarious districts of the Bahr-el-Abiad, I considered him proof against fever. On the morning of the 18th of June we again resumed the route. M'Tsé had

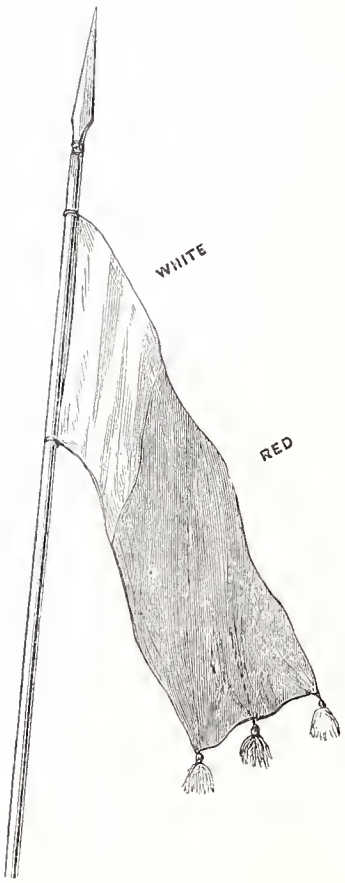
finally sent permission, and ordered that I should be pushed on with all haste. Through jungle, mud, and banana grove, we pushed our way followed by the Kahotah, with great tooting of horns and incessant beating of drums; the road, of course, losing itself in these difficult passes. After a long march, however, we came upon a much finer country, where the roads were at least twenty-five feet wide, and well kept. We ascend a steep hill, and from its height the beautiful panorama of Ugunda unfolds itself to view, spreading itself towards the Lake Victoria, over which hung a misty veil of vapour. The country, cut into hill and dale by its countless, almost continuous banana forests was, by comparison, a scene that well-nigh seduced me into enthusiasm; for I felt I was standing upon the threshold of the mysterious region that enveloped Ugunda and the Lake Victoria.

The 19th of June we left camp; the route lay over a rolling country flanked by the mountains of "Yohomah." We arrived at Gebel Bimbah at nine a.m., whence we continued the route till mid-day, when we bivouacked. In a deserted cabin, my men found and brought me a quantity of pea-nuts of same kind as those which grow so abundantly in California. We found plantains large and delicious here for the first time.

On the morning of the 20th of June the column was in motion, preceded by the "Kahotah" at the

head of a mass of men, whose numbers had now swollen to about 4000.

The Ugunda flag consists of a white ground of twelve inches wide from the staff, thirty-six inches red, bordered with three pendant stripes of monkey skin of long hair common to the country. It is a significant fact that this is the only people I had, or have since visited in Africa, who have a flag.



FLAG OF UGUNDA.

The flag of Ugunda was carried at the head of the column, side by side with the Egyptian flag.

Horns and drums kept up a deafening noise; the latter instrument being accompanied by a vocal imitation of the crow. These people, armed with lances, formed in solid column of forty to fifty front, the roads here permitting this formation; whilst on each side skirmishers dressed in a fantastic uniform, with fez of flannel ornamented with black feathers, performed the most remarkable evolutions, whilst firing the uncertain firelocks with which they were armed, with reckless disregard of aim. These were the body-guards of M'Tsé, and had this curious privilege. On each side of the column marched a numerous body of men, wholly dressed in plantain leaves curiously arranged around the body, who with grimace and wild gesticulation kept time in dance and shouts to the accompanying music. A curious throng of young girls peered out with startled gaze from the great banana forests through which the cortége passed; or fled with gazelle fleetness at the sight of man and horse! It was a proud day for Saïd, Abd-el-Rahman, and Selim, as they marched in front of me, dressed in their gay uniform kept for the occasion. "Ugunda," too, seemed proud of the distinction of being the first horse that had ever visited Central Africa; and who, through every season, had defied the reputed, redoubted Tetsé fly. His diet of bananas had in no way depreciated his appearance; though its effect upon me was beginning to tell fearfully upon my health and

strength, in the fearful derangement of the stomach from which I was now a constant sufferer. The column halted for a moment on a wide plaza, cleanly swept; a high palisade enclosed numerous well-built huts: whilst at the great portal a mass of women were collected. This was the residence of the Queen-Mother, the widow of the deceased king Suna, the father of M'Tsé. A nicely-dressed slave in breathless haste came running from the gate, and throwing himself prostrate at my feet, presented me her royal and gracious salutation and welcome to Ugunda. My soldier Selim interpreted him my thanks and salutations; and the column moved on over hill and ravine, and through sloughs and bogs that, strange to say, characterize every descent of elevated ground, until ascending a high hill, I stood facing an elevation not 500 yards away, the palace of M'Tsé, King of Ugunda! I forgot for the moment the physical pain to which I was a victim, in the strange coup-d'œil that presented itself to my view. A succession of hills, covered with banana groves, rolled away and lost themselves in the vapours, which seemed to hold in mystery the Lake Victoria, and the unknown Nile. On every hillside thousands of people were gathered: whilst directly in front of me, at the outer gate of the palace, stood M'Tsé himself, surrounded by a great throng of men and women. For a long distance a mass of men struggling to catch sight of the

"Mbuguru;" in the immediate vicinity of my person the natives had prostrated themselves; whilst still mounted I surveyed the novel scene. Soon with lightning speed several messengers (Marsalah) come running towards me, and throwing themselves at my feet, conveyed to me the welcome of their king. Selim thanked them in my name, and they hasten back. These men merit description here. Chosen for their ferocious appearance, there is the wild glare of brutality in their gleaming eyes, and a long black beard proclaimed them of other origin than the Ugundi, undoubtedly Malay. Their dress consists of a pantaloon of red and black flannel, bordered with black: a tunic of red flannel with black stripes, dolman-like across the breast, from which hangs a fringe of a peculiar monkey skin; a red cloth turban, around which is wound in tasteful coils a finely plaited rope-cord, badge and instrument of their deadly office: for they are the *bourreaux* at the court, executioners of M'Tsé's undisputed will! M'Tsé sends his messengers to ask that I will approach, that he may see the animal on which I am mounted. Only for a moment I felt a sense of repulsion to all this show; but I was no longer free to risk what had cost me so much suffering, the sympathy and confidence of the king. Gathering the reins in my hand, I drove my spurs into the flanks of Ugunda, and sped down the hill with fearful speed, amid the yells of delight of the assembled throng. An instant the

horse slipped and stumbled in a depression of the uneven road; quickly recovering however, I rode towards M'Tsé and his hareem, who broke in flight with cries and screams of fright. Returning I regained the hill, welcomed by the excited crowd in loud and hoarse shouts. In the act of dismounting a frightened rush and trample of men took place; they had thought me till now a Centaur!

The Mtongoli detailed to my service conducted me to my Zeriba, built expressly for me on the side of the hill, but a few paces from my halting-place. Enclosed by a high palisade with an interior wall, my hut in front of the interior gate was of a form approaching a house with an open front; behind which and joined thereto was my sleeping-chamber, a shed with door that connected with other buildings occupied by my suite. Fifty-eight days passed in travel between Gondokoro and the Lake, delays included, with thirty-one days of actual march: and 165 hours at four kilometres the hour had been accomplished: the five degrees of latitude separating Gondokoro from Ugunda had been made, a distance of 660 kilometres, by reason of the serpentine and difficult way.

Sick and fatigued I sought my hammock at an early hour, and slept soundly despite the myriads of mosquitoes that here rendered life almost insupportable; and the incessant noise of drums and horns that composed the royal band, that had come by orders of the king to honour thus my presence.

CHAPTER IX.

Receive a Messenger from M'Tsé—I set out and enter within the Palace—Met by M'Tsé—Interview with M'Tsé seated on his Throne—His Ministers make their reports—The Kahotah seriously compromised, saved by my excuse—I address the King in Arabic—Dreadful sacrifice of Thirty victims in honour of my visit—Unjust imputations of Livingstone on Speke—The interview finished, M'Tsé shows me his Harecm—I return to my Zeriba—Sufferings from Cold and want of Fuel.

The morning of the 21st of June broke with a cloudless sky; at eight o'clock the heat had become excessive. A "marsalah" (messenger) arrived to beg me, in the name of M'Tsé, to visit him at once. I immediately donned my uniform, then similar to that worn by the officers of Les Chasseurs d'Afrique, in France. The gold lace and ornaments upon tunic and red pantaloosn, had fortunately escaped injury from the rains and damp. In this, in the language of our English friends, I would be considered by the natives as a "howling Swell," and would astonish the Court circle. At the door stood my horse Ugunda, attended by Selim, now become my interpreter; Saïd and

Abd-el-Rahman, in red shirts and white pantaloons, the uniform of the "Forty Thieves." At the entrance of the gate the Ugunda and Egyptian flags had been planted in the ground, whilst thousands struggled for a place to catch a glimpse of the royal (!) guest of their great king. Ba Beker was with me, within the tent, as my aide and interpreter with the court. Followed by them, my appearance as I mounted my horse was greeted by shouts of enthusiasm, that were re-echoed by the distant hills now covered with human beings. At the head of this immense cortége, preceded by banners and music, and the Kongowee (General-in-Chief of the army), I proceeded to the palace situated on the opposite hill, in the centre of an amphitheatre formed by seven high walls or palisades, through which entrance is had by opposing gates to which cow-bells are attached; the interval of twenty yards between the walls being occupied by huts of the ministers and courtiers. Through these I made my way followed only by a favoured few; at each gate an invisible hand rang wildly these bells, and the detached gates slid from view, giving entrance. Passing the seventh gate I found myself in front of a large pyramid-shaped hut supported by a corridor of columns within.

From within a man of majestic mien approached the entrance; this was M'Tsé. He appears scarcely thirty-five years of age; certainly more

ARRIVAL AT THE PALACE OF M'TSÉ.

than six feet high; his face is nervous but expressive of intelligence. From his large restless eye, a gleam of fierce brutality beams out that mars an otherwise sympathetic expression; his features are regular, and complexion a light copper tint. He is dressed in a long cloak, common in fashion to that worn by the better class of Arab merchants. The texture is of blue cloth, trimmed with gold; around his head, in graceful folds, is wound a white turban; his waist encircled by a belt in gold, richly wrought, from which is suspended a Turkish scimitar; his feet are encased in sandals of Moorish pattern, procured from Zanzibar. He advanced to meet me, with a graceful salutation, as I dismounted from "Ugunda," to whom alternately his eyes wandered with almost an expression of fear, that gave me the impression that he regarded me as fresh from the Inferno.

The din and noise from horn and drum now became deafening as, leaving Ugunda to Selim, I passed within the open front of the palace, and followed the king, who *retrograded* to his royal seat at the end of the corridor. A chair, over which was thrown a cloth wrought in gold, formed the royal throne. Seated, M'Tsé placed his feet upon a pillow, near which was a beautifully polished ivory tusk of milky whiteness, as if to say, "*In hoc signo regno.*" When I had taken the seat assigned me by the king, a few moments of awkward silence ensued, of which I profited by turning to

take in the particulars of this strangest of all receptions. At each pillar along the corridor leading from the door stood the executioners, of whom I have already spoken. The fierce gleam of savagery that shone from their eyes, now fastened upon me, caused me just one little moment of uneasiness, as I turned to regard the Mtongoli, that, dressed in white cotton (only members of the court may dress in white), lined each side of this apparent "Hall of Justice," a large room whose sides and ceiling were covered with a cotton cloth, and distinctly marked, as I gazed upwards, "Wachusetts Mills!" bought at Zanzibar from the "Meri-kani." M'Tsé has sent from time to time caravans of ivory to Zanzibar in exchange for cottons, copper wire, and shells, which represent now the money of the country. But these expeditions have ceased.

To sit in presence of the king was an honour never before accorded to mortal: it may not seem strange then, that prostrate forms looked up at me with something akin to that awe and fear that hedged around M'Tsé. As if to impress me with his importance, (and not in vain), his ministers were called in audience to render reports that concerned their several missions. The "Kongowee" (General-in-Chief), throwing himself prone upon his face, cried aloud, with hands clasped and raised alternately, "Yanzig! yanzig! yanzig!" the common salutation of the Ugunda

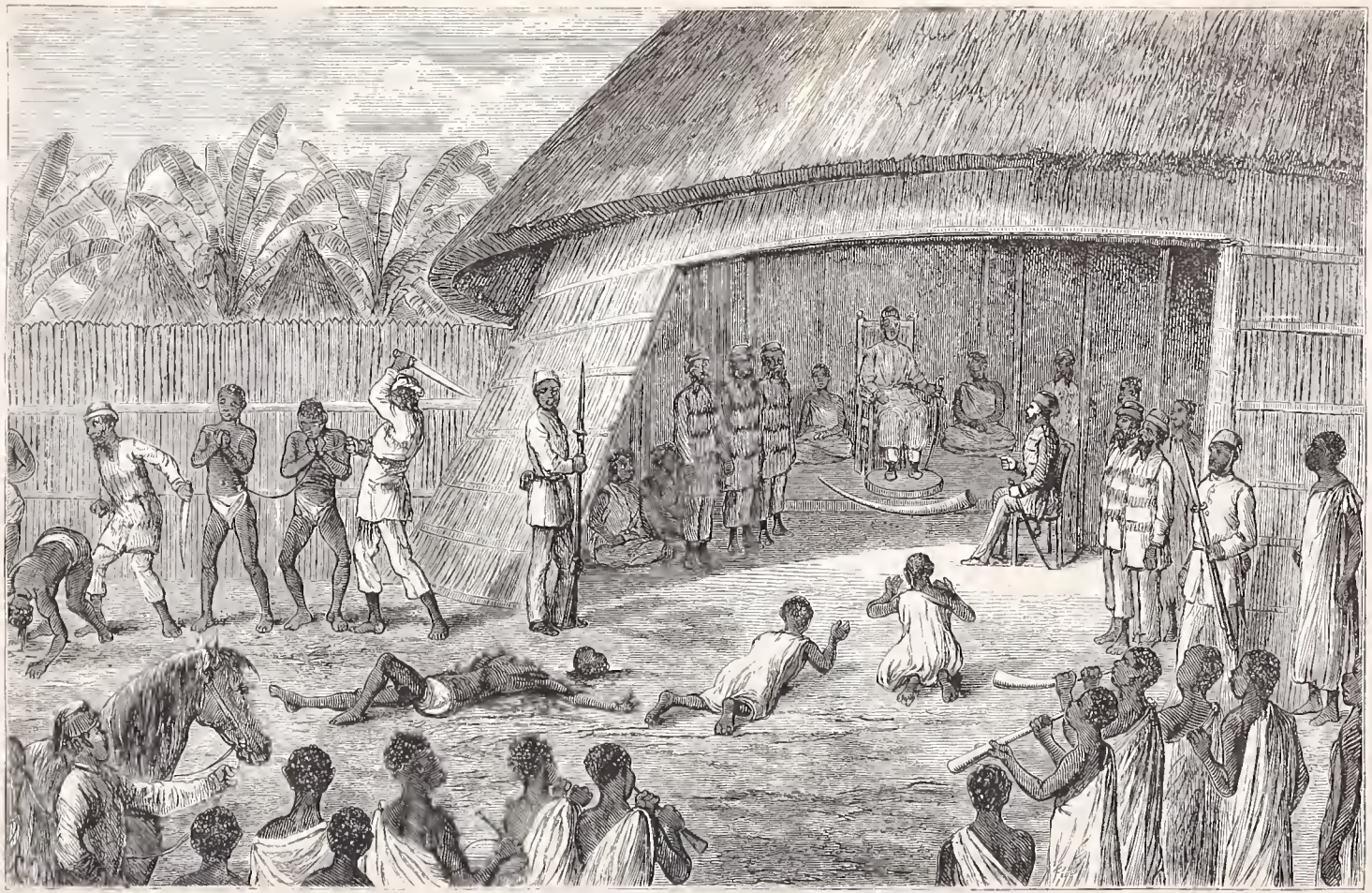
when addressing a superior. It was interpreted to me, that he had successfully escorted me to the palace, to the honour and dignity of the Ugunda army. The second minister called was "Kahotah," who had diplomatically declined the honour of seeing me before M'Tsé (court intrigue), and who diplomatically also, had said nothing of his failure to present me the twenty cows, which he was charged to offer me. "Kahotah," however, had not been a courtier long; or he might have known that envy and malice would soon divulge to M'Tsé his secret and treachery. Ba Beker had long looked with jealous eye upon this head-cook in cabinet and kitchen of M'Tsé; he therefore told M'Tsé of the failure of "Kahotah" to visit me, and of his appropriation of the cows. The question became serious, and Kahotah came near losing his head. Appealed to by M'Tsé himself, I excused on account of my illness the non-reception of Kahotah, who was therefore saved a humiliating and disagreeable decapitation. Another minister was called, who had accompanied Ba Beker, and had been violently ill en route. I gave him the last dose of medicine I possessed, and succeeded in relieving his pain. He recounted to M'Tsé my wonderful art as a medicine man; an unfortunate reputation, since M'Tsé never ceased to worry me for medicine (dower) during my stay in his kingdom; in despite of my protestations that I had none, and that I was ill myself.

Ba Beker was now asked as to myself, the object of my mission, and what I thought of M'Tsé! Ba Beker interpreted to him, though he understood me perfectly. I spoke in Arabic, as follows:—

"O M'Tsé, great king of Africa, I have come in the name of the great Sultan at Cairo to present you his gracious salutations. The world has heard of a great African king, and my August Sovereign in sending me to him, wishes me thus to express his kindly friendship and interest for one, for whom he wishes only continued health and greatness."

This was received with expressions of delight, and by M'Tsé smilingly. "Kurungi! kurungi!" "Good! good!" resounded from all sides: whilst they all rushed forward with wild gesticulation and apparent menace, with neatly carved club-sticks, they screamed and danced in a mimicry of hostile attack against M'Tsé, crying "Yanzig! yanzig! yanzig!" which meant that they thanked M'Tsé for bringing so powerful a prince to Ugunda!

M'Tsé suddenly rose from his seat; a slight but significant contraction of the eye had caused the disappearance of the "marsalah," who quick to do their master's will, snatched from their turbans the plaited cord, and seizing their unresisting victims, to the number of thirty, amid howls and fearful yells, crowned in blood the signal honour of the white man's visit to M'Tsé. It required no common effort for me to repress my feelings at this



SACRIFICE OF VICTIMS IN HONOUR OF VISIT TO KING M'TSÉ

moment, or to assume the careless air that concealed what was going on within : for all eyes were watching me intently, and a sign of feeling would, if nothing more serious, have subjected me to ridicule and loss of prestige. Singular contradictory combination in the negro, that cowardly himself, he most admires coolness in others.

To protest would have been as useless on my part as impolitic. This was a custom common to all African potentates; a prerogative that went with the claim to African greatness. A protest from me would perhaps have consigned me to a like fate : and though impracticable philanthropists would have advised my throwing myself into the "bloody chasm," I confess to a certain selfish congratulation, that neither myself nor my soldiers had been included in the sacrifice. Captain Speke had recorded this propensity, in his voyage through Ugunda. It has fallen to me to vindicate the memory of this gallant voyager from the imputations cast upon him by Dr. Livingstone: who, only a few months before, from Lake Bageolowe had written to Stanley: "I wish some one would visit M'Tsé, "or Ugunda, without Bombay as interpreter; he is "by no means good authority. The King of Daho-"mey suffered eclipse after a common sense "visitor, and we seldom hear any more of his atro-"cities. The mightiest African potentate, and the "most dreadful cruelties told of Africa, owe a vast "deal to the teller." As if to refute the apprecia-

tion of the negro character, here strangely ennobled by the honoured Livingstone, Stanley was at that moment reporting in the Ashantee Expedition the "bloody facts" at Coomassie; the details of which cause the very heart to sicken and recoil.

I cite these facts in the interest of truth alone, yielding to none in the desire to ameliorate the condition of the African. But in heaven's name, let those whose province it is to be the pioneers in the work, speak of him as he is, without regard to those who attribute to him virtues and ideas, that, if possessed, would render him no longer a subject for our commiseration and sympathy.

The interview had now finished, and the drums and horns were silent: the bloody deed had been done, and sickened and oppressed I arose to go. M'Tsé followed me to the door, where I was met by the anxious faces of my soldiers Saïd, Abd-el-Rahman, and Selim, who accompanied me at the bidding of M'Tsé to a garden on the left in order that he might show me his hareem, more than 100 very pretty women, clothed in the same simple and tasteful garment common to both sexes. They surrounded me, examined carefully the gilt trimmings of my uniform, and laughed in astonishment at my hair, as I lifted my tarbouche from my heated head. When no longer seated upon his throne M'Tsé is very gay, and laughs with a freedom that soon convinced me we should be great friends. We strolled through the numerous

nicely constructed huts, shaded by the ubiquitous banana trees, followed by the whole of his hareem, by whom he is greatly beloved; as indeed he is by the whole people, who, as time wore on I found to be, as a general rule, a lying, miserable set, who, although certain of being put to death, would sometimes defy his authority. During the walk he had brought to me a pretty boy of about twelve years of age, perfectly white. I did not for the moment, thus taken unawares, think of the Albinos that have been heretofore recorded as indigenous among some African people; and consequently I looked very much surprised. No less so did the boy, who looked in wonder and seemed pleased to meet with one whose colour approached his own. His hair was rather the crisp wool of the negro but perfectly white; his eyes were blue; his skin of a delicate white tint. M'Tsé offered to give him to me, but I refused to take him at the moment, and forgot to do so at the time of my departure from Ugunda.

From this hill the road winds around its base, three hours to Murchison Creek, over a beautiful and picturesque country of banana groves; in the distance a small creek may be seen, like a silver stream winding through the country northward, here called "Bahr Rionga." The sun was now sinking behind the mountains, as, conducted to the gate, having made the détour of his garden, I mounted my horse to ride away. He seemed greatly de-

lighted at the sight, and begged me to show him how fast he could go. Nothing loth to quit his presence, I gave the reins to "Ugunda," and quickly regained the open road, followed by my *suite*, who arrived soon after at the Zeriba, anxious to exchange impressions at the unexpected character of the reception with which we had been honoured. Ba Beker declared that, next to M'Tsé, I was considered the greatest man in Ugunda. Strange to say, my audience were of one accord as to the greatness of the "Sultan Kam M'Tsé," as they called him; whilst the execution was referred to only in its detail.

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of presents from the king; very timely, for I had absolutely nothing to give my men. There were fifty-six bundles of bananas, twenty earthen jars, three packets of large sugar-cane, two packets of salt, twenty goats, and fifty cows. The latter were a very fine stock, and resembled in appearance the Durham short-horn of England; whilst among them were also very long-horned, large, and beautifully-shaped beasts; and my Zeriba soon resembled a well-stocked farm-yard.

In my *suite* Ba Beker had, unknown to me, brought from the post at Foueira ten Dongolowee, whom he proposed to present as the body-guard of M'Tsé. Ba Beker established himself with these men in my Zeriba, until their drunken orgies became so insupportable, that, pistol in hand, I

drove the whole of them out, and was no longer annoyed by them.

On each side of my hut was that of Kellerman and Adam; Ugunda and Selim occupied another: whilst Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman were assigned one very near my door. The front room was very nicely built, and served me for a divan. The nights were very cold and wet, and ill almost incessantly, I was obliged to keep a fire burning at night, kept alive either by Saïd or Abd-el by turns. Wood is very scarce in Ugunda, and my ten men given me by Rionga proved invaluable in searching for it; otherwise we should have suffered severely from cold. My tent served to close the wide portal by hanging it across: whilst my hammock swung across the wide room, in the centre of which a fire was kept constantly burning. How often memory reverts to this scene, when lying ill and helpless, hope of ever returning to Gondokoro seemed like some wild dream.

CHAPTER X.

Presents for M'Tsé—He is delighted with the Eleetrie Battery —My desire to visit the Lake granted, but my return by the River refused—His dread of Keba Rega—Human Saerifiees—Illness of myself and Staff—The Ugunda language—Ibn Batutah—The Negro raee—M'Tsé's Arab MS.—Invited to the Palaee—Anxieties of my Staff on my proposal to return by the River—I suffer from Delirium —Ba Beker beeomes my bitter enemy—Ugunda: features of the eountry; its produets; its industry, trade, &e.— Its Government, arms, population—Its Salutations—On slightly reeovering I am invited to the Palace—On my arrival another Saerifiee takes plaee, the priee of his granting my request—Apprehensions of Saïd and Abd-el —At M'Tsé's request I put them through the Manual Exereise—I take leave of M'Tsé and prepare to start for the Lake Vietoria Nyanza—Delayed by Illness—News of Lieutenant Cameron.

The etiquette of Court in Ugunda prescribes that presents should always follow a visit, but much haste in such matters is considered decidedly vulgar. An exception to this rule was made for the vulgar class who daily sent in their offerings of all kinds to M'Tsé.

This morning then had been chosen by Ba Beker for presentation of my "salaam-alak" to

M'Tsé, who had already sent his brother, as well as Ide his dragoman, to find out the nature of my presents. At eight o'clock a "marsalah" arrived to announce that M'Tsé was awaiting my visit. Ba Beker, as master of the ceremonies, took charge of the boxes, and we started. Much the same scene took place as on the day before, proceeding in uniform and on horseback, my soldiers preceding me. Certainly not less than five thousand people blocked the road, and blackened the hill-tops. Arrived at the palace, M'Tsé arose from his throne, and smilingly beckoned me in. Resuming his seat he motioned me to the chair occupied by me the previous day. A council was now in session here, giving a semblance of order and government; so that the assembly in the hut gave the impression of a Cabinet Council.

M'Tsé was dressed to-day in a violet-coloured silk, embroidered with gold and wore a new Egyptian tarbouche (fez) that he had evidently procured from Ba Beker.

Several large cases contained the gifts to be presented. These were brought, and Ba Beker was ordered to lay them one by one at the feet of the "Sultan." Bleached cotton cloths, red Turkey and tarbouches were highly prized; for the white cotton is alone worn by the members of the Court. Calicoes, and an immense lot of beads, necklaces, rings, and bracelets (known as "Suc Suc"), were received with outbursts of admiration. A mass

of other articles, that I do not remember, were added. A large mirror, with gilt frame, was an object of great curiosity. A music-box that had served to beguile my weary hours at night, when on the road it played "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," "Dixie," and "Johnny comes marching home" (in a fearfully inebriated state, if one might judge from the stops and uncertain notes), and other airs, was an old friend, from whom I parted with regret. I added a magnificent gun (Reilly, No. 8 Elephant), with cartridges of explosive ball. M'Tsé was highly delighted with this, and naively said, "Surely you are a great man to make me a present of a gun like this. Can't you kill Keba Rega for me?" This was his constant theme, owing to a traditional jealousy that existed between the Kings of Unyoro and Ugunda; and now on the part of M'Tsé a desire to make war upon Keba Rega, which was only checked by the fact that the "Unyori" were a very warlike people, and he was afraid of them. The greatest impression made upon him and his courtiers, over all other of the gifts presented him was the little electric battery—"my little Lubari," that in the early stages of my journey from Kissembois I numbered as one of my five companions. For four hours I tried its effect upon them, amid the most boisterous "wah! wahs!" of astonishment and delight. M'Tsé at length deigned to try its electric current, and,

when recovered from the shock, gazed at it with an expression of awe mingled with delight. When I rose to go I saw how "Lubari" had aided me; for M'Tsé said to me, "You are my brother! anything that you may want to do here you have only to ask me." In subsequent interviews, that were of almost daily occurrence (if I were not too ill), I broached to him my desire to visit the Lake Victoria, and cross to its eastern shore, explore it, and pass thus from the river to Gondokoro. The proposal was received with every mark of disapprobation by the ministers. They said, "The white man is he a fool that he speaks of travelling on the river? 'Speeky' (Captain Speke) tried to do so and could not; and what will he do against the people of Keba Rega?"

I was not disheartened at this, for I expected opposition; besides a strange superstition existed among these people, that the opposite side of the Lake Victoria was inhabited by "Afrites" (devils), beings who exercised a guardianship over these waters, and had frequently caught and killed many of the people of Ugunda. Again and again I referred to the subject; subsequently delivering him a long lecture on the opening of the river for navigation and for the exportation of his ivory. By means of descriptions of houses, palaces, and carriages, finally aided by rude sketches, I conveyed to him, what was at first unintelligible; for he could not comprehend a small sketch, but

invariably inverted it. At last I made him understand; describing other princes, not so great or powerful as he, who lived in houses, and had carriages, and were surrounded with luxury and comfort: "whilst you, M'Tsé, with all your ivory, are little better off than the poorest of your people; for, like them, you have nothing that goes to make up the life of the great King you are." He finally consented that I should visit the Lake, but my return by the river was flatly refused. "No," said he, "you must not go, you will be killed; the river does not go, as you think, to Mrooli: it goes away to the eastward. You will be lost and die of hunger, or be killed, and then your Sultan will come and kill me."

I confess that this reply rather cooled my ardour for the moment. What if the river went eastwards and not to Mrooli? My death might certainly be the consequence, from either of the causes he assigned. But I held fast to my resolve, and in a subsequent interview I said to him, "You refuse then to permit me to return; if so I will stay here and die, and what will be the consequence? Your enemy, Keba Rega, will send word that you have caused my death; and the steamers and boats that would otherwise come to bring you articles of luxury, materials to build your houses, and make you a great king, will all be given to Keba Rega: who, becoming powerful, will some day come and fight

you, and perhaps conquer your country." I rested my case upon this, for I saw that I had touched the vital spot (his jealousy and hatred of Keba Rega) whilst his mind, inflamed with a desire to be great in the sense I had represented, I doubted not would cause him to accede to my demand. I did not see him again for several days, for I was quite ill, prostrated completely with fever and a distressing diarrhœa. M'Tsé, fearful of my dying on his hands, and dreading the consequences, sent incessantly to know my condition.

On the night of the 23rd, there being no rain, I secretly arranged to send up some rockets and fireworks I had brought with me, reserving several for the river navigation; for I had resolved at all hazards to return that way.

At a given signal the rockets were sent up, and the greatest consternation and alarm prevailed. I had however arranged that M'Tsé should be kept but a moment in doubt. The fearful scramble at the palace (the fright was reported to me as really terrible), was succeeded however by a corresponding expression of delight.

My visits were now less frequent at the palace, for I was seriously ill; and besides, almost every visit was attended by a human sacrifice: and my soul sickened at this kind of honour!

The 24th and 25th I was seriously ill, and confined to the hut. I was so weak as to be scarcely

able to walk: whilst my flesh was nearly transparent: and my once muscular legs and arms were mere skin and bone. Unfortunately I was without proper medicine, and chewed leaves in the vain hope to find them astringent or tonic. Kellerman and Adam were now likewise on their backs, and absolutely cried like children. Kellerman said to me, "I am utterly without hope of ever returning," and gave up to despair. I never could induce him to go to the palace: though M'Tsé frequently asked for him. I was half inclined to believe that Kellerman never doubted but that one day I too would be sacrificed: as he was always very anxious about my return, whenever absent at the palace.

During all this time I had received a great many visits, and reserved some presents (secretly given) for those visitors. I endeavoured to trace, by patient questioning, some tradition, that might give a show of reason to the origin ascribed to them. Here, as elsewhere, I failed to discover it. The customs of one king, as of one Sheik, are lost in the egotism and vanity of his successor. Personal rule, especially among savages, ever has this disadvantage, the successor obliterating all traces of his predecessor—hence even tradition ceases. In my navigation and exploration of the river Juba, on the eastern coast of Africa, half a degree below the Equator, I found numerous tribes speaking languages in which, on com-

paring a small vocabulary of words, there was an evident correspondence with the language of the Ugundi. Thus "Mezi" (water), in this language is the identical word in the language of "M'yooah," who, like the Ugunda, prefix M'—M'Ugunda, to designate the "country of;" "Bosi" (a goat), is "Unbosi" in Ugunda; "Koko" (chicken), the same, and many other words are synonymous.

Central Africa, subsequent to the flow of the Moslem invasions on its eastern coast, had been invaded doubtless by the Arab nomad, kindred spirit to that noted Arab traveller, Ibn Batutah, imbued with a desire to discover its mysteries, or actuated by the greed of gain to collect its gold, its ivory, and its slaves. Whilst bearing with him the banner of Mahomet, he implanted in his march among the negroes the first idea of a divinity, scarcely definable to-day; and by amalgamation, operating a change in the colour, and the typical characteristics of the negro of Central Africa. For although the woolly hair is still there, the nose and mouth have in these regions lost—the former its flatness, and the latter its thickness—whilst the tint of the Ugunda is of dark copper colour. Among these people however, I have noticed that there are many of the real negro type in colour, hair, &c., showing thus perhaps the original type of the natives of the country prior to amalgamation.

Later, in an expedition to the Makraka Niam, on the confines of the Monbutto country, I remarked that the tribes on the river Yeh—the Mundo, Muro, Abaker, Kiyéh, and others—though speaking different languages, bore a striking resemblance in colour, hair, habits, dress, and music with the people of Ugunda, showing thus an original unity of race in the negro. The traditions so often accredited to the negro, so far as my experience goes, have no other foundation than in his vanity or his caprice. M'Tsé, when asked as to his origin, replied by pointing proudly to the Albino boy: to be considered as of the white race being a great point in his ambition, remarked among other negroes as well. In probable connexion with the theory here advanced I have to cite that, during an interview, when I had given him a gilt and Turkey-red bound volume of Burton's "Travels," he produced a voluminous Arab manuscript, worn and discoloured by age, "that I might bind it, and make it like the book I had given him." Fearing a loss of prestige if I attempted it, I endeavoured to make him understand that I was not a bookbinder: that work of that nature required special labour, &c.: all to no effect however. I took the book, and with the aid of Kellerman succeeded in making a plain cover of paper; using as paste a mucilage made of the flour of the banana. This book was highly reverenced, and had been given him by the late

King Suna, his father. How it had reached Ugunda he could not say; but Ide, his dragoman and instructor in Arabic, told me that it was of such ancient date, and the writing so different from his Arabic, that he could decipher but a few words here and there. This served to strengthen my conviction, that the Arabs referred to above, coming from the east coast, without doubt had brought this manuscript with them: the preservation of which, however, was as unique as strange in the history of a race which ever strives to forget and obliterate the past, rather than retain records of it.

June 26th.—Though ill and suffering, and supported by my two soldiers, I responded to the pressing invitation of M'Tsé to go to the palace. He said to me, "Mbguru, come and see my women; they are 'kurungi' (good)." He dragged me after him, and seemed delighted to present me to his wives, that thronged around me, no longer abashed as on the first visit; and this familiarity encouraged by me at length went so far as to be checked abruptly by M'Tsé, who said, "Let us leave them now, as they will annoy you." This was said whilst I fancied that a shadow of jealousy flitted across his face, and with a flash of the eye, that told me he would in no way consent to play the rôle of a "mari sage," like Offenbach's good king Menelaus.

Whilst walking among the banana groves I

again touched upon the subject of his permitting me to explore the opposite shore of the lake, and to return by the river. In imagination I drew for him houses of wood and brick that would replace the grass-huts of his people: and how his army, now consisting of twenty or thirty men, armed with old firelocks, would all have beautiful guns and uniforms like those of my soldiers, Saïd and Abd-el: and he himself a carriage and a horse, to carry him in state as a king. I would have desisted had I known the price of the impression I had made upon his exalted imagination: for he now resolved, despite the opposition of his ministers, to accede to my demand. These men hated me intensely, as Selim reported me their conversation, and had instructed him to tell me the most horrible stories of cruelties practised by the people on the river. Selim exaggerated, without doubt, these stories, for both he and Kellerman regarded me as mad, in persisting in what they thought must lead to certain death. Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman shared in these feelings I could easily see, but they did not say so in the conversations I had with them: for they were my constant companions, and almost my every thought found expression to them in the long nights, when the rain and storm howled without, and when we were obliged to huddle close around the fire in my hut. The wood burned badly, for it was wet and soggy, and gave out little heat. Kellerman

and Adam were always in their huts, wrapped in their blankets; while Selim and his numerous wives had the same hut with "Ugunda," who was again becoming sleek and fat upon Ugunda grass, and his now almost habitual régime of large golden bananas or plantains. Selim told me that he occasionally gave him "merissa" to drink: and that the Ugunda, who daily came in great crowds to look at him, regarded him with awe and fear, encouraged by the wily Selim, who told them fabulous stories of what "Ugunda" said about them, naively remarking that his chief complaint was that the natives did not give him enough merissa —an intoxicating drink of which Selim was himself over-fond.

On the 29th the constant fever and dysentery of the past few days had now merged into delirium. Attended alone by Saïd, for Abd-el-Rahman, in common with all, save Saïd and Selim, was suffering fearfully from fever, I cried incessantly for ice and snow. "Tortoni's" at Paris became the one sole cry, the North Pole of my fever-racked brain. When its fury was spent I was so weak and emaciated, that I heard my men more than once discussing what they should do in the event of my death: and consternation was written on their features, as they were brought to consider the impossibility of their return; the more so since Ba Beker had rendered himself an object of hatred and suspicion to all, and who

would doubtless, should anything happen to me, revenge himself upon them.

Adam, my cook, as if roused to action by the consciousness of what threatened him, in common with the rest, came to me and told me that Ba Beker, to whom he had applied to kill an ox to make me soup, had absolutely refused to do so; stating that the cattle sent me, now numbering sixty heads of splendid beasts, were all his. I sent for him, and in my anger I denounced him as an ingrate scoundrel; to which he only bent his head in submission, astonished that there was still enough vitality in me to make a scene. From this moment Ba Beker became my bitter enemy; secretly he conspired against me, and caused me all the subsequent trouble on the road to Urondogani detailed hereafter. Though he used every art to convince M'Tsé that I was in Ugunda for the purpose of dispossessing him, M'Tsé remained faithful to his pledged friendship to me; otherwise I could never have left Ugunda alive.

From this day till the 6th of July I was unable to move from my hammock, guarded by my faithful and devoted soldiers. In the interval, as in mockery, M'Tsé sent frequently to me, asking for "dower" (medicine), for which all Africans have a strange infatuation, declaring that he had stomach-ache, and buzzing in his ears, and sore eyes: all of which Ide, who knows that I have no

medicine, tells me is false. Instead of Sir Samuel Baker's idea of the regeneration of the negro, by "a man in full highland dress and bagpipes, who would set all psalms to lively tunes, and the negroes would learn to sing them immediately;" it would work better to send an apothecary well stocked with drugs. Sir Samuel, however, in giving this idea as to success of bag-pipes, may have been actuated by a desire to transfer those doubtfully melodious instruments to a field of more usefulness and appreciation!

I had been here now sufficiently long to form an idea of the country, its people, and its products.

The country is rolling and picturesque; its groves of banana trees, that everywhere abound, adorn the verdant landscape on hill and dale. But nothing—absolutely nothing—of that grand and magnificent spectacle depicted by the pens of more enthusiastic travellers, who would make, to willing readers, a Paradise of Africa, which in reality is, and must ever be a grave-yard to Europeans. The soil is richly impregnated with iron, rock crystal, and granite. The principal tree in Ugunda is the wild fig, from whose bark a cloth is manufactured by incessant pounding. Exposed to the air it assumes a light-brown colour, when the different pieces are sewn together. The products are Indian corn, sweet potatoes, sugar-cane of a superior quality. Tobacco, resembling the famous "perique" of

Louisiana, is grown in large quantities; and could be made a valuable article of export on account of its delicious flavour.

There are no fruits except the banana and plantain, which grow wild and in greatest luxuriance. The tree is very large, and the watery matter contained in the stock serves the Ugunda for water, when he cannot procure it elsewhere. The banana is scarcely ever eaten in a ripe state, save by the females, who extract from it an unfermented and delicious liquor. Gourds of bottle-shape are strung around their necks, from which, from time to time, they drink The banana, the principal article of food, is prepared either by roasting or by a sweating process already described. "Merissa" (fermented liquor, whether of banana or dourah) is the drink of the male, and a source of much intemperance. The cattle of the country equal the choice breeds of England: they do not however form a part of the diet of the people. Sheep and goat's flesh is almost the only animal food that is eaten.

The industry of the country consists in the tanning of skins of animals, in which a favourable comparison may be made with that of Europe. The cultivation of the soil is by the women, and only sufficient to support life. The men occupy themselves with the elephant chase, for ivory, which they do in the manner hereafter described as practised by the people west of the Bahr-el-Abiad.

The animal kingdom comprises almost all the beasts common to Africa: elephant, lion, giraffe, leopard, wild cat, hippopotamus, and crocodile; the zebra is said to be found here, but in vain I essayed to procure one.

It is in the tanning of skins that they are especially skilled, vying in finish with specimens of European work.

Sugar-cane is considered a great luxury, and very often one sees the Ugunda passing, chewing the end of a long cane that trails behind him.

European goods, copper, and shells constitute the money of the country, in exchange for ivory or cattle.

They are very skilful workers in iron, and their lances are very nicely finished.

The cloth, referred to above, from the bark of tree, is not so thick as that manufactured by the Makraka Niam-Niam, but the same in every other respect. Their music horns are composed of elephant tusks. Their drums are very large, and their hoarse sounds, accompanied by cawing in imitation of the crow, are anything but agreeable.

M'Tsé has a form of government unique, perhaps, among all African potentates. There is division of labour, and a distribution of the service of state among chiefs, whose appellation of Mtongoli, with their attributes, entitle them to rank as Ministers of State and Members of Cabinet. These officials come next in rank to the "Kahotah," who

takes precedence with "Kongowee," Generalissimo of the army. This important personage is at the head of all the natives, who are at all times armed with the lance; a few only being armed with muskets (flint-locks), and these are generally detailed for service in the immediate vicinity of the king. Many of these men had lost their flints, and came to me as a great favour to beg them. I had none, of course: but to their utter bewilderment I picked them up from their own earth; a precious discovery to them, since the very few they possessed had been procured with the guns at Zanzibar.

The population of Ugunda proper, I esteemed at 500,000, whilst a number of Sheiks of adjacent tribes, whose numbers are unknown, are tributary. Their huts are built of jungle-grass, the walls of which are of sugar-cane. The interior is divided into compartments, and kept very clean.

The salutation of the Ugunda is very peculiar. As two persons meet the word "Ouangah!" is responded to by "Oh hi!" which continues from an elevated voice to a lower tone until it becomes scarcely audible; then, and not till then, does the conversation commence. The word "Agambé!" is frequently used in conversation, and corresponds to "Do you listen?" To superiors the salutation is different; the prostrate form is then elevated to squatting on the haunches with legs under the body, the hands extended flat upon the

ground, as an expression of humility or of thanks, the hands clasped are raised in quick succession, whilst the word "Yanzig! yanzig! yanzig!" is constantly repeated.

On the 6th of July I had sufficiently recovered to respond to the pressing invitation of the king to go to the palace. M'Tsé had never yet condescended to visit me; it would have been a want of dignity that even the Ugunda, passionately devoted to him, would doubtless have resented. M'Tsé was for them the sole King of Africa, and was the constant theme of their conversations. He could and did send them to be decapitated, but this was his privilege alone, and they were content, nay happy, that the Mtongoli had no other authority over them than the cutting off of their ears; the Mtongoli himself often sharing the same fate as the mass. What secret of government M'Tsé possessed to govern these people so rudely, and yet be beloved by them, was an enigma to me. To return to the palace then where I saw assembled on that morning a great mass of men:—in front of the palace door sat seven men in the posture above described.

Drums and horns were making the usual din, whilst the throng without was dense. Within sat along the wall the Mtongoli: and at their accustomed posts, along the corridors, the fiery-eyed and fiendish looking executioners; their fantastic uniform in brilliant contrast to the neat white shirt of

the Mtongoli. M'Tsé sat on his royal chair, a questioner of and listener to the men crouched at the door.

Motioned to my accustomed seat by M'Tsé, I leaned feebly against the post, weak and faint. Unable to comprehend the conversation, my eyes wandered over this strange assembly, and gradually losing myself in reflection I thought of the world beyond, shut out from me by thousands of miles of weary, deadly travel. Distant from Gondokoro even more than 600 miles, I felt myself succumbing to disease that now had me completely in its grasp, I no longer dared hope of return; and a feeling stole over me that my persistence with M'Tsé to permit me to return by the river was useless. Despair was taking the place of the energy and hope that till now had kept me alive. I had reached that point, where the pain of freezing limbs gives place to the fatal happy slumber, half waking half conscious, the precursor of death!

A crash of horns and sound of drums broke upon my ears and awakened me, startled from my reveries—the seven men had disappeared, and the cries without too truly told me that the executioners, no longer in their place, were plying their deadly office. My last conversation had resulted in determining M'Tsé to grant my request; this was the bloody price paid that the world might know something of this mysterious region. I have said

here before that they believed demons, "Afrites," guarded with jealous care the opposite side of the lake, and the river Victoria Nile running therefrom north. M'Tsé in consenting to my going there, had caught several of these evil guardians; with what result the executions made apparent. I felt for a moment as if fixed to the spot, and my anxious look of inquiry caused M'Tsé to speak thus:—"O Mbuguru, thou hast asked to go and visit regions inaccessible to men; that thou mightest do so I have killed these men, otherwise they would have killed you. It hurts my heart ("batn," belly, is always used by Africans instead of heart), to kill these Afrites, but they have already done my people great injury."

M'Tsé had doubtless heard that I condemned the practice: and I had told him myself that a Great King in the outer world never committed such acts to prove His greatness: hence his apology.

Though I felt elated at the permission of visiting the Lake, there came a shadow of regret as I thought of the now mangled bodies without, and my indirect complicity in their death.

Immediately after a number of warriors rushed in, headed by the "Kongowee," who made a sham attack, vociferating, gesticulating, and brandishing their clubs, and throwing themselves at the feet of M'Tsé; a ceremony which meant to testify their approbation of the act: saying at the same time, "You are the Great M'Tsé, and we are

your servants." Saïd and Abd-el stood at the door and witnessed the executions; M'Tsé beckoned them to approach, which they did with somewhat doubtful step. I saw that for the moment a suspicion, that a like "fantasiah" might be in store for us all, was quickly flashing through the minds of the two soldiers, who advanced directly towards me. I felt greatly relieved when this strange capricious king begged me to cause them "to play soldier;" as he wanted me to organize and drill his army; telling me that he would give me any quantity of ivory; and make me a king. The first proposition I accepted, the other I refused, telling him that I wished him to send his ivory over the road I should open to commerce by the river. Saïd and Abd-el went through the manual of arms, the facings and firings, to his great delight, and amid cries of the Mtongoli of "Kurungi! Kurungi!" (good). Soon after I begged his permission to retire. He arose and accompanied me to the door, looking in wonder at my horse. As I mounted and rode away he said, "Mbuguru, you will not forget to give me a carriage and a horse." I said, "Yes, M'Tsé, anything you may ask." Like all Africans he was a great beggar, and was never appeased.

[1] His Highness the Khedive sent a carriage for M'Tsé, and M. Linant expected to take it to him. It was ordered to be sent long before M. Linant or Stanley had reached M'Tsé.

On the 9th I went to the palace to make my adieu. I was received with great ceremony, and M'Tsé was arrayed in a white robe for the first time. I thanked him in a few words for his great kindness to me, and assured him that the world should hear more of him, as indeed I found him to be a great African King. I hoped that he would soon profit by my visit, and that ere long a steamer would be on the river; when he might go without fatigue, and see himself the scenes which I had heretofore detailed to him of a world unseen. He begged me to stay and build him a house and carriage, and in fact made every effort to cause me to remain. He had already sent me an escort and porters for my luggage, and I had arranged that Kellerman and Adam should go direct to Urondogani with baggage and porters, and await me there: until my passage across the Lake to the eastern shore; then to turn northward, to reach Urondogani by the river; a design which was frustrated, as will hereafter appear.

I left M'Tsé, and the court, where I had been nearly a month. They all crowded around me, and M'Tsé warmly pressed my hand, telling me, "I love you, Mbuguru, you are my brother: you will find boats for you at Urondogani; let me know if you have any trouble." I turned my back on the capital, accompanied by my two soldiers and Saïs, and a numerous escort of honour. As the column wound round the hill on which was

situated the palace, the hareem came peering through the enclosure, to wave me adieu. I had only commenced the march when a furious storm broke over our heads, sending the guard for shelter in every direction. I was finally obliged to return. For several days the storm continued with unabated fury; and during this time I was again seized with a most violent fever, as the temperature became cold, and the dampness obliged us all to hover around our at all times miserable fire.

The interval of my delay was unmarked by any incident: except that M'Tsé, who was immediately informed of my return, sent one night to ask that Selim might be allowed to remain, as he wished to send him to bring a white man then at Ujiji. The Ugunda go frequently to that place, making the journey in ten days. I supposed the white man to be Lieutenant Cameron, as it afterwards proved to be. Of course I could not accede to this request, under the circumstances.

On the 12th I went to pay another visit to the king, to repeat my thanks and kindly appreciation of the services he had and would render me. On returning to my "Zeriba," I found a quantity of cow, leopard, and rat skins most beautifully tanned and sewed together, making large sheets. There were ten large ivory tusks, and many other articles of jewelry, necklaces and bracelets made of ivory, and ten large bolts of native cloth.

The transportation through Unyoro of the ivory and cloth and many other articles that I was obliged to leave (and which I received several months afterwards by the route of Unyoro), cost him in slain forty of his men. This is cited here to show the good faith of M'Tsé, in his promise to me to throw his ivory in the market, by sending it to Gondokoro: or at least to Foueira, near by, if the river, heretofore unknown, proved to be the same as at Foueira, and navigable, the point on which I insisted and was about to test.

CHAPTER XI.

Start for the Lake Victoria Nyanza—Murchison Creek—Description of the boats—Land for the Night—Nogarah—The Fleet—Waters of the Lake—Soundings—Islands in the Lake—M'Tsé gives secret instructions not to cross the Lake—I reluctantly return to Murchison Creek—Discover Selim—Attacked with fever—Baulked by Ba Beker—I make preparations to depart for Foueira.

On the morning of the 14th, though misty, cold, and disagreeable, I started for the Lake Victoria Nyanza, accompanied by Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman, and Selim as Saïs. Kellerman and Adam were to go on the following morning direct to Urondogani; where I proposed to join them, coming from the lake. I hoped at least to explore it as far as its eastern shore.

The road winds through banana groves, climbs steep hills or plunges into umbrageous forests. A three hours' march brought us to a little bayou at the head of the lake—the Murchison Creek of Speke.

From the top of the hill that overlooks Murchison Creek, the Lake Victoria beyond lies with its

tranquil and limpid waters like a silver sheen; refracting a flood of light, glistening in a mid-day's sun. The shores of the creek are bordered with huge trees, whose overhanging branches cast their shadows far out upon the mirrored surface; whilst its transparent waters reflected the now cloud-specked sky.

We found several huts near the water's edge that gave us shelter. The Mtongoli, charged with my navigation of the lake, after a long parley assembled fifteen boats; promising on the morrow as many more. The Mtongoli insisted that my proposed journey was impossible. He said to me, "It will take you thirty days to cross to the other side, and beside I will not go." I determined however, to risk it: and persuade, if possible, the men to accompany me. I accordingly told Selim to await me with the horse four days; and if at the end of that time I did not return, to go back to M'Tsé, and thence make his way to Urondogani and there await me with the others. Selim knew that my project was useless, and that the Ugundi would not accompany me.

At five o'clock, accompanied by Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman, I embarked in the boats, that deserve description. Composed of thick bark, sewed together with rope made of banana-tree, they vary from thirty to forty feet in length, having at the prow the antlers of a "tetel" or deer; propelled by thirty or even forty rowers, two by two,

the speed attained is wonderful: whilst the effect is that of a strange phantom sea-monster, as it glides noiselessly over the even surface of the lake. The Mtongoli (who proved to be the admiral of the Lake naval force) conducted us several hours of rowing to a point on the eastern shore of the creek near the lake, where we were to spend the night; and early on the morrow to get out upon the lake, when I hoped to cross it. Our camp was upon a high bluff, where not far away there were several huts, that we were to occupy for the night. A cheerful fire soon made, the Sheik of the place brought us a "koko" (chicken), of which, aided by Saïd, I made a broth. Tired and worn out by the fatigue of the day, we wrapped ourselves in blankets, and around the fire fell into a sound sleep such as I had not enjoyed for many long days. A strange restlessness pursued me always at night; and the only sleep I could get, was generally after a long day's march, immediately after bivouac.

The morning of the 15th, dawned bright and clear. The sound of "Nogarah," drum and horn, awoke me just as the sun appeared: out upon the creek a fleet of boats came "neck and neck," with their "tetel"-headed prows, to the number of forty, with thirty oars in each: to say nothing of drummers and musicians, making 1200 men that had been detailed to escort me. The discordant din broke over the unruffled surface of the water, re-echoed again and again by the surrounding hills.

"Childe Harold at a little distance stood,
And view'd, but not displeased, the revelry
Nor hated harmless mirth, however rude;
In sooth, it was no vulgar sight to see
Their barbarous, yet their not indecent glee."

For the first time I felt something akin to enthusiasm, as I looked down from my seat on the overhanging bank. The grey mists of morning were being tinged with a golden light as the sun struggled to appear, — the creek with its dark fringe of trees and banana groves, lent a beauty to the scene that one sees seldom in Central Africa; but to be frank there was nothing grand, nothing to cause those effusions so commonly indulged in by travellers who draw fancy pictures. An hour later, every preparation had been made, and after much yelling and screaming for the honour of having me on board, the squadron pushed off; splashing and dashing the water in continued spray, as each one sought to pass the other in furious race.

The waters were clear, transparent, and icy cold. With what pleasure I leaned over the side, and bathed my aching feverish head as we rushed along, or drank deeply of what seemed nectar to me. We had now reached the lake, that glistened like a great mirror in the burning sun. After several hours of paddling, always at a very rapid pace, we arrived at a small islet on the west side, where we encamped

for the night. During the day, I had sounded frequently, and had found from forty to fifty feet of water: and there seemed no perceptible tide, and no shells upon its banks. I had designed to solve this question, and also to pass to the other side, and determine its width, or its unity as one lake, or an assemblage of little lakes, as claimed by others in opposition to Speke. Notwithstanding the persistence of my Mtongoli, that the lake was wide and would take a month to cross, I pointed out to him what I deemed a coast-line,[2] the opposite shore; strengthened in my belief by what Colonel Grant had cited from Sadi, an Arab traveller, who had seen what he supposed a mountain, from the opposite side. Under this impression, and knowing that the lake had never been visited either by Speke or Grant, and that the map of the former was purely imaginative, made on report of the natives, I was convinced that the lake had not the width given it by Speke. The consciousness that I was the only white man who had ever been upon the lake, determined me, on the following morning, to make every effort to cross to the other side. In vain I coaxed the Mtongoli; he laughed at me and said, "If there were no

[2] The subsequent exploration of Stanley in April, 1875, ten months after, has proved that the land that gave me the impression of a coast-line was, in fact, a chain of islands, of which the lake is full.

devils there, our boats could not go, for sometimes the lake is not so tranquil as to-day." I offered him presents, and promised to give him my gun, but all to no avail. He simply replied, "We will not go." I was therefore obliged to resign myself to this decree. Weak and in almost a dying condition, the mere attempt to break away from this escort, to push alone to what I deemed a solution of the Lake Question, savoured of folly: and I was thus obliged to return. M'Tsé, fearful that I might die in the attempt, had secretly instructed his men not to take me across the lake; but in everything else to obey my orders. The day was spent in racing about, continually sounding, and with same result as on preceding day. At midday, I gave the order to return, and about sunset reached the embouchure of Murchison Creek, near which a huge rock rears its head, upon whose summit a mass of birds and gulls were perched. Irritated and angered at the result, and what I deemed the bad faith of my Mtongoli, I stopped the boat and vented my spleen upon the birds, which I killed in great numbers, to the astonishment of the Ugundi. No less shocked than the birds must have been the echoes of the lake, never before awakened to the whizz of ball and roar of gun.

I filled a bottle[3] with the water from the Lake

[3] This bottle of water of the Lake Victoria was sent to his Highness the Khedive, on my arrival at Khartoum, several months afterwards.

secretly, for I feared that the superstitious Ugundi would prevent me. The sun had sunk like a globe of fire in the bosom of the lake, when warned by the fast approaching night we sought the nearest shore, made a fire, and feasted upon roasted bananas, to which I added a gourd of coffee made from the berry of the country. The Ugundi, by-the-bye, never make a decoction of coffee, but chew the grain raw. This is a general custom there: having plenty of wood we made a roaring fire, and soon fell asleep around its grateful blaze.

At an early hour of the 16th, accompanied by my numerous escort, we embarked; and, after a long pull, we arrived at the head of Murchison Creek, that I had quitted the 14th inst. at midday. I found Selim there surrounded by women and "merissa," quite a beau, and having great success among the Ugunda girls, and I regretted for a moment to disturb the "dolce far niente" of his life, though he would doubtless have forgotten me had I succeeded in pushing my way through to Urondo gani *viâ* the river. For several hours I was unable to proceed, owing to a violent attack of fever and dysentery. However, about three o'clock I put myself in saddle, and reached my "Zeriba" at sunset. Kellerman and Adam were still there, for Ba Beker, during my absence, had left the camp, and apparently deserted them; it was therefore fortunate that I was obliged to return:

otherwise they would perhaps never have left Ugunda.

The 17th and 18th were spent in preparations for departure, baulked on all sides by the wily Ba Beker. A special messenger, however, to M'Tsé, asking his immediate aid, procured for me the requisite porters, and a Mtongoli to conduct me direct to Urondogani: the point from which I hoped to return *viâ* the river to Foueira, should the river permit; a point from which Speke had been driven by hostile tribes, and which even M'Tsé assured me made no connexion with the river at Foueira. This had long been a blank in geographical knowledge: and as it was still a subject of doubt whether the Lakes Victoria and Albert Nyanza joined each other, I determined at every risk to brave the hazard, though failure might cost me my life, as well as the lives of my companions.

CHAPTER XII.

Presents from M'Tsé—Depart from Ugunda—The climate of the Equator—Hostility of the Mtongoli and his men—Desertion of the escort—I complain to M'Tsé and recover some of my luggage—Our marches continually interrupted by deluges of rain—Dense forests—A Marsalah brings me food—Arrival at Urondogani—A Mtongoli presents me with eight young ladies from M'Tsé—Three of them marry my Soldiers—M'Tsé daughter of King M'Tsé—Punishment of Ibrahim—Marches by the river—Head-quarters of the Admiral of the River Fleet—Hospitalities—My horse Ugunda—Present remaining young ladies to the faithful Mtongoli—Retain the boys—Selim.

July 19th.—At an early hour the porters assembled in great numbers. The little baggage I possessed consisted of a few iron cases, that had contained presents to M'Tsé, and a few rags that I called my clothes: and, not to offend the king, the presents of skins that he had offered me. The presents of ivory tusks and other articles were left with Ba Beker, that he might forward them to Foueira by the first convoy of ivory, that was now continually to be sent forward. I had arranged with M'Tsé that he should send me by the land route a quantity of cattle and provisions at Mrooli there to await my passage by the river.

Bidding adieu then to Ugunda and its hospi-

table king, I left my Zeriba, so weak and emaciated that my two soldiers were obliged to aid me in mounting; Ugunda becoming fat and fretful upon his banana *régime* that had well-nigh killed his master. As we quitted Ugunda M'Tsé appeared at his palace-gate, surrounded by his hareem; a blast of horns and a sound of drums signalled my departure as we quitted for ever our Zeriba, where thirty days of most eventful existence had been spent. The route, as heretofore described, lay over ravine and slough, from which the foulest odours arose; and through which Ugunda with difficulty succeeded in forcing his way. The day was a stormy one, and added in misery and cold to the difficulties of the journey.

A strange misconception exists as to the real climate of the Equator; and may be briefly corrected here. Rain and humidity are the chronic condition of the whole of Central Africa. The month of April alone affords a slight respite, during which time the heat is excessive, but the nights are always cold; the scarcity of wood rendering the natives really miserable at night. During other months incessant rains fall; the days are damp and humid, but the nights are very cold. When, however, the sun breaks through the clouds its rays are almost insupportable. On the east coast, on the equatorial line, the seasons are affected by the monsoon winds that blow north-east, and south-west, for the six months of the year: a dry wind and a wet wind. The former

may be supported by the European: but the latter is the precursor of all diseases, and specially of consumption, to which the native Soumali is a victim.

To resume: after a march of five hours and a half we encamp, cold and miserable. It was here that I was made aware of the enmity of the Mtongoli, charged with my safe conduct to the river. His malevolence and the hostility of his men, were no longer under control of M'Tsé, and they seemed determined to revenge upon me the friendship their king had persistently extended to me. I quote from my itinerary, the better to show the misery to which I was subjected during twelve days to Urondogani, to reach which only three days should have been required.

July 20th.—At five o'clock I arouse my soldiers, who in turn endeavour to incite the Mtongoli and men to depart. An hour after they arrive in confusion, and the time till eight a.m. is occupied in cries and hideous noise. To cite a case: there stand two Ugundi, quarrelling over their right to a box, claimed by both parties, as carried yesterday. An hour passes—still the same scene: when finally one submits, and sullenly leaves the case to the claimant, who now relinquishing his claim, goes to another to repeat the same history. Impossible to move them. About two p.m. a fearful storm falls upon the now scattered column; a terrible pelting rain, through which we march till sunset. With the exception of five or six Ugundi, detailed to wait upon me expressly by

M'Tsé, there is not a sign of our baggage or escort. Fortunately, in the grove of bananas several friendly huts, deserted by their occupants, invite us to shelter. Half famished and cold, we quietly make a fire with the dry wood from within: and soon, in that common brotherhood of misery, we are gathered around the fire, eating our now habitual food, bananas. Selim occupies with his wives the hut close by with "Ugunda." During the night I had a most violent attack of nephritic colic, due to the bad water to which we were now compelled to have recourse. The morning dawned to find only the same Ugundi that had accompanied us. Of the two hundred escort of honour not one had reported himself: and besides all baggage and clothing, whether mine or belonging to my soldiers, were missing. I sent an Ugunda secretly to complain to M'Tsé. Four days went by: condemned to inaction, a prey to fevers and dysentery. My men also suffered severely from the former. In those moments I cursed the African for his hypocrisy and deceit, and unjustly perhaps, attributed to M'Tsé the ills I suffered: though Ba Beker, as I afterwards learned, was at the bottom of the conspiracy against my reaching the river.

On the morning of the 24th, when I had already seriously contemplated making my way alone through the almost impenetrable cane-brake and jungle-grass that lined the way, a messenger Mtongoli, arrived from M'Tsé, who sent word to me that he would regain my baggage, and kill the

individuals engaged in my maltreatment. I hesitated to denounce Ba Beker (and thus more than probably cause his execution) because of the service he had previously rendered me.

Fortunately among several articles stolen, and now recovered, were my overcoat and my notes. The loss of the former would have been irreparable, as the nights were now excessively cold; sensibility to which was augmented by my weak and emaciated condition. After a great parley with the Mtongoli, a march was ordered, which lasted only half an hour! Threats to report to M'Tsé availed me nothing; and I was obliged to encamp upon various pretexts.

The 25th, 26th, and 27th were passed in insignificant marches, that were made to wait upon the deluges of rain that fell, and the illness of my men, who surrendered helplessly to attacks of jungle fever. I had become so accustomed to them myself, that after two hours of chill and fever, I was able, by a great effort made upon my energy to resume the route.

On the 29th, *en route* at eight a.m.: a march of four hours was made. The jungle-grass was at least twenty feet high. At one p.m. a storm, the most terrible I had ever witnessed, broke over our heads, accompanied by flashes of lightning that in their vividness nearly blinded every one, and left the scarcely perceptible path almost invisible in the succeeding gloom. We were compelled to bivouac in a banana grove, from whence, on the

following morning, the road ran through great dark forests, that at midday even obscured the rays of the sun, and whose perpetual shades re-echoed alone the hoot of the owl, and cries of monkeys and parrots, that abound in great numbers here. In this frightful gloom of forest, and in the close companionship of beasts, that ever and anon, whether elephant, lion, or leopard, crossed our path, I said to myself,—Here, indeed, is the Africa of my boyish fancy! a hell on earth, whose rich vegetation and flowers, like the upas tree, breathe poison and death! Scattered here and there over this dark, silent forest road, were human skulls; in fact, every member of the human body, belonging to the wretches that had been sacrificed to prevent my further progress: to deter me from leaving Ugunda! What talisman, other than the friendship of M'Tsé, I possessed to save me from a like fate, I could not tell: unless it were that natural instinct that seems to acknowledge the supremacy of the white man, and the strange capricious nature which a long experience and study taught me to turn to account, where another less skilled, had perhaps paid the forfeit of his life.

On the 31st, a "Marsalah" arrived at night with friendly salutations from M'Tsé, bringing me a milch-cow and a sheep; the latter was slain immediately, and my nearly famished suite sat up nearly all night feasting like wolves.

August 1st.—After passing a small stream, we arrive at half-past one o'clock of the afternoon at

Urondogani, the river boat station of the Ugunda shore. Here we bivouacked in close proximity to the river, the murmur of whose waters as they rushed over "shallals" (rocks), soothed the fierce but impotent flood of anger, that had surged in my breast since my departure, the 19th, from M'Tsé: because it seemed to mark the period of my dependence upon these negroes, who had doubtless prolonged the route by an indirect march through forests and jungle-grass, that alike hid from view the sun and the direction.

On the following morning the Mtongoli told me, that "there were no boats: and consequently that I must wait." I went down to the river, and found two large "dug outs" that gladdened my heart; for I secretly determined, if no longer victimized by the unwilling Mtongoli, to burn my baggage and take these boats; knowing full well that they could not take them below the "shallals," south.

On the 3rd, whilst preparing to put in execution the burning of the little baggage that M'Tsé had caused to be returned to me, a messenger arrived from M'Tsé, bringing another Mtongoli, with orders to procure me boats similar to those upon the lake, that I might the more easily descend the river. Then the Mtongoli came forward, and presented me with eight handsome girls, young ladies from ten to twenty years of age, all entirely nude—their clothing had evidently been appropriated *en route* by the Mtongoli charged with their presentation—one of these was a very

pretty little girl, daughter of M'Tsé, given as a special proof of the friendship he had for me. This girl, in form and feature the very picture of her father M'Tsé, has been placed at school in Cairo, where she now is—one boy of twelve years of age, and two little ones quite small babes scarcely able to walk. Here was an unlooked for dilemma; to refuse to accept them was to offend African etiquette, and more than all, brave the anger of a man to whose courtesy and kindness I

M'TSÉ, DAUGHTER OF KING M'TSÉ.

owed my life. It was not to be thought of for a moment. I sent a message to M'Tsé expressing my great thanks. This present was a God-send to me; for so long as I could reward my Mtongoli I should have a devoted servant; and my intention was to give them to that one who should aid me most. Three of these young ladies (quite pretty by-the-bye) begged to be permitted to be the wives of my three soldiers; the rest I decided to retain until I should be ready to embark. The

joy of Saïd, Abd-el, and Selim knew no bounds, and a great "merissah" fantasiah, and dance by the light of the moon in our banana grove habitation, marked the event.

There was only one alloy to all this: both Saïd and Abd-el were nearly naked: their highly prized uniforms had been stolen with my effects, and Abd-el, the more sensitive of the two, wept bitterly.

M'Tsé it seems had been greatly enraged at the robbery and bad treatment of myself by one of the "Mtongoli," who had been named by our men "Ibrahim," for it was really he, who, perhaps in concert with Ba Beker, had connived at the whole affair: had retarded my arrival at Urondogani, robbed me of my effects, and even sacrificed his own men, and thrown their mutilated bodies in my path to frighten me from my purpose. "Ibrahim" had been seized, and ordered to accompany the "Mtongoli" to my camp, "to look upon my face and die." I did not know this at the time, or perhaps I might have pleaded for him, though he richly deserved death. There was much in the quick retributive justice of M'Tsé, that led me at times to think, that not all of the executions I had witnessed had been made with only a desire to show his authority: for the Ugundi, as a rule, were ungovernable, cowardly, and cruel.

The morning of the 5th we left Urondogani, accompanied by my Mtongoli, who induced me to follow the river, with the idea that he would find more suitable boats. Once embarked, he

would take the land route, in company with Selim and his wives, charged with my horse, and reaching Mrooli, there await my coming by the river; or if, as M'Tsé would have me believe, it "went to the devil," that Selim should at once make his way to Foueira, and there report the fact. This was all that I could do, to anticipate the unfavourable auguries of my whole force, opposed to the idea of returning by the river. M'Tsé promised me that his men should be in waiting for me at Mrooli, where I hoped to come out by the river.

We followed the river through banana groves and over prairies tenanted by great herds of elephant and buffalo, that often crossed our path, and who had grazed down the grass, that everywhere else in this country obstructs the view, and renders passage sometimes impossible without the bayonet and the knife. From the route we were in full view of the river, that now and then showed a boulder of rock above its surface, but navigable. At midday, after a brisk march of several miles, the column headed by the Mtongoli with a numerous retinue, entered a wide square where floated the Ugunda flag, surrounded by a mass of men with music, drums, and horns. This was the head-quarters of the admiral commanding the river fleet. He came to see me, accompanied by his men, offered me a nice hut, and told me that on the morrow four boats should be placed at my disposal. He further sent me a "Koko," a great many bunches of ripe

bananas and plantains, and several jars of the highly prized "merissa." "Ugunda," during all the rigours of this route, had been my faithful bearer and companion. At night, fearful that some accident might happen to him, the door of the hut was enlarged in order to admit and protect him from the storms, that almost always commenced at five o'clock in the afternoon, and raged all night: or the attacks of lion and leopard, that roared and ramped around the hut. I seldom slept at night: but with pipe in mouth have sat for hours with no companion save "Ugunda," who lay stretched at my feet: dreaming doubtless of the time when he should return to more wholesome food than bananas: or awakened by the howl of the leopard without, he would start with fear, and lay his head on me as if for protection.

August 6th.—An unusually fearful storm prevailed since the previous night, and we remained in camp all day. My two little infant children, and the remaining young ladies heretofore alluded to, were presented to the Mtongoli chiefs that had aided me on the route. It was impossible to bring them with me: and this was the only thing left me to do. The Mtongoli, who thus increased their harem, fell prostrate and yanzigged for at least half an hour in token of their gratitude. The boys [1] and the girl M'Tsé I decided to take with me, as they desired to go, and they proved very useful in

[1] The Ugunda boy is now in the Egyptian army as a soldier at the arsenal.

baling the boats, rendered continuously necessary in the thirteen subsequent days of navigation of the river by their leaky condition. Four boats had been procured for me, similar to those already described upon the lake, but of an inferior quality. I had decided that Selim should take my horse, and with the Mtongoli follow me on the river side; and when no longer able to do so proceed direct to Mrooli, and there await my arrival. To anticipate, it may be well to remark here that Selim, when no longer able to follow me along the shore, went into camp with my Ugunda escort near by on the Unyoro frontier, ate up the oxen that M'Tsé in good faith had sent me; and drunk with "merissa," thought no more of Mrooli, until cattle and merissa consumed they struck the inland route, arriving at Foueira thirty-nine days afterwards, twenty-two days after my arrival there!

"UGUNDA BOY."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Deseent of the river—The small-pox—Keba Rega's Boat—Desertion of my Eseort, who fear to advanee or return—Panie of my Staff—Instruetions to Selim—We start again—Eneountered by a Storm we land for the night—Flight of Savages—Gebel M'Tingi—Torrents of rain—Diseover Lake Ibrahim—Lilies—Papyrus Jungles—Savages—Continual Storms—Endeavour to find the Bed of the River—The Polar Star, our beaeon of safety—The boats filling with water we are in great danger—We regain the river—We are eompelled to land—Anxiety to meet Selim.

On the morning of the 7th, accompanied by Mtongoli, all in the four boats given me, I commenced the descent of the river, whilst the escort followed on the high banks of the river which here had assumed a bold and wide character, a few rocks rising to the surface, but deep and navigable by large steamer. I had the intention of constructing a raft on which to place my horse, rather than trust Selim with him, but I was obliged to abandon altogether that idea, as the current of the river was not sufficiently great to carry it along swiftly; and besides the only wood I could procure had not sufficient floating capacity. The river is full of crocodiles and

hippopotami: and geese, ducks, and unknown birds frequent its shores.

The still malevolent Mtongoli, placed in my bark two of their men festering with small-pox. This disease, as elsewhere in Central Africa and to the west of the Bahr-el-Abiad, is the common pest of the country. Ba Baker had in the first days of this expedition endeavoured to cause me to catch this loathsome and fatal disease; fatal here, for once infected the savage leaves you with a morsel of bread and a gourd of water, far removed from any habitation. If you are strong enough to overcome the disease, starvation then enhances the danger of your situation. Thousands thus perish, and the propagation of the disease is insured by the fact that no precautions are taken to disinfect clothes, or even to inter the corpse, that is left to bleach its bones in the open air.

Scarcely had I driven these men from my boat and caused them to be placed with the Mtongoli, when a large black dug-out canoe, was seen approaching, heavily laden with men. The Mtongoli turned the boats towards shore, and quickly landed. In reply to my inquiry, I learned that we had now reached neutral ground (place from which Speke had been driven), and that the boat in question was Keba Rega's, who was thus watching the river. They asked, "who we were, and why we wanted to descend the river?" Re-

ceiving no satisfactory reply, they turned and left. My escort, headed by the Mtongoli, now insisted that they could go no farther; and declared that from the menacing attitude of these men we had just seen, I should surely be attacked, and that it was impossible for me to go on by the river. Selim added his counsel, and attempted to dissuade me. Angered beyond endurance at this desertion, I drew my revolver, and drove the whole mass of them, now 200 in all, like a flock of sheep flying up the bank, and into the thick banana groves. Kellerman here too lost heart, and I told him, "You may go with Selim, I should only be too happy to get rid of you. As for me it is an affair of Scylla and Charybdis, and I really hope you will not follow me, but if you do—no more impertinence, but try and aid me for once in your life, or it will be worse for you. I am determined to navigate and explore the river to Foueira or to Hades!" Finally, a Mtongoli came back, and said he would send to Namjongoz, for permission from the Sheik there to descend the river; promising that he would bring an answer on the morrow. I consented to this; and quickly debarking my poor tent, I soon pitched it on the bank, hauling after me the boats, and securing them to the pickets of my tent. Selim came acting as envoy from the Mtongoli: they feared to return to M'Tsé, lest their heads should pay the penalty of the non-execution

of his orders to go to Mrooli: and they feared as well to go there, on account of the Keba Rega: a fear too well grounded, though at that time I accused them of childish timidity.

The 8th was spent in assorting my fortunately good stock of cartridges, explosive and non-explosive balls. My stock of rations was exceeding low; I had only five pounds of flour, and five pounds of beans, to which was added one sheep, and a quantity of green bananas. My party then consisted of myself, Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman, Kellerman and Adam, and three children, eight mouths to feed. I hoped however to reach Mrooli, and there, as arranged, to draw rations from the Ugunda escort. To Selim, I renewed my instructions, telling him "that after waiting four days at Mrooli, if he should not hear my gun as a signal of arrival, he should hasten to the Military Post at Foueira, and report me a prisoner to Keba Rega." The day passed without the return of the promised messenger, and I informed the now nervous Mtongoli, that I should leave them on the morrow. I guarded well my boats that night, for I feared these wily fellows would steal them from me; and thus compel me to encamp with them or return to M'Tsé.

On the following morning at an early hour my tent was struck, and packed with my iron cases (eight of which had been returned me from the stolen lot) in the boat, taking three of them (two

in tow) we left the bank and paddled boldly out into the stream. Kellerman was sulky, and not one word of sympathy could be had from the dejected countenances of all. Selim had promised me that he would leave before me. So much for the start. With the exception that the course of the river gave me great uneasiness, for they claimed that it did not go to Mrooli, but eastward, and that I should be attacked, I felt a great relief in being deprived of the presence of the negroes, that till now had been a source of great trouble and annoyance to me. Thrown upon my own resources, and brought face to face with peril, from which they had recoiled, my heart grew strong: and the first attempt at gaiety, to which I had been a stranger, forced its way to my lips in an outburst of song, as sitting in the stern of the boat I directed the course paddling, also aided by Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman, whose strength and good will made up for their inexperience in boating. We glided along until five o'clock in the afternoon, when an approaching storm warned us to find a resting-place for the night. The river had now become broad and deep, being certainly 300 yards wide and thirty to forty feet deep.

Save here and there, at rare intervals, a thick and impenetrable growth of papyrus lined its shores. Near by we discovered a path made in the lily that bordered the shore, and entering it found the land, with a boat (dug out) tied to a

stake, and filled with decayed fish. Ere we could land the storm descended in great fury. We landed the tent, and after much trouble in the darkness of the night, aided only by the fitful flashes of lightning, we succeeded in pitching it by the water's edge. Our matches were wet, and thus we were without a fire. Saïd and myself went up the bank and espied several huts in close proximity, and pressed by cold and hunger we made our way stealthily towards them in the hope of finding them deserted. A fire was burning in the middle of one of the huts, whilst great bunches of bananas hung from every post. With a piece of burning wood and the bananas we made our way back; built a fire in the tent, and in the choking, blinding smoke ate our bananas and our raw flour with ravenous hunger; all seated in my little tent, as in fact I had shared it with them during the entire term of my expedition. At six o'clock a.m. the savages, black as Hades, and of hideous aspect, gathered courage from our weakness, and came down to see us, surprised and encouraged by the fact, that the rotten fish in their boat alongside had been undisturbed. They regarded me with wonder and fear, for a white face had never before invaded these regions. Whilst the fire was being lighted to cook our flour and water, I struck a match to light my pipe. With a rush and scream of fright they precipitately fled; the lighting of a match confirming them in their first impression that

we came from the hidden and mysterious land of Lucifer. Fatigued by the labour of paddling, I decided to lighten the work by transferring baggage to the two boats, and abandon the third; which on our departure was quickly seized by the savages, their own being of very rude construction.

Amidst a pelting rain we left our encampment, and pushed out into the stream. I was obliged to attach with ropes the boat in which I had placed Adam and Kellerman; since they were utterly unable to keep her head down stream, but turned round and round with the current. Weak and enfeebled by disease I steered and paddled in turn, the task rendered doubly difficult by this union, encouraging Saïd and Abd-el, upon whom, with myself fell the burden of this thirteen days of boating, and untold misery both moral and physical. A momentary cessation from the pelting rain-fall enabled us to perceive on the right, in the distance, a high mountain, called by the natives "Gebel M'Tingi." All day long we continued our paddling, propelling our boats through the water at about the rate of four to five miles an hour, aided by the current. At eight o'clock at night, no longer able to see our way, and having vainly searched for a landing place, for the two sides of the river were guarded by an impenetrable mass of papyrus and water-lilies that came up from a very great depth,

we slept in the boats, which drifted down the stream in a darkness that enveloped everything. The storm raged with unabated fury; but tired and worn with fatigue Saïd, Abd-el-Rahman, and the servants, slept soundly. During the night I left my position in the boat, to bale out the water that grew hourly deeper, either from the rain or the leakage. This was the work apportioned the children during the day; and right well they served us in this respect. Crouched in the stern of the boat, that swung round and round as borne down by the current, I endeavoured to pierce the gloom that surrounded us. At one moment buoyed up by hope, the next in the very abyss of despair; thus the night was passed. Sleep was perfectly impossible; for I felt that my life went with the current that was taking us down—where?

At four o'clock a.m. I awoke my men to continue the route. At midday we passed the mountain seen in the distance the day before, and shortly after, as if by magic, we entered a sheet of water, in which the river lost itself; and in vain I looked for the opposite shore, to be seen only from the river we had just left. Stretching away to the eastward, a scarcely visible line seemed to indicate land: certainly twenty miles away. Was this the basin from which, as M'Tsé told me, "the river went eastward"? It certainly seemed only too true; and for the moment a thrill of horror ran through my veins: for if it should be

true, we were lost. I had only sufficient food to last until we arrived at Mrooli: and of this I carefully distributed to each one an equal share.

As we advanced into the lake (since called "Ibrahim") I descried in the distance what seemed to be land to the westward; but after several hours of hard paddling, proved to be on a near approach an immense sea of lilies, whose heads floated upon the surface like a great hat, and which grew up from an incredible depth. Through this apparently illimitable field there were open passages of two to three feet wide, cut in every direction, made as we soon discovered by native canoes, that fled like phantoms at our approach. These roads led to clumps of floating islands of reeds, to which the savages resorted to fish. Turning to the westward, and following one of these passages with a desire to reach land if possible, and build a fire that we might cook food, we pushed through with nervous and anxious haste. After several hours of hard pulling, we finally neared what we presumed to be land; but what in reality was nothing but an immense papyrus jungle, growing upon a floating "sod" —matted with grass, and beneath which there was water, to a considerable depth. Here the road lost itself, and we could only behold before us an insurmountable barrier to the shore that we had long lost sight of. A boat's crew of savages,

however, who had not observed us, came dashing through, and opening with their paddles the matted papyrus, disclosed a bayou, thus ingeniously hidden from view. We immediately made for the spot, which we found with difficulty; though but a moment before it had opened to receive the savages. The narrow channel just sufficed to permit our boats, which I uncoupled, to pass in single file. Once within, all was dark and gloomy; the waters assumed a dark putrid character from the decayed vegetable matter that formed an earthy covering, and from which grew into a matted arch overhead, a species of grass and papyrus, that shut out, save here and there, the rays of the sun. For two hours we shoved our boats through this channel, caught at every moment by the overhanging and luxuriant vegetation, in the hope of reaching *terra firma*. Finally, we discovered a hut made of grass, before which was hung upon a frame of wood thousands of rotten fish, the sole food of these people. Several small "dug out" canoes at this place barred our passage. An old man bent with age advanced to meet us with stealthy step, and face that marked his astonishment at the apparition of a white man. He proved to be an idiot. However, he finally understood that we wished to kill our sheep and cook it, and led us to his cabin over the "sod," under which was very deep water, and in whose spongy surface we sank knee deep at every step. We

soon built a fire of the dry papyrus, and smoked rather than cooked our only sheep, the flesh of which, scarcely warmer than when in life, we devoured ravenously. Collecting the remainder, we prepared to depart; as several brutal and hideous-looking faces, till now hidden in the jungle, commenced to assemble. To have been attacked here would have been fatal to us, with no possible means of escape. We turned our backs upon them however, having our arms in easy reach, and gained the point where we had entered, just as the sun was sinking to rest. Another night of horrors was before us: for the flash of lightning and mutter of thunder in the gathering clouds betokened a storm that soon burst upon us in all its fury; propelled by the wind, that required all efforts to resist, for we were without anchors, and the yielding lilies into which we were pushed, and to which we endeavoured to cling broke, and left us hopelessly at the mercy of the winds. About ten o'clock we were blown against a floating island of reeds, such as described, and to this we attached our boats for the night; each in turn watching and baling in order to keep from sinking.

On the 12th, at five o'clock a. m., after eating a morsel of our mutton of the preceding night, we again commenced our painful work of paddling, to which we addressed ourselves all day and till ten o'clock at night, when we reached the left

bank amid a fearful storm. Here, after devouring the last morsel of mutton, now thoroughly putrid, we threw ourselves upon the earth and slept despite the storm till morning.

On the 13th, at an early hour, we sought and procured a small store of green bananas, whilst Saïd making a fire on an iron platter fried some flour mixed with water—to us a most delicious treat—though really a most abominable and unhealthy mixture.

My object was now, if possible, to find the bed of the river, from which we had been driven by an adverse wind; and which would leave us free from the intolerable lilies that stretched over the surface as far as the eye could reach. In addition to these a little cup-shaped lily—*Pistia Stratiotes*—grows here in great quantities. In fact, Lake Ibrahim is the great vegetable nursery for the Bahr-el-Abiad; like the Victoria, acting as a great reservoir for the incessant rains. The almost tranquil lake is only relieved of its heavy pressure of water when the vegetable matter decays, is annually loosened, and bearing upon its bosom the *Pistia Stratiotes*, and detached islands of papyrus, rushes down and past Karuma Falls into the Lake Albert and thence to the north. This causes the annual rise in the Nile long before it is felt at the Saubat. The waters of the Nile from the Victoria are clear and transparent; whilst here they are discoloured with vegetable matter.

Kellerman and Adam had now become thoroughly disheartened and frightened; the former grumbled and muttered that we were hopelessly lost, and cursed himself that he had come. All this was intended as a reproach to me; for in truth the way was lost, really as yet unknown to any one: as no other white man had ever seen this part of the river. Irritated and vexed at his mutinous conduct, I threatened him severely, ending by reminding him that I had begged him not to accompany me, knowing full well that we should be obliged to suffer hardships.

We toiled all day at the paddles through the almost impassable lilies that covered, as far as the eye could reach, the surface of the lake. The mountain M'Tingi yet in sight served as a guide for the direction, for the compass that had aided me in my march southward, had been by an accident broken into fragments, and was therefore useless. At nightfall the whole heavens were charged with great black clouds of wind and rain, from which burst great peals of thunder, and vivid flashes that alone enabled us to distinguish each other in the inky blackness that enshrouded all. A hurricane of wind and rain would come from one quarter, to be succeeded by another from the opposite quarter. Four storms thus burst in succession upon us, with a fury that seemed to threaten instant destruction, whirling around and speeding before it our two barks, that were

only saved from being upset by being tied together.

Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman, wearied and fatigued, dropped asleep on the cases; whilst Kellerman and Adam groaned with fear and despair: and the wearied children, though dropping to sleep at every moment, still aided me in keeping the leaking boats afloat. Wrapped in my coat, chilled and wet to the skin, I kept the silent awful watch that night, expecting every moment that the frail ropes of the boats, broken in threads, would separate, and launch us into the jaws of this unknown lake: our fate a mystery to all save the Almighty, to whom I offered a silent prayer then. As during some sudden danger or disease that had well-nigh carried me from this life more than once before, an electric flash of memory reviewed the past from childhood's days to manhood. Coming from the hidden archives of the brain, whose tender memories make life so dear, they seemed to quit their abiding-place to make room only for the unwelcome tenant death. The night wore slowly away, and those painful hours seemed to be prolonged into weeks. It must have been three o'clock in the morning when the fury of the storm passed into a combined attack southward, leaving the heavens above clear. The stars came out, and among them, low down in the horizon, that I had at first taken for the light of a Zeriba, I perceived the polar star. Quickly arousing Saïd and Abd-el-

Rahman, I pointed to the star as a beacon of safety. They took it for a Zeriba light, and thus awakened to energy we paddled with redoubled force; until the break of day disclosed directly before us a wide sheet of water, whose clear surface denoted the natural bed of the river. We were not mistaken: for the moment we had reached it we found a slight current, that set us in the proper direction.

The whole day we continued the arduous work at the paddle, the sun coming out with great fierceness. At sundown, unable to reach the distant shore, we tied our boats to an island of papyrus that grew up from the treacherous depths. Our meagre rations of flour I distributed equally. Unable to make a fire, we were obliged to eat the raw paste, made by mixing it with water. Tired and worn out, I arranged the watch for the night, that all might profit by the rest, for the exertion of the morrow. I buoyed my men up with the hope, that the river would soon emerge from the lake, and that we must be nearing Mrooli.

The first watch was given to Saïd, and I slept soundly, until awakened by a gurgling sound of water. I awoke with horror, to find the water rapidly gaining upon us. Five minutes more, and the two boats with their contents would have gone to the bottom. Hastily awaking Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman, who overpowered by sleep had thus invited the fate that threatened us, we com-

menced to bale for our lives. The excitement was such as to arouse all hands: and each one by turns baled away, until the water had been thrown out. The night was clear, and not a cloud obscured the firmament, whose unveiled stars shone as bright as day. With common consent we cast adrift from what came near being our funeral papyrus pile, and slowly drifted down with the current, which had very suddenly increased in rapidity. Before us, in the distance, the lake seemed entirely shut in by land, and a mountain on our right. If there should be no outlet, and the river here lost itself, there was nothing left me but to take to the shore, and find my way to Mrooli, certainly not far distant; but what to do with Kellerman and Adam I did not know. Their feet were swollen almost like elephants', and they would be unable to walk. We paddled away, upheld by nervous energy, reaching the distant land about mid-day, there to find that the lake suddenly narrowed to about 700 yards. It was the river! With what joy we pulled away, until we had left the lake that had well-nigh proved fatal to us!

At three o'clock on the 16th we had so far advanced that I thought I could discern in the distance the village of Mrooli on the river Kafou, and the solitary tree under which we had rested on our way by land southward. We had slept in our boats for four successive nights, during which

time, in the impossibility of making fire, we had been obliged to eat our flour raw, with a few roasted beans that I had ordered to be cooked in the beginning of the voyage. We all looked pale and haggard: if it were possible to say so of Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman, whose lustrous black skins now had a lifeless colour, and looked pinched and worn by hunger and fatigue. Only once the latter showed sign of a faint heart, but was quickly reproved by Saïd, who said to him, "Teschouf el Bey, ye Achoui!" (Only look at the Bey, O my brother!) On each side of the river a tangled impenetrable mass of plants grew up, and defied our reaching the land, that is thus bordered for a considerable distance. No longer able to continue the route from fatigue and hunger, I headed the boat for the right bank; and by the most untiring exertion, cutting a passage with knife and bayonet, we succeeded in forcing our way to the shore. The boats were hauled up, and the boxes taken out. The cords in many places had given way, and great seams that gaped open, kept our wearied boys constantly at work.

A large fire was soon burning, and after a hasty dinner, we threw ourselves upon the earth to sleep, awakened only about five o'clock by a perfect deluge of rain, that continued all night. My tent was pitched, in which were huddled my whole force, the odour from whom was an infliction I could only escape by ordering them to

brave the storm that raged without. Sympathy in misery however was more potent than my olfactories, and they remained. I entertained now no doubt that Mrooli lay not far distant; and with a light heart I thought that on the morrow I should meet Selim, procure rations, or if necessary take the land route direct for Foueira: proud of having established the connexion of the Victoria Nile with this point (and Lake Albert), and of having added another great basin to the equatorial water-shed, in the discovery of Lake Ibrahim.

CHAPTER XIV.

Entering the Stream I fire a Signal—No response—Hostile fleet of Boats sent by Keba Rega—Parley with the Sheik—We attack—The Leader is killed—Several Boats with their Crews sunk—I am wounded—The Savages renew the attack, but are finally dispersed by our fire, and make for the Shore—Heavy losses of the Savages—Fire my only Rocket which fails—Adam and Kellerman—Mount Kikungura—Distant Nogarah heard—Detachment from Foueira—Meet old Comrades—Ludicrous incident—Meet Baba Tuka and the ex-king Rionga—Foueira—The Problem of the Albert Nyanza reluctantly abandoned—Pleasant Reunion.

The sun of the 17th of August awoke us only from a fatigued slumber, when its rays had become fiercely hot. Hastily swallowing the relics of our paste of the night before, we embarked our cases in the boats, the openings of which had been stopped with rags and weeds. At ten o'clock we left the shore, and pushed our way through the jungle channel into the stream: and after paddling two hours we neared the shore, when in the distance Mrooli was plainly to be seen. I ordered the shots to be fired as a signal to Selim of our arrival, as agreed upon. There was no

response; but in the thick papyrus that lined the shore, I saw to my surprise and horror numerous boats, whose occupants with arms in hand and eager lurking glance, awaited my approach. A hurried word of caution to my men caused the boats to drift down the stream, whilst I gave orders to tie them together, deploy our cartridges, and place the cases in barricade, one upon the other. Fortunately I had a large provision of cartridges, not alone for the two Snyder breech-loaders of Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman; but for my Reilly a large quantity of explosive shell. Besides these three guns, there were three self-cocking pistols, ordered to be placed on the cases for close action.

The river here was almost lake-like, and had a width of at least a thousand yards, and was of great depth, a fact that greatly aided me in my desperate defence; for though the assailants soon occupied both sides of the river, they were unable to reach me with their lances. Keeping my boats broadside in the middle of the river, I received their attack, as with wild yells and war-song, accompanied by Nogarah and horns that were re-echoed far into the country, they deployed their fleet of forty boats, in each of which were at least fifteen to twenty men armed with lances, packed so closely that their movements were impeded; a great advantage to me, however, as the sequel proved. In close order they endeavoured to encircle

my boat, headed by the Sheik—who alone of all the number had the slightest pretension to dress; a red handkerchief wound around his head, in which a mass of feathers had been arranged.

The men advanced with extraordinary audacity, sure of their prey. They were the people of Keba Rega, the king of Unyoro; he, who in June 1872, attacked Sir Samuel Baker at Masindi, already mentioned at page 40. These men therefore had smelt gunpowder; but it seemed not in sufficient quantity to deter them from attack. The Mtongoli, who spoke a little broken Arabic, announced to me that they had been sent by Keba Rega to kill me, adding, "useless for you to resist, the fishes will eat you at sundown." In reply, I told him that Keba Rega professed friendship for my Government, pointing to the Egyptian flag hoisted to the prow of my boat. With shouts of defiance they renewed their war-song, amidst a horrid din of drums and horns, numbering about 500; their hideous faces illumined with savage devilish glee at the prospect of blood and booty they advanced to the attack.

Abd-el-Rahman, no longer able to restrain his excitement threw his rifle up to shoot; when throwing off the horror of my position for the moment, I cried, "If you shoot, I'll kill you." His arm immediately fell in obedience. I told him that upon the first shot depended our lives: and I claimed it. Rapidly gaining upon us, came first the Sheik, who endeavoured to flank me. Raising

ATTACKED BY THE FLEET OF KEBA REGA.

my gun several times, only to receive in return his jeers, I finally planted in his breast an explosive ball, which bursting there seemed to let out his life-blood all at once, as dripping in gore, he fell over on his comrades, and in doing so capsized them all into the stream! Resting our guns upon our barricade of cases, our firing was quick and accurate. With deadly aim, Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman raked whole boat crews: who floundering in the water, were either drowned, or offered an easy and certain target to our rapid and continuous firing. In vain they attempted to escape: a well-distributed fire had demolished the major part of their fleet, now closely huddled together in great confusion. The shells of my Reilly burst amongst them, tore great holes in their boats, that sunk, having nothing to stop the leaks, or bursting in their naked bodies, carried consternation and terror, where only a moment before a hellish desire for massacre animated them in their wild fiendish glee.

Unperceived by me, and protected by a detached island of papyrus, that now and then floated by, a boat had gained its friendly cover, and unseen had come within scarcely a lance length of our boat. Enveloped in smoke I did not see the uplifted lance of the savage, for at the same moment I felt a blinding shock, and fell stunned and bleeding behind the case that had served me as a rest and barrier. I heard Saïd say, "You

have killed the Bey!" but ere he could reach me, I had regained my feet, whilst the blood welled in a stream from my nostrils, from an ugly wound caused by a pistol-shot from the hands of Adam.

It seems he had seen the movement of the savage, quickly seized a revolver, and being directly behind me fired; the ball had grazed my nose, inflicting the wound that had knocked me down, whilst Saïd and Abd-el, turning their fire upon the boat, had killed, almost at gun's length every occupant.

A lull in the firing had been caused by the accident, and many of the savages having regained their boats, were now advancing again to the attack, doubtless presuming that our ammunition was expended. Wiping away with my handkerchief the blood that almost blinded me, we renewed the fire, with the same deadly aim and result as before. The savages no longer hoping to reach us plunged into the stream, and made for the shore, leaving the bodies of their dead and wounded, with piteous screams, to float down with the stream. Once on shore they followed us with mad frenzied yells, as they were joined by thousands who had been assembled by Nogarah and war-horn, whose significant "Toot! toot!" sounded gratingly on my ears; for if the river should become so narrow as to permit them to attack me from both banks simultaneously, I

could not hope to escape. Well-directed shots however, whose results were made known to us by howls of pain, and a splash as bodies fell into the water, were welcomed by Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman with screams of defiance, and exultation. Fortunately for us, and in contradiction to previous reports of this part of the river, it continued both *wide* and *deep* (and navigable for steamers of heaviest draft); and thus our pursuing assailants could not reach us with their lances.

At sunset all sounds of pursuit were lost in the distance; and the practice of never attacking at night seemed to prevail among the Unyori tribes, as well as others, whose hostility I had occasion, before and since, to brave. But, in order to guard against surprise, I told Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman, that it would be necessary to put as much distance between us and the savages before daylight as possible; and we accordingly paddled with energy all night. From the number of bodies that we had seen tumble into the river, sustained by the most exaggerated reports carried to Foueira, by straws (savage mode of enumeration) giving their loss, we placed the number at eighty-two, including two Sheiks. The number, however, as stated by themselves greatly exceeded this; about 450 cartridges had been expended in the contest.

Our rations of flour and beans were almost

entirely exhausted, and a division was made that would enable us to have a handful for the morrow. It was necessary then to employ every energy to escape from the danger of starvation that stared us in the face. Could I overcome this new danger that had been imposed upon me by the non-arrival of Selim, who I feared had been attacked by the same party and driven away? (Subsequent events proved that Selim had not yet arrived.)

In order to attract his attention, if possible, and apprise him of my whereabouts, I gave to Saïd the only rocket that I had kept for such an emergency, attaching it to a small stick alongside the flagstaff. Saïd put fire to it: it flashed and spluttered and sank into the water—a failure!

My only hope of success thus went out in the gloom of the night: and we settled with desperate courage to the work of propelling the boat. By threats and intimidation I compelled both Adam and Kellerman to ply their paddles. My breast and arm were bruised and blackened by the concussion of the heavy charge of the elephant-gun, and I used my paddle with great pain and difficulty: added to which my eye was so completely closed, and black from the inflammation of my broken nose, that it now gave me excessive pain. I had a severe chill and fever during the night, but I felt how precious every instant was, and resolutely kept the paddle in hand until ten o'clock the next day, when fatigued and nearly

famished, we landed at a spot, where we made a fire and cooked our mess of flour. The feet of Adam and Kellerman were swollen to the size of elephants', and they suffered great pain; but the courage of my men was sustained by the belief that I knew my road; and that if they would hold out we should arrive at Kissembois, Rionga Island, on the morrow. Mount Kikungura, a cone-shaped hill on my right, confirmed my assurance. I threw myself upon the bank, and, despite the myriads of mosquitoes, which I had forgotten to mention in the catalogue of misery that had daily marked our cruel sufferings during the month since our leaving M'Tsé—slept as soundly as if upon a bed of down.

The morning of the 19th, at an early hour, the last handful of flour had been distributed, share and share alike, and we were soon *en route*. I insisted, that by incessant work we could reach Kissembois at night; and this gave an extra spurt in getting over the last quarter; for Kissembois offered us shelter and food from the ever-gratefully remembered Rionga, ex-king of Mrooli. We paddled and paddled until after midnight, keeping as well as we might the middle of the stream, the dim outline of the high papyrus that lined each shore alone enabling us to keep the direction. I said to Saïd, "Surely we are near Kissembois: fire your gun, in order to call the attention of Rionga." At this moment several

hippopotami, surprised doubtless by so unusual an intrusion upon their nocturnal foraging expeditions, left the shore with maddened roar, and encircling our boat made a show of fight. We poured a brisk fire into them as we neared the bank, driving them frightened away. It was now two o'clock in the morning; darkness and a drizzling rain enveloped us all. Famished, faint with hunger and fatigue, I decided to tie our boat to the weeds until morning; and if possible to seek the shore, in order to gather some bananas. I ordered another volley to be fired, and scarce had the echo died away when the faint sound of a distant Nogarah was heard; a moment after, a bugle-call rang out clear upon the air. A thrill of joy, like an electric shock, passed through every fibre of our hearts. Thank God, we are saved! I confess that the darkness concealed a tear that involuntarily forced its way, whilst poor Kellerman, nearly broken-hearted, cried for joy.

In the excitement of the moment I threw up my hat, shot my pistol into it, and lost it as it fell into the river. In company with Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman I jumped into the miry earth, and found myself waist deep in the filthy mud; the former, however, had succeeded in pushing his way to the shore, and fired shots, in reply to the now-continued "Il iré" (forward) that was being sounded by bugle. This could be no other than a detachment from Foueira.

I called back Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman and concluded to await the break of day, as in the darkness we could see nothing. An hour afterward we heard the splash of oars, and with nervous excitement awaited their approach. They halted a short time, and in the distance we heard their challenge. So great was our excitement, and the husky nervousness of our voices, that a long parley took place ere we could convince them that it was Saat-el-Bey, "the Bey," who had come by the river. They finally approached us, and the affectionate greeting in the darkness by Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman of their comrades "El Gamos," "El Fil," and others of like nicknames, was really affecting. I had judged aright; a detachment from Foueira, under command of Baba Tuka, the Adjutant-Major, had come only that day on a foraging expedition. He had heard our shots, and responded by a bugle-call, and had instructed his men to come to our relief, and take me to Rionga Island as the nearest point; whilst he and Rionga would come a few hours later, and bring me food and whatever I might want. With heart touched by this exhibition of kindness and welcome, I forgot my hunger and fatigue in the joy of the moment. Following the soldiers instructed to convey us to the point designated, we arrived shortly afterward. Day had not yet broken, and the rain still came down in fitful deluges, or in a misty cold drizzle. I can never recall a

scene that occurred on arriving, without laughing heartily. A few huts on the high bank above our heads emitted smoke; and the savoury smell of food appealed to my olfactory senses to such a degree, as to lend unexpected strength to my wasted limbs. Climbing the hill quickly I entered unperceived, when my shadow, cast upon the hut by the blaze, caused the two blacks hanging over the fire to turn and behold a ghost-like bearded face. With one simultaneous bound, and agonized cry of fear, they jumped to escape by the opposite side; but the unyielding grass refused them exit: and the shock sent the hut whirling in the air like an inverted umbrella. Whilst too absorbed to laugh at the ludicrous sight, I seized the smoking fish and, with my men, who came to join me, devoured it. The frightened blacks, who were Rionga's men, had escaped to the bush, but were induced to return by some of their comrades, who accompanied the soldiers, and they added to our feast a quantity of roast potatoes. Never before or since have I enjoyed a repast to such a degree. The savages even looked on in wonder, to see our ravenous consumption of food.

The morning of the 20th dawned upon us, seated around the fire in a common circle of friendly talk. The wondering natives and soldiers listening to Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman, who recounted to them our strange adventures, and the battle in

which we had defeated the Unyori. At seven o'clock the Adjutant-Major Baba Tuka, and Rionga arrived, bringing me milk and eggs. The affectionate greeting of the former, and the joy of Rionga, to hear that his old enemy had been badly beaten, knew no bounds. A dance was immediately given in my honour, and I was named upon the spot "El Belignan Kébire" (Great Mountain). "How is it possible that you came by the river? did not the Afrites catch you?" "Yes," I answered Rionga, "very nearly at Mrooli."

I refer to the breakfast that Rionga brought me of milk and eggs with a pleasure that none but a man nearly starved may know how to appreciate. Rionga could scarcely believe that I was the same man who had left him a few months before. My hair hung in great damp locks around my shoulders; my beard, that covered my breast, seemed to render more cadaverous a pale and emaciated face; while the painful wound upon my nose, and one eye closed and blackened, made him doubt, certainly with reason, my identity. Kellerman and Adam were in a frightful state with swollen legs and feet.

Accompanied by the Adjutant-Major we proceeded to Foueira, where we were received with every manifestation of joy by the garrison. To my eager question if aid or succour had been sent me, or any letters? the answer was, "Nothing." Foueira had been looked forward to as a

haven of rest and convalescence; there was neither medicine nor doctor; and the troops were absolutely suffering for want of both.

From this point I had hoped for aid, as I had written, that I wished to settle the problem of the Albert Nyanza, and going north, follow the Nile to Gondokoro (whether navigable or not). There had been no communication with Gondokoro, and I therefore with regret was obliged to abandon the project. Baba Tuka had fitted up nicely for me several huts near to the river, and here I was to stay, certainly until myself and people could regain sufficient strength to attempt to march the 300 kilometres that lay between Foueira and Gondokoro. I must await the arrival of Selim, and also Suleiman, my Saïs, who had gone to Ugunda, and who had doubtless met the former on the road. Ibrahim Eff., my unworthy dragoman, came to see me, affected tears, and declared his sincere repentance for his wicked schemes against me. There was a thing I needed—rest. The Adjutant-Major, his officers and men, treated me with great care and fondness; he compressed for me an oil from Sim Sim, an oleaginous seed greatly used in Africa, to apply to my wound, now become exceedingly painful. I had no other medicine. We had chills and fevers incessantly, but this had become a part of our daily programme, and we took it as a matter of course. At evening we sat and listened, on my part with a new pleasure, to

the stories of Baba Tuka's campaign in Mexico, and scenes in his short Parisian life—scenes that carried me back to the world, which the few past months in their record of misery and suffering seemed to have removed long ages from me.

CHAPTER XV.

Short stay at Foueira—I charge Keba Rega with the Attaek at Mroolí—Suleiman, now Ambassador, replies—Wat-el-Mek—The Slave-Trade—My Men improve in Health at Foueira—My Wound slowly heals—Suieide of a Mtongoli from jealousy—Negro honour—Capture of a huge Boa—Selim and Suleiman, my Saïs, with the four disobedient Mtongoli, arrive in Camp—Punishment of Selim for not obeying orders—The Mtongoli appealing to me, I write to M'Tsé on their behalf—Messenger from Fatiko—Unable to receive assistanee from the garrison I prepare to leave Foueira.

From the 20th of August to the 13th of September, the period of my stay at the camp at Foueira, I never ceased to hope that I might receive such assistance, as would enable me to add to my list of discoveries, in the solution of the still unsolved Albert Nyanza problem. I proposed taking two light Ugunda boats, in which I had come from Urondogani, and lifting them over falls and rapids thus gain Gondokoro. No such assistance arrived; for during the rainy season the Negroes will not brave the dangerous jungle, nor the yet more fatal rains. On the 24th I addressed a communication to Keba Rega at Masindi, asking an explana-

tion of the preconcerted attack made upon me by his General-in-chief and 500 men, at Mrooli. To this no reply was vouchsafed; though at the end of three weeks I received a letter from Suleiman, now regularly installed as resident ambassador at the palace of Keba Rega. He made a rambling incoherent response, that only confirmed me in my suspicions that he knew more of the affair than he would divulge; in acting against me, he was but proving his hostility to the Egyptian Government, and his sympathy with Keba Rega, the old ally of Abou Saoûd.

A sketch of my life at Foueira may not be without interest to the reader; though devoid of much of the stirring incident of travel.

Wat-el-Mek was still here, living a life of idleness and perpetually drunk. Like Othello, "his occupation was gone;" for the occupation of the country as far as this post by the Egyptian troops, had broken up the alliance between these Dongolowee chiefs and the "Sheiks" of tribes, in negro hunting. The regular troops were looked upon as the protectors of the people; and there was a consequent ill-feeling existing upon the part of the Dongolowee toward the Government soldiers; the former till now being paid for their service in ivory hunting, in slaves. The Government paid them in money. Here there was a great step forward, if not a practical suppression of the slave-trade by these military posts. This fact is cited to refute letters that I have seen,

composed with the intention of deceiving and misleading those who in a true spirit of philanthropy desire the cessation of the slave-trade. I repeat, in the interests of truth and justice, that here as at every other military post, a slave has only to seek protection or freedom and it is granted him : stringent orders having been issued to that effect by the government of his Highness the Khedive.

Foueira is a military post composed of straw huts: but the daily routine of service, as at a regular garrison, is punctually observed by its excellent commander, the Adjutant-Major Baba Tuka. The collection of huts assigned me looked out upon the river from the high bank: whilst a desperate but unsuccessful attempt at a garden ran along the outer palisade on the bank, where every day I went to watch the growth of radishes that would not mature, but made a most excellent and greatly appreciated salad. My food now consisted of goats' meat sent me by Rionga, fried "dourah" and sweet potatoes, the perpetual ration of the Soudan soldier. My men soon showed evidence of recuperation upon this régime: but with me there was but little abatement to the fever and diarrhœa with which I had been now for months a sufferer, having no medicine whatever. I resorted, as often before, to chewing bitter leaves and roots, in the vain hope of coming across some tonic or astringent.

At night, whenever the weather permitted, the Commander caused the soldiers to assemble their "bints," and very often Rionga assisted with his Abides, for a dance. This was a joyous occasion, the music, and the peculiar step of the soldier, mostly recruited from the Dinka tribes, was a source of infinite amusement and forgetfulness to me. A clear night there came to be looked for as my "benefit night;" since the kindly Adjutant-Major never tired of seeking to remove the cloud of care and pain that overshadowed my face.

My wound gave me great pain, and more than once I despaired of reducing the inflammation and profuse suppuration, that yielded only weeks later to cold applications.

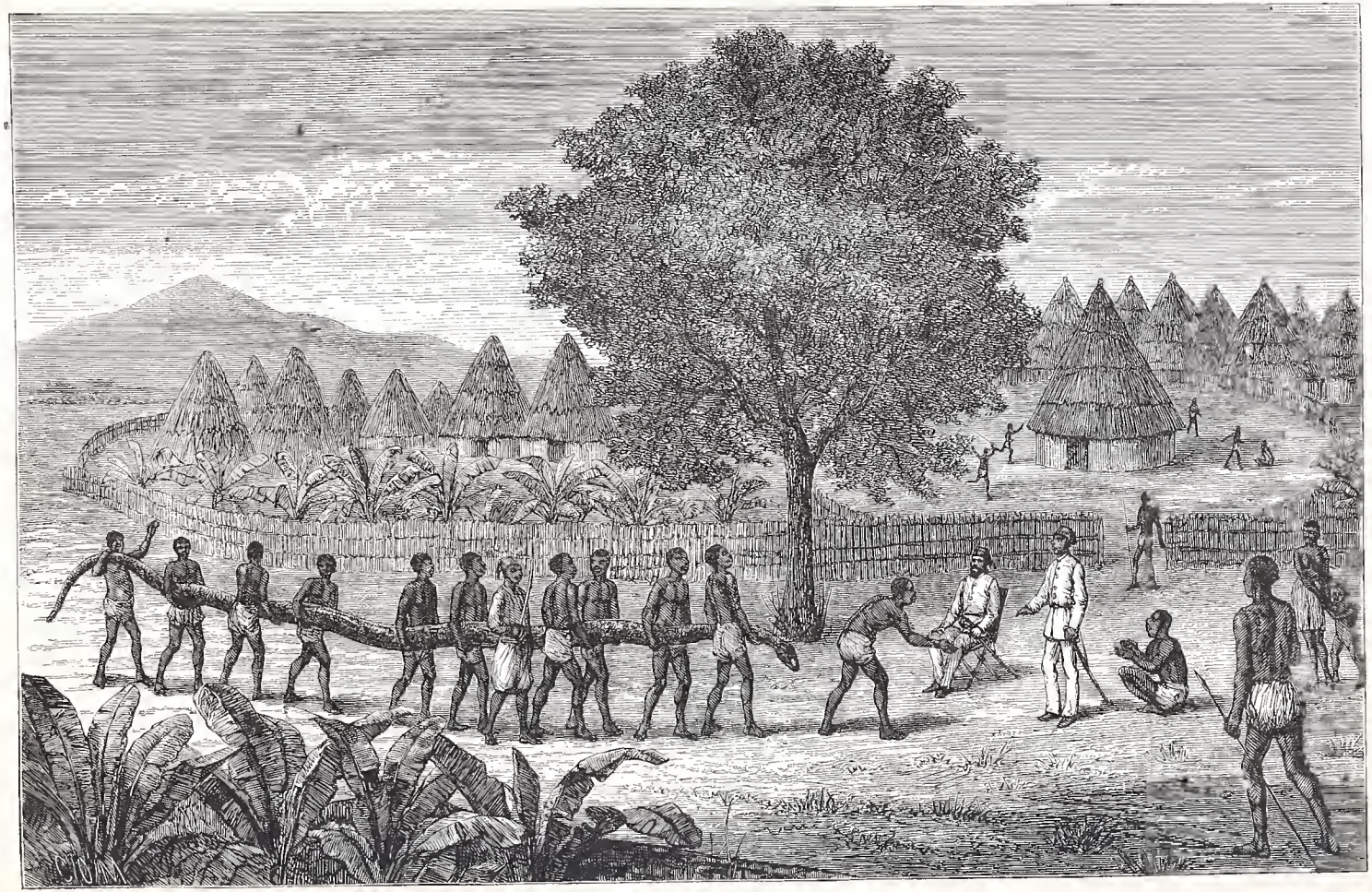
During the day, when not in company with the officers, listening to their oft repeated stories of their Mexican campaign, upon which they loved to dwell, I sat alone and pensive under the shade of the banana-trees that lined the back of the hut, and watched the detached papyrus isles and *Pistia Stratiotes* that floated down, coming from Lake Ibrahim, and were carried over Karuma Falls, the murmur of whose falling waters could be plainly heard scarce two hours away.

The Riongi, Unyori, and Ugundi, as before remarked, speak a common language. The two former are much darker in complexion than the Ugundi, whose mixed Arab or Indian blood is but

too apparent in their tint. The rule of Rionga is tempered by justice and mildness; whilst Keba Rega, cruel and ferocious, is ever creating fétiches, suggested by his ignorance and caprice. These people, like the Ugunda, manufacture very handsome vases of glazed earth.

One night, when a fearful storm had just passed over the camp, I went to the door of my hut to peer out, and heard the report of a gun. Hoping that it might be the delinquent Selim with my horse, I sent Saïd to inquire about it. A Mtongoli, sent several months before by Keba Rega as a resident ambassador and means of communication with camp, had shot himself with the gun of one of the Dongolowee—irregular soldiers in whose camp he resided. "Mirabile dictu!" here, indeed, was a curious case. A second Othello, who jealous and suspicious of his Desdemona's virtue, had quarrelled with his suspected officer that day, and had killed himself at night. An exceptional case certainly in all negro history, since with all the virtues attributed to him, he has never been endowed with those tender susceptibilities, that indicate a sense of wounded and outraged honour.

On the 13th of September, whilst seated in my accustomed place under a tree, I was surprised to see Wat-el-Mek, with ten of his men, with difficulty dragging something that seemed to me the body of a tree. To my astonishment it proved



CAPTURE OF A BOA-CONSTRICTOR.

to be a huge boa-constrictor they had just killed behind my hut, and which they had brought to me as a surprise. A female, it measured thirty feet in length, and in diameter was the size of a child. Baba Tuka had frequently told me that a huge monster came nightly to suck the cows penned very near my hut; but incredulous, I had registered it as a wonderful "snake story," become a proverb born of the horror that the serpent always inspires. Only the preceding night, however, my men seated around the fire in the hut adjoining mine, had precipitately fled in terror at the appearance of a huge head that looked at them from an interstice in the grass wall; whilst at their feet countless small serpents glided about. The cause was now apparent; the eggs of the boa had been laid unperceived on the outer wall of the hut, and hatching: had invaded the hut at a moment when the female came from the river. A strict, and somewhat nervous watch was kept that night, without result: but on this morning whilst leaving the river, evidently in search of her young, she had been shot by Wat-el-Mek. The huge monster writhed still with life that it seemed almost impossible to extinguish, though the head and back were crushed in several places. I confess that every night thereafter, on retiring to my bed, I felt a strange sensation of horror, as I thought of the possibility of my being "Laocooned" ere morning. The lowlands of

Unyoro are full of these reptiles, as well as the low wilderness, that stretches before the sight in a sea of jungle grass on the opposite side of the river.

The most wonderful stories are told of men incautiously sleeping with their legs uncrossed, who are swallowed by these monsters.

On the 13th, Selim and Suleiman arrived in camp: the former with my horse and donkeys, and accompanied by four Mtongoli, the same who thirty-five days before had basely deserted me. It seemed that, fearful of going to Mrooli, they had encamped in a plantain grove; and during the thirty-five days that intervened, they had made good cheer of the forty head of cattle sent me in good faith by M'Tsé. Twelve head of cattle were brought in however: a timely arrival, for the garrison here had no meat. Suleiman, my Saïs, whom I have before mentioned as recovered, who had gone south in the hope of reaching me at M'Tsé, had met on the road these men, and learning from them that I had gone by the river, absolutely drove them all forward, otherwise they would never have reached camp. As a punishment of disobedience of my orders that had nearly cost us our lives by starvation, and the battle of Mrooli; I decided to make an example of Selim: and accordingly fifty coorbatch (stripes) were vigorously applied to him, by Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman.

The Mtongoli, now came forward, and falling prostrate, *yanzigged* energetically, that I might write to M'Tsé, to save their heads. M'Tsé had heard of their abandonment of me, and had sent, about the same time as the arrival of Suleiman in their camp, a soldier named Matinda; with instructions to make his way to Foueira, and thence to Gondokoro, to return with a letter from me as proof of my safe arrival, or "his head should pay the forfeit." Matinda had threatened the Mtongoli with his report upon their misconduct, and they now appealed to me to save them from certain death. I persisted in refusing: telling them "you deserve to be killed." I, however, wrote to M'Tsé, asking that he would not kill them; and adding that he would do me a great favour by changing a custom which by sacrificing his people only weakened his strength, and was not worthy of "so great a king." The inhumanity of the question was not alluded to: for I felt that was a point to be touched upon, when the right to murder was no longer considered an undisputed "attribute" of an African king.[1]

Whilst here a messenger was reported as having

[1] The recent visit of Stanley and Linant perhaps proves that he may have followed my counsel; but it is by no means certain that this prerogative can be so soon abandoned. Neither Stanley nor Linant was received with the honours accorded me.

come, in eager haste from Fatiko, the next military post, with letters. I sent for him, hoping that though sick with despair, now at the last moment I might accomplish a task, that I felt sure would be acceptable to the Geographical world. The messenger came; he had been sent with letters by the Governor of the post of Fatiko for the officers of this station. He had been attacked on the route, wounded twice, and his companion killed. This was a great disappointment; and in the anger of the moment I cursed the fates that seemed to thwart me.

The soldiers of the garrison at Foueira were suffering from sores made by the poisonous weeds that infest the country, which in the absence of treatment had nearly rendered them all invalids; the few that were fit for duty were necessary to the defence of the garrison, that might at any moment be attacked by Keba Rega, incited by Suleiman and Wat-el-Mek, to whom all these difficulties were doubtless due. Baba Tuka readily assented to my proposition to go to Lake Albert; but to do so under the circumstances would have imperilled the garrison, and caused its probable loss. I therefore decided, though with great regret, to turn my steps northward, through the wilderness and jungle-road, notwithstanding the protest of Baba Tuka. To remain longer in this place, I felt was to die of misery and inaction; besides my men were now sufficiently

convalescent to accompany me. Rionga was appealed to, and promised me an escort on the morrow; whilst several packages of sweet potatoes and bananas were nicely packed in banana leaves for the route to Fatiko. All was bustle and confusion at night, and until a late hour, the officers and men, with kindly affection, begged me to remain with them until the end of the rainy season. I regretted leaving them, but I knew that if I lingered until the rainy season had finished, I should never cross any river, but that mystic one that separates us from the "Unknown Land."

CHAPTER XVI.

I bid farewell to Foueira and Baba Tuka—Crossing the river we mareh through the jungle—Arrive at Fatiko—Receive a warm weleome—Kindness of Adjutant-Major Abdallah—Visited by the Sheiks—Charaeter of the Fatiki—I am attacked with Fever and Delirium—Reeeiving an eseort and eonvoy for ivory, I leave Fatiko—Old Bakhite—Cross the Hor-el-Asua—Laughable Scene—Unmolested by the Mŏgi—Cross the Hor-el-Ramlé—Regaf—Tiib Agha, the Commandant, tells me the vague Rumours that preeeded us—Arriving at Gondokoro, welcomed by the Governor General and Abou Saoûd—Death of M. Auguste Linant.

On the 15th of September the Abide escort and a detail of soldiers being ready, I left Foueira, descending the river to Karuma Falls, where the high banks on either side made an easy landing; whilst opposite Foueira the low lands were marshy and overflowed.

I remained with Baba Tuka until all had been passed over with the exception of "Ugunda," whose transit across opposite Foueira in going southward, had caused me great trouble and uneasiness; but now companion of my travels for many months, there was a tie between us that

might be seen in his obedience; for at the mere wave of my hand, and ere I could anticipate it, he leaped into the dug-out with a shock that came near capsizing it. The transit was made in perfect safety, and once on the bank the bugle sounded "forward!" I embraced Baba Tuka, to whom I had become greatly attached, and plunged into the jungle, whose morass and miasma were now augmented by the deluge of rains that had fallen since the month of May, when I had passed through it. The jungle-grass, wet and sodded, formed a net-work at times across the path, through which we could only make our way by cutting through it with bayonet and knife. The rain fell incessantly in torrents, and the wild uninhabited jungle of more than one hundred miles, was thus rendered almost impassable. Though sick and feeble, the energy that hope kindled, caused me to tax the marching qualities and endurance of my men to the very utmost. From six o'clock in the morning until six at night became our day's work; urging my men to this by the promise of better days at Fatiko. I knew it to be a race for life: and I felt a sort of mad pleasure in breaking through this jungle, or wading to my waist in mud, when my horse was no longer able to carry me over it. From time to time the monotony of the route was varied by the rush and trumpeting of a herd of elephants across our path, at which we got uncertain shots, or the mad-

dened roar of a startled buffalo. The country was full of game, but my thoughts and objects were elsewhere; even had I had the strength to pursue them.

On the morning of the 20th at midday, we left the jungle, and reached the high plateau that leads into Fatiko. The day was clear and brilliant, though the sun was excessively hot. The soldier Matinda, whom I could not persuade to leave me, though I offered to give him the letter that M'Tsé required, accompanied us. We stopped on a high ridge of rocks, in order that my men might change their dress and make a respectable appearance; after which we marched into the garrison, where we were received with the usual honours by the troops. Our arrival was greeted with enthusiasm, and Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman recounted in their own graphic way the scenes of triumph, and scenes of pain that had marked the interval of our absence. My friend the Adjutant-Major had built expressly for me a splendid "tokel," that contained many of the comforts of a house, being neatly plastered inside and out, and possessing windows that admitted light. The tokels to which I had been condemned were like dungeons; whilst the grass with which they were covered was simply a hiding-place for lizards, scorpions, and the white ants, that devoured everything that came within their reach, even the tokel itself.

Ensconced in the tokel assigned me in the centre of the garrison, I received the officers who

came to visit me. My changed appearance, as heretofore described, from wound and famine, occasioned much comment, and served to corroborate what Saïd and Abd-el had already related through the camp. My costume in Central Africa had been habitually closely-fitting red pants, and white flannel jacket, with tarbouche and "coufiah" (large Turkish silk handkerchief) as a protection against the sun, and high cowhide boots and spurs. During the day I took off the flannel jacket. My pantaloons were confined at the waist by a wide silk sash.

I was now dressed, however, in my full uniform, resembling that of the Chasseurs d'Afrique; but these were becoming sadly dilapidated. New and untarnished, however, in my *debût* at Ugunda they had served me well; for the bright red and gold cord gave me great credit, not alone with the puissant M'Tsé, but with the hareem, who always remained faithful to the "Mbuguru," and who constantly begged that I might visit them.

The kindly commander, Adjutant-Major Abdallah, as well as his officers, contributed all in their power to make us comfortable. Here there was plenty of meat, and I now had a little rice, that was so necessary to my diet, and milk, though I drank it only after repeated assurance that it was not prepared as that which Gimmoro had given me on my previous visit, and of which

my taste was yet suspicious. Wat-el-Ajoose, Gimmoro, and Sholi, Sheiks of Fatiko, came to see me, and of course brought their wives. These ladies, in contradistinction to their husbands who wore skins across their loins, or were dressed in gowns, (marks of their being government officials,) were perfectly nude, with the exception of a few beads around their necks. Their hair, like that of the men, was an object of great care. Totally unprovided with presents now, since I had long since given all away, I drew some from the magazine and presented them; at which they were greatly pleased. The Fatiki, of all the negro tribes I had seen, are the most moral and the most honest. They were very numerous, and their well-filled corn-bins attested their frugality and their industry in the cultivation of "dourah," the sole product of the soil. Their peculiar yelping in talking, and their ideas of "Lubari," have been before adverted to.

The passage of the "Hor-el-Asua" was reported to me as absolutely impracticable at this season. I tried by every means to inform myself of the truth of this: and the Adjutant-Major sent several of the Fatiko men to the river Asua, to a point two days to the eastward, to know if the river was flooded. They returned with the reply that "it was flooded and impassable."

Irritated and impatient to the last degree, I endeavoured to convince the officers that by

means of a raft I could effect a passage even over rapids, that I knew could not be very dangerous there. The next difficulty was to persuade the Fatiki to go, for the Adjutant-Major desired to profit by my journey in sending forward under my care a large mass of ivory, that he had collected on government account.

Though Fatiko is situated on a rocky plateau that commands a view of the country, with Gebel, Shoua, Fatiko, and Franké close by, it is none the less unhealthy, as the tainted air from the marshes bounding it on the south makes it sickly.

Kellerman and Adam were certainly ill, the former so much so that I feared it would be impossible for him to accompany us. On the 24th I was seized by a violent access of fever, that on the 25th culminated in delirium. Returning to consciousness after a rush of blood to the brain, I found myself endeavouring to grope my way from the hut, nearly blind and black in the face. For the first time an idea that I might be going mad forced itself upon me; the very horror of which, I verily believe, saved me from succumbing in this way to the daily attacks of jungle fever, wherein the brain is constantly effected. All my men were ill with the same disease. My liver had swollen to an enormous size, and I could no longer bear the pressure of the band of my dress around my waist. Without medicine one day, I sent a soldier to search for some wild red pepper

that I had noticed *en route*. A macerated application of this over the affected part, as a blister, induced a lull in the pain and a sound sleep, to which I had long been a stranger. This was a happy discovery for me, and I applied it frequently with great success.

The interval between this and my departure was employed in rambling around the ridge of rocks, and visits to the village of Gimmoro near by. In order to gain strength for the journey I took short rides on horseback. The rest of the day I sat solitary and alone, musing upon the strange and almost unreal scenes through which as by miracle I had passed; and wondering if I should ever meet again with my sympathetic fellow creatures in civilization.

It was the constant theme of conversation of the Adjutant-Major that I must await the cessation of the rain before I could possibly cross the Asua. I finally told him that I must go, and the passage of the Asua would be made if it were necessary to bridge it. Preparations were then commenced, and finally on the night of the 4th of October it was announced that I might leave on the morrow. The Fatiki had been obtained as porters for the ivory, at one cow for each tusk; and eighty-one tusks were to be sent.

Kellerman, now no longer able to proceed, was by his own consent committed to the care of the Adjutant-Major, who was strictly enjoined to take

good care of him. The high jungle-grass through which we were to make our way precluded the possibility of carrying him upon a litter. He was, therefore, to remain and join Wat-el-Mek and Ibrahim my dragoman, who would pass the station *en route* for Gondokoro at the end of the rainy season. This was done, and both Kellerman and Ibrahim arrived in apparent good health at Gondokoro, where I ceased to have the care of either the one or the other. Mashallah!

Amid the most cordial and friendly expressions of adieu I quitted Fatiko on the 5th, with 200 miles of tortuous road to Gondokoro before me. The garrison of Fatiko, composed of 200 men, was sheltered from any attack, not alone from its position in a military point of view, but because of the entire sympathy of the natives, who were most friendly to the government troops, and acknowledged their authority, with pride at being considered as belonging to "Meri." A detail of sixty soldiers under command of a lieutenant, and twenty of the "Hotariah" Dongolowee employed as irregulars, were to act as an escort for the eighty-one tusks of ivory that were to be sent to head-quarters. A guard was rendered necessary by the hostility of the Mŏgi tribe, who had attacked me going southward.

On the night of the 8th, having made a détour westward towards the river, we arrived at Fagriniah, a Dongolowee "Zeriba," now under control

of the Egyptian Government. Here, should it be deemed necessary, we hoped to get assistance from "Bakhite," their veteran chief, if the passage of the river should prove difficult. Old Bakhite was an extraordinary man; black as ebony, his little withered frame and pinched features denoted his age (he was about seventy-five), and the hard life that had always been his; for he had been born and brought up in the jungles, and knew every Sheik of the tribes from this point to Lake Albert. He seemed jealous at my having gone farther south than he, and absolutely expressed doubts, that I should have "come all the way from the great M'Tsé, by the river that here flowed past his camp." The Zeriba of Bakhite and his followers (about eighty men) numbered really, including women and children, several hundreds. "Raki" and "merissa" were manufactured in large quantities, entirely for home consumption—if I might infer from the maudlin condition of all—Bakhite not excepted. He produced a bottle of "Raki," a most grateful present—as I had had nothing whatever of spirituous drinks since leaving Gondokoro; and my weakened and debilitated frame was in sore need of a stimulant. He told me, that only a few days before, the machinery of a steamer had been brought up nearly to Duflé; and it was intended to place it upon the Albert Nyanza.

On the following morning, amid the unfavour-

able auguries of the camp, I pushed forward and gained the Hor-el-Asua shortly after sundown, having made an extraordinary march of nine hours and a half through a most terrible jungle. Spurring my horse forward, I leaped in haste down the bank, to know if I should have trouble in its passage. Thank heaven! I found it scarcely four feet deep. My men arriving, overcome with heat and fatigue, now rushed madly into the stream. We encamped on the bank, and at daylight on the morning of the 10th we passed over without accident. I swam Ugunda boldly across, where he had walked with fear and trembling in the beginning of the expedition. The women and children of the soldiers, of whom there is always a goodly train, were carried across on the heads of the men. The scene was often ridiculous in the extreme, as one might see a little fat naked woman, perched frog-like upon the head or shoulders of her soldier husband.

On the 11th we reached Laboré after fatiguing marches, crossing the Hor-Bari, whose pebbly bed is filled with mica and iron. The glitter of the former is like gold; and varied exclamations of "Dahab! dahab!" (gold!) came from my men, as they dropped their guns and scrambled for the coveted but deceptive lumps.

On the 12th we passed the Mŏgi country, whose open and rolling grass-covered plains replace the fatiguing jungle through which we

had passed till now. The Mŏgi gathered in great numbers on our flank, standing in token of peaceful intentions, with the hollow of the right foot resting upon the left knee, and leaning upon their lances. The country here is really beautiful, and cut by streams of rain-water, from which we drink with almost childish glee. On the night of the 13th we encamped on the banks of the "Hor-el-Ramlé," in the Bilad Nashou. A pelting storm of rain and sleet obliged the naked porters to seek shelter in an adjacent Zeriba; the natives flying upon our approach, howled and screeched all night, but did not dare to attack. I called the Sheik to me in the morning, and made him a present of an extra shirt that was left me; and he went off perfectly delighted at this unexpected compensation. On the 16th, after leaving "Gebel-el-Kelb," we turned north-west, in order to gain the river at "Gebel-el-Regaf," where the natives told us the head-quarters had been removed.

We crossed the swollen stream of the Hor-el-Ramlé by swimming. "Ugunda" was borne down by the rapid current, but made the opposite bank safely; and on the night of the 17th we espied the white tents on the opposite shore. A volley of musketry and our bugle-calls were heard; but they replied that they could not come to us (they had no boat), the river here being very wide and deep. In reply to my question if the Pacha was there? they replied "No." I therefore sent my

reports about midnight by an Abide to Gondokoro, with orders to deliver them at an early hour in the morning. A night of horrors was passed in the low marshy ground, where myriads of mosquitoes rendered sleep impossible.

On the morning of the 18th, the commandant of the post at Regaf arrived, having procured a boat. Tiib Agha was gushing in his welcome; he told me that I had long since been given over as dead, but that a vague rumour had come back with the Abides who had taken up the steamer, that a white man had come down from the Lake by the river, but this was regarded as false. He told me that all the Europeans had died soon after their arrival, but could not give their names. Anxious almost to nervousness to get back, I put my column in motion by land for Gondokoro, accepting the proffered boat of Tiib Agha; and accompanied by Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman, I pushed off and down the stream; arriving at Gondokoro in advance of my men at sunset.

The Governor General received me with the most flattering expressions; my reports had already made him acquainted with the results that have been here detailed, and he frankly said to me, "You have done more than any man ever did here." This simple acknowledgment and appreciation seemed to repay me for the fearful price my discoveries had cost.

I learned here, with deep regret, the death of

Auguste Linant, in whose appointment to the expedition I had been chiefly instrumental. Anson and De Witt were dead. Major Campbell, who also had arrived during my absence, had been sent down to Khartoum in an almost dying condition. The health of the troops was deplorable, many of them were dead and dying—proof positive that Africa, by some decree of nature, was marked as the exclusive home of the negro. I had looked forward to finding communications from home and friends. There were no letters for me.

Abou Saoûd came to see me, and to welcome me back. From the very great dignity with which he had been invested on his arrival, he had now fallen into disgrace.

Once more at Gondokoro, I looked back at the six months of absence that had been—in the six hundred miles of jungle going South or returning by the river—a constant battle with the elements, storms, wind, and rain; with African diplomacy, of which I had more than my share by reason of my weakness; with famine and jungle fever, and battles with fierce and treacherous tribes of savages: I felt like Æneas of old—

"Jactate ab terra, et mare,"

that I had miraculously been saved by a "vi superi" from a cruel fate that had well-nigh been the result of my hardihood; and like him, returned

to tell my strange story to eager and wondering ears, though no tender love-stricken Dido was there to lend her sympathetic ear to the tale of my wanderings.

Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman, among their comrades, had become the heroes of the hour, and had been promoted to Sergeants by the kindly action of the Governor General for their bravery and devotion; later yet higher honours awaited them from the Khedive himself after receiving my report of their heroism.

CHAPTER XVII.

Interval between the Ugunda expedition and the expedition to Makraka Niam-Niam—Return to Khartoum—Despatches of the Governor General to his Highness—Reply of his Highness the Prince Minister of War, Hussein Pacha, announcing my Nomination as Colonel, and Decoration—My deplorable State—Convalescence and dinner at Palace of Djaffer Pacha—Consul General Hanzell—Visit of Abou Saoûd—Return to Lado—Passing exploration of the Saubat—Preparations for the Expedition to Makraka Niam-Niam.

On the 20th of October, by advice of the Governor General, I went on board of the "Bordène," that would take me to Khartoum, there to announce to the Government the results of my Expedition, whilst at the same time I might be benefited by the change of air; for the state of my health was precarious in the extreme. At five p.m. of the same day the "Bordène" arrived at Lado—which had been designated as the future head-quarters; since Gondokoro had proved a grave-yard for the second as well as the first Expedition. Here I encountered "Gessi," the confidential polyglot of languages and man-of-all-

work of the Governor General, the sole survivor of all the Europeans who made a part of the expedition, since our departure from Cairo, and my absence in Central Africa. His reception was of the most enthusiastic and sympathetic character. Whilst waiting to "wood up," I listened with painful interest to details of disease and death of those who had succumbed to the fatal climate. About six o'clock on the afternoon of the 24th, the "Bordène" was suddenly enclosed, as if by magic, in the fearful embrace of the "sod," the matted vegetable matter that now barred the way. The river disappeared, whilst on all sides nothing was to be seen but a sea of grass. The position was startling; not alone that we were walled in by the mass of floating grass that threatened to crush the steamer like an egg—but also because should we be kept long here we could not hope to escape death from the pestiferous malaria, perhaps from starvation. On board there were a number of invalids, *Arab soldiers*, of whom we buried every day from six to eight.

The Captain, Abdul Al, overcome with fear, rushed from the bridge of the steamer, and approaching me as I left the cabin, cried, "Yeamil Eh, ye Bey" (What shall I do, O Bey)? "Can you back her?" I replied; and rushing upon the bridge, I took charge of the steamer, and in a stentorian voice gave the order to "turn astern!" Not a moment was to be lost; right ahead of me in the

darkening twilight, that exists only a moment between sundown and night, was a crevasse that clearly marked the way. "Full speed" was given, and with every pound of pressure on, the "Bordène" drove ahead into the gutta-percha-like mass. It yielded, and away we went and cleared the "sod," that soon would have crushed us in its fatal embrace. All hands cried "Mashallah" (thank God)! with a hearty good will.

A description of these fifteen hundred miles between Gondokoro and Khartoum has already been given in preceding chapters. A serpentine river, filled with crocodile and hippopotami, and banks covered with negroes of tribes of Kych, Dinka, Chillouk, whose misery, starvation, and brute-like appearance is in thorough sympathy with the interminable marshes. The cow is his divinity; whilst to the sustenance derived from the milk (of which the milk makes only a part), the starving negro has only the uncertain chase of the hippopotami and crocodile; the eggs of the latter being chiefly sought after as the means of nourishment.

The wood stations on the Bahr-el-Abiad, are "Bor, Chambé," and the mouth of the Saubat. These places furnish the sole clumps of trees, that supply wood for the furnace of the steamers. The quality of wood is principally *soont*, whilst from Bor southward, the wood is almost entirely ebony; the transportation of which

might be made, as it has been elsewhere profitable to the shipper.

The negro employés in the service of these steamers, in the navigation of the river, are chiefly "Dinkas," who, though natives, are nevertheless subject to the often fatal attacks of the guinea-worm; which if not treated with address in the extraction, renders the subject an invalid for life. The worm, embedded in the cuticle, shows only its head upon the surface. The sufferer ties this to a piece of wood by means of a thread, which by being wound slowly every day, gradually extracts the body of the worm. Too great a tension, however, may sever the body from the head; when the patient in many cases is doomed to great suffering, and oftentimes to loss of the limb.

The waters of the Bahr-el-Abiad, discoloured with vegetable matter coming from Lake Ibrahim, are highly impregnated with animalculæ: and in order to purify it, I have very frequently caused it to be boiled, whether for internal or external use.

Flies, ants, and mosquitoes are the natural pests of Africa. To evade the attacks of the latter, the negroes have no other defence than to keep themselves perpetually surrounded by a circle of fire, on which the dung of the cow is thrown, thus forming a dense smoke that from its stifling odour shields from the enemy, while the whole

body is smeared with ashes, and filth of beasts, of the most revolting odour.

At the junction of the Saubat the "Bordène" arrived on the night of the 27th (midnight); here we found the steamer "Telawaheen," bound south, having on board Ernest Linant, and two English officers. The former was here informed of the death of his brother Auguste, who had died of fever one month before at Gondokoro. I had on board two dogs that belonged to him. Ernest begged me to keep them as souvenirs of his brother. Both "Goorah-Goorah" and "Ticki-Ticki" accompanied me afterwards on the return to Lado. The latter died at Makraka, and *was eaten* by the Niam-Niams.

On the night of the 28th, we arrived at Fashoda, where we stopped for wood.

Fashoda, has already been casually referred to; it may not be amiss, however, to add that it formerly was used as a penal colony for political or military offenders. The march of civilization has now begun to make Fashoda a tolerably pleasant place of residence; for here may be seen the inevitable Greek merchant, who keeps his "bacal," and wherein may be found canned fruit and meats, and more than all the much prized "Raki," and the intolerable "Samian wine," that I love only in classic song.

Here I observed my whole body had commenced to swell; and the same symptoms experienced by

Adam and Kellerman began to assume in me alarming proportions—the effect of constant fever and bad diet.

On leaving Fashoda, the Reis of the steamer became particularly drunk, and particularly insolent to the captain. The Reis of a boat on the Nile, I repeat here, is at all times a most important personage; nowhere is this so true as on the Bahr-el-Abiad. "Mezouk" was no exception to this rule; and he now commenced to show his bad qualities. As he landed the steamer on a sand-bar, though weak and ill I was called to the scene, for the captain was utterly powerless to maintain order: as Mezouk, a swarthy powerful black, took command, and laughed to derision the captain and crew. In a moment of passion I seized him, and held him over the boat's rail, where on each side might be seen the yawning jaws of numerous crocodiles, or the roaring hippopotami, that would soon have made short work of him. Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman took him from me; and Mezouk went to his post a sobered and a wiser man.

On the 6th of November the "Bordène" reached Khartoum. As we steamed up the Bahr-el-Azrak, and looked upon the gathering crowd upon the banks, among whom were a great many European faces, I felt a glow of pleasure and exuberance of spirits, to which the grave events that had marked my absence had made me long a stranger.

The transition from benighted Africa to the threshold of civilization once again, had been a dream, whose realization I could scarcely believe. Moored to the quay, I immediately received the visits of the Consul General of Austria and France, M. Hanzell, Monseigneur Camboni, the Apostolic Vicar of the Austrian Mission, M. Giegler of the Telegraph, and M. Lumbroso of the post, all of whom extended me their felicitations, and kind expressions for my safe return.

The telegraph was quickly in requisition, and on the eve of the Bairam fête, His Highness the Khedive received despatches from the Governor General, giving a synopsis of the results of the expedition, in which he was pleased to use the most flattering terms in reference to its success.

Poor Campbell had died here, on his return a month before from Gondokoro, of typhus fever. Transferred from the steamer to the Austrian Mission, he was kindly cared for by Monseigneur Camboni, his aids, and the sisters attached to the institution, who in their merciful dispensations endeavoured to alleviate his sufferings. Their tender care, however, came too late: for he was a doomed man ere he entered the hospitable gates. A genial companion and earnest friend, I felt his death keenly, as well as that of Linant, for they both had been appointed through my intervention.

The first acknowledgement of my telegram

came directly from His Highness the Khedive, who thanked me for my services to the country in the most flattering terms. On the 17th, His Highness the Prince Minister of War, Hussein Pacha, telegraphed me as follows :—

"The Khedive confers upon you the grade of Colonel, and the decoration of the Medjidieh of the third class, with firman and decree, which will all be sent by post."

The same despatch asked the name and rank of the two soldiers who had accompanied me. Here was a prompt appreciation of my services : and even my two soldiers were not forgotten, as was proved by the query.

These and many other telegrams of felicitation from high functionaries and friends, whilst an earnest of the appreciation of my work, were potent agents in the absence of an experienced physician, in awakening in me new life ; and in stemming the current of disease, that I believe sincerely, without the excitement and pleasure attending this reception would have, as indeed it threatened, taken a fatal character. I was swollen to such an extent, that I could not wear my ordinary dress ; and my case seemed really hopeless.

About this time, news was received here of the capture of Fasha, the capital of Darfour, by Ismail Pacha Ayoub, the Governor General of the Province, acting there in conjunction with Zuber

Bey, a former Dongolowee chief. The Sultan had been killed, and in fact there had been a complete and decisive victory.

Khartoum, was illuminated for a period of three nights, and fêtes and festivities were given in honour of this very important accession to the territory of Egypt—important, not alone as a great mine of commerce and wealth, but that it struck a final blow at the slave-trade, that everywhere else had been checked by the occupation of the country by the government troops.

I had now commenced to improve in health and spirits, under a generous diet. I drank freely of Bordeaux, and "Burton on Trent," that by chance had found its way here; though wines of an inferior quality, and Bass's beer, could be obtained in any quantity. In fact, in Khartoum almost anything could be procured, with a slight advance on prices in Cairo.

On the 19th, I invited the officers of the garrison, the Hokomdar (Governor General) and the chief functionaries, M. Hanzell and others, to meet me at dinner at the Palace of Djaffer Pacha, where I resided, on the opposite bank. Accompanied by the post band, the festivities were kept up until a late hour, when the numerous guests recrossed the river to their homes. So large a concourse, in which were a great many Europeans, was marked as a great event in Khartoum. An outpost of civilization, I can readily understand

that the traveller, fresh from Europe, may speak lightly, even despairingly of the place; to me however, escaped as if by a miracle from the horrors of African life, I welcomed Khartoum as a perfect El Dorado—its 20,000 people making it a city! Its many shops of "Raki," ale, tobacco, clothing, in fact every necessary, took proportions as great, in fancy, as the shops in the Palais Royal! its gardens of oranges and citron, and markets of fruit and vegetables, an Elysian Field; its great high banks, lined with the stately palm, an Italian boulevard; the air that blew across the desert on the opposite side, a healing wind that restored me to life—finally, I could not understand how Khartoum could be termed "the pest-house of Central Africa."

His Highness the Khedive of Egypt had given the most stringent orders for the suppression of the slave-trade; and of late years there had been so great a falling off in consequence, that slavery was to be seen here in a mild character, if indeed it merited at all the name, since a black held in service was free to go, on application to the military authority. The system is there almost patriarchal, and the ignorant savage becomes a member of a household, and is civilized to a certain extent under its influence; while the tenure of his bondage is only nominal. The value of labour is scarcely felt in Khartoum; and the slavery that existed

there before was never anything but a luxury! Money having a greater value there to-day, as competition in trade grows stronger, the desire for a numerous retinue of servants has decreased; and the slave merchant has turned his attention to other trades.

On the 28th of November, Abou Saoûd had arrived by nugger from Gondokoro, from whence he had been sent away in disgrace. Abou, to the great cost of the Government, had been made to figure largely in a field where, by reason of his hostility to the interests of the Government, he should not have been regarded but with suspicion. This hostility may be briefly explained. As agent of the house of Agad and Co. (and brother-in-law as well), Abou represented the interests of that house, in the exploitation of ivory in the regions of the Bahr-el-Abiad en route from Gondokoro, his friends Suleiman and Wat-el-Mek having direct command of the Dongolowee camps of irregular soldiers before referred to.

"The Expedition for the better government of the Equatorial Provinces of the Equator" obliged the Government of Egypt to absorb this "squatter sovereignty," that was exercised by these men; and repress disorder, and disabuse the minds of these nomads, of their pretended authority, and ownership of these countries.

It will appear strange that Abou, who had undoubtedly been hostile to Sir Samuel Baker,

and necessarily hostile to the interests of the Government represented by him (involving no insignificant sum of money), should be made the basis of animadversion upon that Government, as will appear in the following quotation from Sir Samuel Baker: "The last appearance is the appointment of Abou Saoûd to a post in the present expedition. Thus the great slaver of the White Nile is rewarded."

His second nomination really was made upon *the personal and urgent request of the chief of that expedition;* and Abou was accordingly released from prison in Cairo, and following the expedition, had joined it at Gondokoro. Once there, and clothed with somewhat extravagant authority, he had very probably, being of a weak and vain character, given himself a great many airs, and thus became a source of annoyance to the Governor General, and he was summarily dismissed. This seemed the head and front of his offending.

Officious zealots, on the other hand, have endeavoured in newspaper correspondence to make a martyr of Abou—in attacking Sir Samuel Baker. He is spoken of as "a young man of noble countenance and race." He has nothing of these characteristics; but his face, strongly marked with sensuality and a sneaking smile, would seem in a minor degree to represent a mixture of character such as might be imagined as the result of an amalgamation of a "Latter Day Saint"

and a "Father Joseph." There was no doubt in my mind that he secretly harboured the idea of exploiting these lands—"Elysian fields" to these lawless nomads—born in many cases in its jungles.

Behind Abou were Suleiman and Wat-el-Mek, his old lieutenants, who, perhaps, whispered incessantly in his ear—thus feeding his ambition of one day being king of Central Africa.

This was my opinion of Abou. In a conversation I asked him very abruptly if he had not secretly incited Keba Rega to attack me at Mrooli; knowing full well the friendship that had existed between them since the battle of Masindi, where Sir Samuel had allowed himself to be beguiled into security by the wily Abou. Of course he denied this; and entertained me with the most flattering expressions as to the hazardous enterprise I had successfully accomplished. The interview ended, we parted pleasantly, and I saw the famous Abou no more. My health had now become much improved, though at times I suffered severely. No letters had reached me from home, and my anxiety consequent upon this disappointment, added greatly to my physical sufferings. The house that I occupied, on the desert plain of the opposite shore, was delightfully situated and healthful. The air blew cold and refreshing through its corridors, and memory reverts to-day with pleasure to the hours passed

there with that delicious sense of repose known only to the convalescent.

The view was really charming; following the desert, bordered by a bluish veil of haze, the eye met the Nile below the junction of the Bahr-el-Abiad and the Bahr-el-Azrak, making its serpentine way northward toward Berber through narrow mountain gorges. The white line of the Bahr-el-Abiad, as it ran by with the pure waters of the Bahr-el-Azrak, on whose grass-covered shores were great flocks of geese and fowls, and Khartoum itself with its tall palms and luxuriant gardens, looked like some fairy scene, to an imagination that sighed for the haunts of civilization, and from which duty, not enthusiasm, alone separated me. My term of rest, however, was drawing to a close. The self-imposed task of sending reinforcements of troops in the service of the Equatorial Provinces, had resulted in my having authority to choose 450 men, that I proposed to embark in nuggers filled with "dourah" and tow them to Gondokoro, with the several steamers at my disposal, where once returned, I should probably be called to new fields of adventure and discovery.

On the 15th of December, all preparations for departure having been completed, I left Khartoum on the steamer "Bordène," the nuggers of grain and soldiers having been put en route several days before, with a fair wind. They were ordered to

rendezvous at the mouth of the Saubat, from whence—the river becoming tortuous—I should be obliged to take them in tow.

Dr. Ferit, a young medical man (Arab), who had been in years past on the staff of H. E. Rachid Pacha, commanding division at Alexandria at the same time as myself, had been assigned to the expedition during my absence. He had carefully treated Major Campbell, and would now return to duty at Gondokoro. He spoke French fluently, and his genial companionship was always a source of great pleasure. Poor fellow, I learned that he, and many other officers, has since died of fever.

Many persons came to bid us adieu, the greater number of whom doubtless thought me mad to return when I was as yet far from convalescent. Confident in my lucky star, I had none of these feelings. Soon Khartoum was lost to view as we left the clear blue waters of the Bahr-el-Azrak, and turned our head southward to stem the swift discoloured waters of the Bahr-el-Abiad.

On the 22nd we arrived at Fashoda, where we stopped for wood, attacked incessantly by enormous flies, whose bite is exceedingly painful, no less than myriads of mosquitoes that are almost insupportable here, as along the entire distance to Gondokoro.

The 24th of December we arrived at the junction of the river Saubat with the Bahr-el-Abiad, at

least 500 miles south of Khartoum, the point that marks the limit of the Khartoum government, and from whence begins the government of the Equatorial Provinces.

Here, on a small area of ground that rises above the sea of marshes on all sides, is a detachment of soldiers, whose huts are made of grass and reeds, of cone-like shape—the common architecture of all the negroes of Central Africa. This station, in common with others along the Bahr-el-Abiad, serves as a vedette in the suppression of the slave-trade, at the same time furnishing wood as fuel for the passing steamers, the consumption of which is naturally very great, while the stunted and uncertain growth found only at rare intervals will, in the future, augment the difficulties of steam navigation between the Saubat and Gondokoro.

Here the Dinka and Chillouk of the Bahr-el-Abiad and the Nouers of the Saubat, "happy contrabands" and refugees from the slavery and tyranny of their Sheik, find refuge and protection by "Meri" (government), who is thus obliged, at no little expense, to feed in idleness these wretched starving creatures that an ungracious nature has so ill provided for, in its denial of home and property. The "Freedman's Bureau" at the Saubat, like the Freedman's Bureau at Washington, promises to be in the future a source of great expense to the Government of Egypt when it may become generally known that they are "emancipated."

In the luxury of idleness there, one may see the Dinka, Chillouk, and Nouers, forgetting their savage rivalries, engage in dance and song around the fire at night; their gyrations and contortions of body keep perfect time to an inimitable melody, wild and weird, as they move in circle accompanied by their "bints" in puris naturalibus, for these people, whether male or female, do not affect any dress whatever, regarding it as a sign of weakness. In the flickering torch-light, reflected upon their black bodies and hideous faces, they look like demons dancing in some mad bacchanalian scene in Orcus.

My soldiers had arrived here safely with a fair wind, and disembarked, waiting to be towed by the "Bordène," the "Mansourah," and the "Telawaheen."

The officer commanding the post informed me that a body of Dongolowee soldiers, in the service of the station, had been sent to a point far up the Saubat for the purpose of trading for ivory, and that, surrounded by the hostile Nouer, they would either be starved to death or massacred. Leaving my soldiers for a probable absence of three days, I made a detail of twenty men and a lieutenant, and taking in tow a boat loaded with 150 ardebs of dourah, I caused the "Bordène" to steam up the Saubat, to their relief. I extract from my itinerary as follows:—

December 25th.—"Christmas Day," but what a

cheerless one! The river on each side presents the same howling waste as on the Bahr-el-Abiad, the same flat marshes through which the river breaks its crooked way, followed by the eye miles and miles over the pestiferous plain. Here and there are collections of huts on the banks, where are assembled the "Nouers," who yell defiance at us as we pass. Dr. Ferit and myself endeavour, though the effort is a feeble one, to draw comfort from the absorption of a decoction, sold as St. Julian in Khartoum, but which has decidedly the taste of an inferior quality of black ink.

December 26th.—At mid-day we arrive at the camp of the Dongolowee, called "Boul-Boul," or "Manshiah," about 300 miles from the junction with the Bahr-el-Abiad, a point to which no explorer had till now reached.

The camp, composed of eighty Dongolowee, had been seriously menaced by the savages; but this timely relief of a large quantity of dourah saved them from starvation; a seemingly inevitable fate, since, having no boat, they could not evacuate their post and return by the river, and they feared a sortie by land because of the long and difficult road to be traversed to the Saubat junction, and the countless and fierce "Nouers" that would render the attempts perilous in the extreme. Provided with dourah and a boat, they assured me of their perfect capability to hold the place, or to return if they could not succeed in establishing

friendly relations. In order to aid them in the latter I made overtures to the hostile chief, and succeeded in establishing a quasi treaty of peace, by some slight presents, with a promise of the much prized red cloth in exchange for ivory.

These people told me of a river coming from the north and falling into the Saubat, only six hours away from the direction indicated; I supposed it to be an effluent of the Bahr-el-Azrak, and that the Saubat, extending eastward by south, that it branched into two large streams at a point thirteen days distant, and that there the Gallas or "Habisch," as they are termed in common with the Abyssinians, came to traffic at a village called Kam-Kom. From the depth of the river I had no doubt of its perfect navigability, and regretted that the soldiers, whom I had left at the station, compelled my return, since I could not leave them long at that unhealthy post; otherwise, I should have continued a voyage that promised, under the easiest circumstances, the probable discovery of its sources, and its proper relation to the Bahr-el-Abiad. It was, therefore, with great regret that at midnight of the 27th, the boat's crew being unable to sleep on account of the mosquitoes, I ordered steam, and turned head down stream, running with the current at the rate of fifteen knots per hour, reaching the Saubat station on the evening of the 28th. The Sheik of the Dongolowees returned with me

in order to procure the articles I had promised for the exploitation of the ivory of those regions. Inhabiting the country since childhood, he told me of a route a few miles from the Saubat junction that, during the dry season, could be, and had been traversed habitually as far as Bor and Gondokoro, but that during the rainy season the road was impassable. A knowledge of this would doubtless have saved Sir Samuel Baker the disastrous delay at his camp at Tewfickyéh, in April, 1870, where, obliged to desist from the attempt to remove the sod in the Bahr-el-Abiad that barred his passage southward, he encamped on the banks of that river, whose pestilential marshes made sad havoc among his numerous personnel and troops. Solicitous for the health of my Arab soldiers, to whom this long route had always proved in previous convoys exceedingly pernicious, I lost no time in re-embarking them, and taking them in tow, proceeded up the Bahr-el-Abiad toward Gondokoro on the morning of the 29th. Goorah-Goorah and Ticki-Ticki, my two dogs already referred to, made night hideous with their piteous howls as they raced and tore up and down the steamer in frantic, but vain efforts to escape the attacks of the mosquitoes that made this place a hell on earth, whether for man or beast. I had arranged a mosquito net to protect them, but their dogships, as well as myself, broke from this useless cover; they to rush madly up

and down, whilst my only resource was to smoke incessantly in pacing to and fro, until daylight brought a cessation of these attacks. I quote from diary here :—

"*December* 31*st*.—I had nearly forgotten that the cycle of time had made its round, and that the year 1874 would soon pass and go, 'glimmering through the dream of things that were.' Here, alone, surrounded by an infecund and terrible order of nature, a real picture of an imaged Styx, memory turns as if from some horrid dream, and projecting itself over these gloomy wastes that now, at night, are lit up by the fitful flash of countless fire-flies, into the world beyond where the season is a joyous one, and picture the fireside around which family and friends are gathered, and from which I am going farther still at every revolution of the wheel that, amid the stillness of the night, seems to beat a tattoo to all these memories that are 'sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought' as the uncertain future rises before me."

The 3rd of January, 1875, we arrived at Chambé, a knoll of wooded land that rises from the marshes, affording fuel for passing steamers. A detachment of soldiers were here placed for cutting this wood, as well as to form a depôt for the ivory that expeditionary bands of Dongolowee might bring from the Niam-Niam and Monbutto countries, to which a road had been

known to these people in this trade since many years. One of these corps had just arrived, and gave me very interesting details of curious tribes encountered. They had brought with them a Ticki-Ticki, or Akka girl, of from six to eight years of age apparently, the general form and characteristics of a Lilliputian race were to be seen as in the photograph of a full developed Akka woman, given in these pages, which I brought back with me from a subsequent expedition to Makraka Niam-Niam, and who, as well as the infant girl, were presented to His Highness the Khédive.

At midnight of the 4th, whilst still at the station awaiting the requisite quantity of wood, I was awakened by a perfect fusillade of arms from the camp situated close upon the bank to which the "Bordène" was moored. Hurriedly leaving my couch in the saloon of the steamer I ran toward the camp, accompanied by Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman, supposing that an attack had been made by the natives. The officer told me that the firing was due to the pursuit of a lion that had scaled the high palisade of grass that surrounded the Zeriba, and had attacked three negro children that lay sleeping at the door of a hut, and that, having bit and lacerated two, he had succeeded in escaping with the third. Alarmed by the cries of pain and terror, the soldiers had quickly rallied; but were not successful in the rescue on account

of the darkness, that rendered objects but a few paces distant invisible. In the morning, in making a détour of the place, I discovered the mutilated head of the boy who, notwithstanding the discharge of rifles, had been devoured within a few paces of the wall: an attack that for audacity would seem to refute the insinuation of cowardice, that has been sought to be made by enthusiastic hunters in detraction of qualities that are supposed to belong to the "king of beasts."

On the 5th of January the temperature, till now excessively hot, changed suddenly, and became cold to such a degree as to make thick woollen clothing and overcoats an absolute necessity. A general idea of the climate from this point southward may be given, in the statement that during the day the heat is excessive, and the nights cool, even cold, if in the rainy season. The shores of the river as we proceed, and emerge from its worst marshy part, present at this season (dry) sufficient firmness to permit their habitation by great numbers of negroes, who come down from the interior to spear fish and crocodiles, which, together with the eggs, form the sole food of these people in this interval. The rainy season, however, repels them from the shore, and they seek higher lands, farther removed; this migration is annual.

On the 9th of January we arrived at the station,

"Bor," a detachment being placed there for the same purpose as those already mentioned. The Mudir Wad-el-Nile caused the tribe "Montas," speaking the Dinka language, to make a "Kamalalah" dance in my honour. Until this moment I thought that I had seen every curious fantasiah of the people along the Bahr-el-Abiad; but their contortions of figure and eccentric evolutions certainly claimed precedence over all, as it excited the greatest mirth to witness their ridiculous, and—truth to tell—their immodest postures.

On the 10th we pass the "Schir" tribe, whose numerous villages and great herds of cattle in the distance assure us for the first time that there is "land ahead," for we are emerging from the dreary wilderness, through which we have made our way, into "a land flowing with milk and honey," by comparison. The Schir speak the Bari language, and with the exception of some details in customs are practically an identical tribe. Secession is a favourite ideal of all Africans, whilst "a union, a constitution, and an enforcement of the laws," is perhaps justly feared, when it might as elsewhere, in more enlightened states, be prostituted to the interests of a faction, or in a one-man power—nepotism. This would surely be the result among the negroes; for I could not fail to remark that, in proportion as the Sheik was weak, his subjects were most happy,

and *vice versa;* for I have had occasion to say before, in that connexion, that "might makes right," among all these negro tribes. In disunity then there is happiness, if not strength.

The river at this season is difficult of navigation, and is full of shoals, among which the steamer is forced to proceed cautiously, oftentimes grounding, when the crew, aided by the friendly negroes, plunge into the water to push her through at imminent risk of life from the fatal jaws of the crocodile or the hippopotami, which in great numbers are only kept away by noise and the constant rifle firing.

Here, as in several places along the river, troops of elephants and buffaloes approach the bank—the former with stately mien and curious gaze to regard the steamer, whilst with my Reilly No. 8, I have planted an explosive shell in their bodies, with no other result, except in one single case, than to send the herd with maddened trumpetting crashing through the jungle-grass that scarcely hides their fast retreating forms.

On the night of the 10th of January we arrived at Lado, that had now grown into a considerable post; in fact it was what Gondokoro had been. The umbrella-like straw roofs of the huts at that post had been brought down on nuggers, and Lado, though laid out but with little regard to a military encampment, was in the future to be the head-quarters of the Government of the Equa-

torial Provinces, fourteen miles north of Gondokoro, and on the opposite side of the river. The removal had been actuated by the fact that Gondokoro had proved a cemetery for many of the expedition, both Europeans and soldiers. The banks are twelve to fifteen feet above the level of the river; but the low opposing bank and marshy country would seem scarcely to warrant the hope of any great amelioration in point of health. But, in all truth, 1500 miles of marsh and fetid air to the north, and deadly jungles, morasses, and lakes of decayed vegetable matter to the south, form a deadly circle which devotes to a certain fate the white man that no artifice can surmount. Central Africa is a deadly pestiferous country, in spite of the "trumbash" to the contrary by travellers, whose very record of sufferings long detailed should be sufficient to contradict effusions as a bid for a sympathy that they ostensibly ask for a "Paradise Lost" and the negro. There is a selfishness in all these misrepresentations that is only too manifest. Central Africa and the negro are a popular theme; "to keep up with the procession," then, is a duty that is obligatory, even though it be done in direct opposition to the truth. To speak of Central Africa as it is, "nothing to extenuate, or aught set down in malice," is the object of this book.

The Governor General was anxiously awaiting my return. Mr. Hanzell, the Consul-General of

Austria and of France, had arrived at Lado in order to present to the Governor General, M. Marno, an envoyé of the Geographical Society of Vienna. The latter gentleman remained in the service of the expedition but a very short time, the Governor General having no need of his services. Col. Gordon being temporarily absent, Marno accompanied me in the expedition to Makraka Niam-Niam upon his most urgent prayer to me, and upon the condition especially imposed and accepted by him of his being in no official capacity whatever, but solely as my guest—a responsibility and a kindness that M. Marno afterwards recognized, as well as the Geographical Society of Vienna, through M. Hochstetter, the President, who not alone added his appreciation of the services I had rendered Marno personally; but in correcting an error that he (M. Hochstetter) had made in his speech before the Geographical Society of Paris. In reply to my reclamation he took occasion, in the most courteous terms, to disclaim any intention of wrong to me, and to invite me to their Society at Vienna.[1]

[1] Congrès des Scienees Géographiques de Paris. M. le Dr. Ferdinand Hochstetter, Président de la Société I. R. de Géographie de Vienne, adresse un document d'où ressortent certaines rectifieations demandées par M. le Colonel Chaille Long Bey, au sujet de la manière dont son rôle, et celui de M. Marno au dernier Congrès International des Scienees Géographiques avaient été apprécié. Cette lettre est accompagnée de la copie d'une lettre adressé par la Société I. R. de Géographie de Vienne à M. Chaillé Long Bey, et qui donne toute satisfaetion à ses réclamations.—*Explorateur.*

Two English officers, Messrs. Watson and Chippendale, had arrived during my absence. They were to solve the question of the Albert Nyanza, and were preparing to enter upon their service; an enterprise that apparently entailed but little hazard, since the Lake was flanked by the stations at Fatiko and Foueira. The work therefore promised speedy success.

Ernest Linant, who had arrived during my absence, was then at Gebel Regaf—fifteen miles south of Gondokoro—from which point he was to go to M'Tsé, accompanied by a picked set of men, the famous "forty thieves" of Sir Samuel Baker.

Loron, the Sheik of the Bari tribe, and whose place is at Gondokoro, visited the camp almost daily, and he and his wives came often to see me. The great attraction for Loron, was several bottles of spirits of wine that I had taken from the magazine. One of these, Loron, on a previous visit had drank in two or three draughts! and went away only "half-seas over." His wives with great bushy caudal appendages as an excuse for clothing, were always modest, and greatly delighted with any present, however simple.

The Bari are a tall, well-made tribe, combining perhaps more treachery and cowardice than any other; but having a decided advantage, by reason of good and productive lands, that serve them as grazing for their cattle, or for the "dourah" crop which they cultivate sufficiently to keep them in passably good flesh.

The men go perfectly nude, regarding all dress as effeminate, and women wear only the bushy tails before referred to, All hair from head and body is removed, cleanly shaven, and the whole skin smeared with an oxide of iron, mixed with grease. A similar powder is procured from a tree, that here grows quite large. Every Sheik may have under his authority for the use of his people, one or more of these trees, an indispensable cosmetic for the Bari. Armed with bow and arrows, he bears a striking resemblance to the American Indian of the Far West, whilst the female looks like gutta-percha of an improved Goodyear's patent. They call each other "Giglio" (which means friend), and the language is not unpleasant, and quite euphonious.

On the 16th of January, Wat-el-Mek, with 600 Abides (having with him Kellerman and Ibrahim), arrived in camp. These 600 men had come from M'Tsé, and from Rionga; having been sent by the former to assure himself of the road I had opened, and upon which he promised, and now made good that promise, to establish couriers, and later, posts for the greater security of the transport of ivory. Troops had not yet been sent to punish the defeated, but still badly disposed Keba Rega, and the latter laid in ambush and killed forty of M'Tsé's men.

Wat-el-Mek, who was always in correspondence with Keba Rega, brought with him a music box, and a uniform, doubtless thinking them a great prize. The audacious Keba Rega however had preferred the request that "the music box might be *mended* and returned to him." The camp at Lado is frequently invaded by troops of elephants, who, mistaking the accustomed path to the river, walk leisurely into camp, to find out their error only amid a shower of balls, that in many cases have killed them on the spot. Not unfrequently they had been killed by the six-pounders posted near the river bank. Certainly a unique case in all accounts of the hunting of such highly prized game, and yet it may not appear improbable when it is understood that the Bari very seldom attacks him with a lance. The elephant, emboldened by the comparative peace with the natives, has not the shyness that he has among those who, if they do not attack openly with lance, do so covertly, or by means of holes or traps, that soon causes the sagacious beast to forsake his accustomed haunts. The elephant when wounded in the leg (considered by the natives his most vulnerable part), will stop, stamp and crush with rage the maimed member until no longer able to flee. He is thus easily captured.

Great numbers of lions, leopards, and wild cats make night hideous around the straw

palisade that encircles the camp, erected with a view to protection against their audacious attacks.

My hut was situated on the high bluff that overhangs the river, and when night came, my rifle in hand I beguiled the tedious hours, surrounded by my faithful friends Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman, and the officers of the post, in shooting at hippopotami, that ramped and roared in the deep black river at my feet. Their guttural "Ugh! ugh!" ending in long roars of defiance as the ball exploded vainly in their tough hides, made it exciting sport; but unless the vital spot above the eye is reached, even an explosive shell is powerless to kill immediately.

To-day a steamer arrived with mails, bringing the order cited below, which was duly communicated to me by the Governor General.

"Ministère de la Guerre,
"Bureau du chef d'état major, Caire,
"Le 16 Novembre, 1874.

"M le Lieut.-Colonel Long de l'état Major-Général, en expédition près du lac Albert a été attaqué par environ 400 hommes armés ennemis du Khédive; seul avec deux soldats, il a repoussé les attaques réitérés de cette troupe et il l'a mise en fuite après lui avoir tué *quatre-vingt-deux hommes. Pour* ce fait d'armes éclatant et pour s'être acquitté heureusement malgré de grande difficultés de la mission qui lui était confiée au pays d'Ugunda, Son Altesse le Khédive a bien voulu nommer M. le Lieut.-Colonel Long au grade de Colonel dans

le corps d'état major. Par ordre de S. A. le Prince Ministre de la Guerre.

"Le chef de l'état Major-Général,
"(Signé) STONE."

Wat-el-Mek told me that Suleiman, in reply to my letter addressed from Foueira to King Keba Rega, had withdrawn from there, and had actually accompanied him as far on the route as Fatiko, where he proposed remaining until further orders. He said that Suleiman had become convinced that some serious affair had taken place, since Keba Rega very excitedly had shown him a great number of balls, that he (Suleiman) knew belonged to my elephant gun, that had been picked out of the bodies of his slain, whom Keba Rega placed at a ridiculously large number, saying that the man who had done all that was "Belignan Kebire" (big mountain), a soubriquet given me by the Riongi, on my return to Foueira, under circumstances already related.

The 17th was "Courban Bairam," the second great annual fête-day in all Egypt. It was celebrated here by a military review and parade, whilst I received the officers in the general divan as the representative of the Governor General.

On the 26th, the Governor General left for the Saubat junction on a tour of inspection, the

expeditionary corps having already gone southward.

I now turned my attention to preparations for the expedition to the Makraka Niam-Niam country, the object of which was to open a road through the hostile Yanbari tribe that until now had barred the passage to the Makraka Niam-Niam country, westward from the Nile. The occupation of which was not only to exploit its great ivory interests, but at the same time to affirm the authority of the Government in its mission of civilization. There was another consideration; the health of the Arab soldiers was precarious in the extreme. I had chosen 450 stalwart men, when at Khartoum, from a battalion of 800 men. They arrived in good health, but they fell ill in great numbers; it was unquestionable, they could not stand the climate. Extra rations of tea and sugar and other luxuries were issued to them in vain. The Niam-Niam country was reputed healthy, and the only Eldorado of health in all Central Africa; it was therefore determined to occupy that country, with the double purpose of exploitation, and the re-establishment of the health of the soldiers. Besides this, I hoped that this expedition, if my health should be equal to the occasion, might serve me as a reconnaissance in an expedition I might undertake later, to open a road through the Monbutto country, unfolding the mysteries of the Akkas or Ticki-Ticki, and other strange people,

whose existence vaguely signalled by both ancient and modern travellers, was still left, in a Gulliverian sense, in the realm of fiction; finally, I hoped to reach through these mysterious regions—the Atlantic!

CHAPTER XVIII.

Departure from Lado—Halt at Laguno—Entertained by the Sheik Morbi, who accompanies us—The Makraka Niam-Niam pictured to the troops as a Mohammedan Paradise—Excessive heat—Simmim butter—"Striking oil"—Gebel Meri—Gebel Miah—The dead rider—The Yanbari—Fortified Zeribas—Poisoned weapons—Euphorbes Arborescentes—Give presents to the Sheik of the Yanbari—One of my soldiers wounded—The arrow being poisoned he dies—The "Hor Yeh"—Camp of Latroche—Settlement of my force in four detachments—Collection of 300 to 400 young girls—Several of them are married to the force—Inhabitants slightly *Anthropophagic*—The Niam-Niam demand revenge on the Yanbari—Start for Makraka Assariah.

All preparations having been concluded the night previous, I started from Lado on the morning of the 31st at an early hour, in command of a detachment of Arabs, beside twenty Soudanieh soldiers attached to me as my personal escort. A few days before I despatched a similar troop, destined for this service, with orders to proceed slowly and cautiously, with the object of overtaking them and forming junction ere they entered the hostile Yanbari country, through which we must pass. I was accompanied by my two soldiers, Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman, and, mounted upon a white horse which

was to replace Ugunda, who had died at Regaf during my absence, and almost immediately after my departure for Khartoum. M. Marno accompanied me as my guest. One hundred and fifty Abides of the Bari had been engaged at the price of a cow each to carry the effects of soldiers, tents, &c. A march of thirteen miles south, in close proximity to the river, brought us to a point called "Laguno," on the banks of a river whose sandy bed, now dry, is called Hor-el-Ramlé (Stream of sand), but which in the rainy season becomes a deep and surging torrent, as it receives the waters from surrounding elevations that make their way from Gebel, Lado, Longy, and Regaf. Our camping-ground was almost within sight of the deserted post at Gondokoro, on the right bank of the river. Here we bivouacked for the night, and were hospitably entertained by the Sheik Morbi, who insisted upon accompanying me on the morrow. The season was propitious, and I hoped to return ere the rains that would commence in April. It was excessively hot, but I had become so accustomed to heat, that I scarcely regarded it. Rain brought misery, suffering, and fever, and was therefore greatly dreaded, not alone by soldiers, but by the "Abides."

On the 1st of February, at six o'clock in the morning, we broke camp, leaving the river and turning towards the Land of Promise — the Eldorado of my Arab soldiers, whose imagination had been greatly excited by reports of the negroes,

who pictured the Makraka Niam-Niam women as "houris" in beauty, and the land watered by silver streams that ran through groves of golden fruit and whispering myrtles—a Mohammedan's Paradise. It were well that I had this aid to the difficult march, for the Arab soldier was weak and enfeebled, and without this incentive could scarcely have endured the fatigue and heat, though the march was carefully made within the limit of their strength. These apparent illusions were not all deceptive, for the females came in great numbers to fête our arrival, and streams of "laughing waters" that ran through banana groves, refreshed our weary limbs, and furnished us bananas for nourishment.

The road for the first and second day's march ran through a beautiful rolling park-like country, dotted here and there by great trees, sugar-loaf in shape, whose service "Morbi" told me was that a red powder was made from the bark, resembling the oxide of iron, both of which mixed with grease, was the special insignia of the "Bari," who thus smeared their depilated bodies, and that these trees belonged only to the Sheik, who alone was charged with the distribution of the esteemed unguent. Beneath the grateful shade of these trees were neat little villages of straw-huts of circular shape, entrance to which was obtained only by creeping upon the hands and knees through the door, which was scarcely large enough to admit the

body. Well filled corn-bins, raised high upon stakes of burnt wood, in order to protect from rats or the still more fatal ravages of the white ant, attested the inclination to industry, and their superiority to the negroes along the Bahr-el-Abiad to the north.

On the 2nd of February, the country changed to wild jungles, whilst the earth was cracked and parched, and great fissures made the road not only difficult but dangerous. The heat was excessive, and no water was to be found except in the mud holes that had been dug by elephant and buffalo, and which were nothing less than cess-pools or receptacles of the deposit of the beasts. The revolting taste and odour, however, could not deter us from drinking to quench thirst or to make our bread.

Frequent halts were indispensable to repose, not alone for the soldiers, but the Bari porters. It was just as I had given the order to halt the fatigued column, that I noticed not a few porters as well as soldiers, were struggling under the weight of huge demi-johns, that upon inspection proved to be "Simmim" (butter). This rancid, nauseous fluid is a *sine qua non* of the Arab cuisine, whilst it is a highly prized pommade for the coquettish naked Soudan girl who oils her head and body, not alone as embellishment of the former, but to protect against the rays of the sun that causes the skin to parch and crack. Great quan-

tities of this butter had been taken against my positive orders, adding greatly to the difficulties of the march, whilst I regarded it as extremely deleterious to their health. Reserving only sufficient for the route, I caused the demi-johns to be placed in a row, and broke them with my sword. The oily matter covered the ground, and the scene that followed as the Bari Abide with yells and screams of delight endeavoured to "sop" it up, was a phase of "striking oil" that could never have been equalled in "Oil City" in the days of the petroleum fever of the past.

Resuming the march, we arrived at Hor Bey, a mountain stream in the rainy season, but now perfectly dry. For a moment I had grave fears that water would fail us, but the negroes soon dug with their hands down into the sandy bed, and procured excellent water. We bivouacked there for the night.

On the 3rd of February we resumed march at six a.m., arriving at "Gebel Meri" at half-past one p.m. A Sheik came to me and represented that his brother was chief Sheik of the country, and that he desired to have his authority recognized as there were other claimants. I accordingly caused him to be arrayed in a red flannel shirt and fez, badge of office adopted by the officers at Gondokoro, in nominating to positions of great trust those that sought the protection of "Meri"—the Government. The candidate was followed by

a numerous retinue and certainly proved by this manifestation that he had a party. I gave him a paper in Arabic declaring him Sheik-el-Meri, at which he seemed very proud, as it assured him protection from tribes who would now fear to attack him unless prepared to brave "Ali Bey" at Gondokoro. Ali Bey was the usual designation of any white officer in command, and among the Bari the Governor General bore this title as well as myself.

On the 5th of February, through a jungle and difficult road, we arrived near the Gebel Miah, where, as before, we dug for water in the dry bed of a stream, now our only resource. Whilst awaiting the arrival of the rear-guard, a soldier, apparently asleep, his body bent upon the neck of the donkey on which he was mounted, came up to where I had thrown myself upon the ground. Receiving no reply to my hasty exclamation as the donkey ran over me, I seized the bridle to remonstrate with the rider. I found him passed from my orders to a higher commander—dead. Every effort was made to restore life, and I made several incisions in the skin, but in vain. Corporal Ali Galal had been taken ill but a few moments before, and, unable to proceed, had been placed upon the donkey. He was buried at sundown with military honours in a picturesque spot, near the base of a chain of mountains, that, hence running southward, mark once more a lovely country. Under cover of the quick succeeding

night, our cattle to the number of twelve, frightened at the rattle of musketry discharged over the dead, broke from the guards, and were lost in the jungle. Not far from this spot my dog "Goorah-Goorah," frightened at my attempts to chastise her for attempting to bite a donkey, fled to the jungle, returning to the station at Lado as I afterwards learned, after an absence of eight days, during which time she had doubtless been chased by leopards and lions that abound here in great numbers. Several other accidents caused the day to be frequently referred to as a long chapter of accidents, and in my journal I named it Black Friday.

On the 6th I lost another soldier, who died of fever. He was buried with military honours.

On the 7th we had reached the confines of the Yanbari country; a tribe that had almost entire possession for many miles of country that once belonged to more peaceful tribes, that had either been massacred or driven from the country. Warlike and cruel, they had thus effectually barred the passage from the Nile westward, and though I did not wish to attack them I felt confident that I should be attacked. I therefore caused the column to march in double file, protected by a strong rear-guard, to whom strict injunctions were given that straggling was on no account to be permitted. The country had now become savage in the extreme, penned in by a chain of abrupt mountains in an amphitheatral

form, through which passed the rocky road, rendered still more difficult by the cane-like grass that seemed to bar the passage entirely. I threw forward skirmishers, however, to clear the jungle that afforded a splendid point of attack for the natives, whose "Zeribas," half hidden to view, were to be seen in great numbers. These "Zeribas," of rude construction of grass, were surrounded by a palisade of cactus of young growth that is constantly renewed, and forms an impenetrable barrier of defence, from its thorn, that cuts like a knife the nude besieger. The milky fluid that exudes therefrom forms a deadly poison, with which the arrows and lance of the Yanbari are dipped or coated with the paste that is formed by successive infusions. The wound is almost certainly fatal, and no antidote is known to save the victim. This is the only tribe in Central Africa who thus empoison their arms.

This cactus-like tree is simply a development of the cactus already alluded to. It grows to a height of at least forty feet, and the diameter of its trunk about three feet. The trunk, as well as the branches near it, hardens with age, and has the appearance of cork, whilst the upper branches only are parenchymous and covered with thorns. The negro avoids its shade as baneful, and regards sleep beneath it as fatal as the "Upas tree." The fig-tree "Gimmais," common in Egypt, is also to

be seen here, though the fruit is imperfect. The dourah raised here is a small bushy grain resembling the broom corn of the Southern States of America. This is the sole product and food of the Yanbari, except the uncertain chase of the elephant. They have large herds of cattle, but as among other tribes the cow is the household Penates, and is certainly regarded with that

EUPHORBES ARBORESCENTES, OF THE YANBARI COUNTRY.

mysterious reverence already noted as common to tribes along the Bahr-el-Abiad, and is never made an article of food.

On the night of the 7th we arrived in a more open country, and bivouacked under an immense tree. Until now we had been unable to get a sight of the Yanbari, who invariably fled at our

approach. At sundown, however, we observed great numbers collecting on our left. I sent for Morbi, my Bari guide and dragoman, that he might go and make overtures to the Sheik, and assure him of our peaceful intentions. After a long parley he succeeded in bringing him back. I gave him several presents, at which he seemed greatly delighted. A sudden quick movement on my part as I arose to light my pipe caused "Zmlingo" to bolt in flight, bounding over the cases that lay around the door of my tent, with the agility of a deer. These people speak the Bari language, and differ from them only in that they do not shave their heads or pommade their bodies. They are very black in tint. Armed with bow and arrows that are poisoned as already stated. They carry as well small wooden arrows, having four prongs, with which they shoot birds. So great is their dexterity that the bird finds itself embraced inextricably by these points, and thus falls helplessly to the ground.

The 8th we resumed the march at an early hour. The rear-guard, notwithstanding my repeated instructions, permitted one of my Soudanieh soldiers, Ismaine Dasha, to stray from the column, a few moments ere I ordered a halt. At this moment I heard the report of a gun in the rear. Quickly remounting, I took my Soudaniehs with me, and retraced the road at a double quick. I found this soldier bathed in blood that gushed

from several fearful gaping wounds made by lance and by arrows. A cry of rage went up from my men as we started in pursuit of the retreating negroes that could be plainly seen. We sent after them a volley as they disappeared in the knotted jungle. The pursuit was useless. Returning to the wounded man I applied perchloride of iron and compresses to his wounds, and so far staunched the blood as to hope for his recovery. He died, however, four days afterward, having been carried on an angareb bed to the station that we reached on the 10th, where I proposed to halt for several days.

The column that had been sent on in advance had doubtless pushed on by reason of scarcity of water, and having followed faithfully my instructions, had doubtless arrived ere this at the river "Yeh." The Yanbari hung around our camp at night in great numbers, and shot their arrows at us at random. My tent was perforated with holes, and their deadly arrows were found sticking in the walls in the morning. A double cordon of sentinels and occasional volleys fired into the thick jungle during the night caused them to desist from any serious attack.

The cowardly attack upon the soldier Ismaine Dasha had greatly enraged his Soudanieh comrades, the fellowship of arms being always a very strong tie of affection among these men. They therefore begged me to lead them to avenge his

probable death, for they claimed that, the arrows being poisoned, he could not live. This proved unfortunately too true, for he died on the 12th, evidently from poison with which the wound had been inoculated. I promised that on my return I would punish them severely.

On the 10th at mid-day we arrived on the bank of the "Hor Yeh," near the friendly Zeribah of Sheik Latroche. The spot is a most romantic one, and seems to realize the picture drawn by those who had told us of the land on whose borders we had now arrived after eleven days of painful marches. A shout of enthusiasm burst from my wearied column as we came in sight of a broad clear sparkling stream of water, that with noisy murmur dashed in foam over its rocky bed. Here was indeed the only approach I had seen to the "Minnehaha—laughing waters," as sung by Hiawatha. Whilst awaiting the arrival of the rear, I plunged into its limpid waters for a bath.

In response to my bugle-call, the detachment that had already arrived and quartered with Latroche, arrived with their officers and Latroche to greet me. The officers had lost quite a number of the men on the road from fever, but their accounts of the country greatly interested me.

Latroche was one of those veteran ivory-hunters that years before had reached this country at the

head of a band of Dongolowee. He had successfully exploited ivory among the Makraka Niam-Niam, had made many successful expeditions far into the interior, and when ivory had been declared a government monopoly, he had entered the government service. His relationship with these people was of the most amicable character. They needed only the military force that I proposed to leave them as a permanent occupation.

The river Yeh runs north as far as Chambé, and there falls into the Bahr-el-Abiad. It is navigable for large boats and nuggers only during the rainy season. The station of Latroche is only fifteen minutes distant, situated on a little stream called "Torah," that joins at this point the river "Yeh."

This country is bounded north by Eliab; north and west by Darfour and Dor Bongo and Monbutto; south by Ligo and countries lying west of Lake Albert; east by Kaliko, Kakoua and the Bahr-el-Abiad. Rolling and cut here and there by chains of mountains, the soil is highly impregnated with iron, to such a degree, that in many places the water was scarcely drinkable. I encouraged my soldiers, however, to use it freely in explaining its qualities, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing a very appreciable amelioration of their health, as well as my own; though fevers were still considered, from their frequency, a part of our African *menu* of life.

Profiting by the experience of Latroche, I disposed of my two detachments in four separate commands, each under a reliable officer, with instructions to encourage friendly relations with the natives, and in all respects to endeavour to ameliorate their condition.

The camp of Latroche was situated on a hill, amid a banana grove overlooking the stream "Torah." Within its grass palisade I soon learned that there existed an object of attraction for both officers and soldiers. This I found to be a collection of from 300 to 400 young girls that from time to time had been presented to Latroche by the different Sheiks who had paid him visits, and had brought them as presents. They comprised almost every type of the Niam-Niam people, and belonged principally to the Makraka, Mundo, Muro, Kiyéh, Abaker, Monbutto, and others, who, though speaking totally different idioms, their countries lay in close proximity. A limited vocabulary thereof is given in the Appendix.

The girls could not be considered slaves, since they remained by their own free will. I proposed to Latroche, however, that I should take possession of them as refugees, that those who wished to go might do so, and those who wished to remain might choose an officer or soldier as husband. The proposition was accepted on the part of the females, and I caused a goodly number to be distributed to both officers and soldiers.

This was a happy stroke of diplomacy, for it soon had the effect of rendering the Arab soldier happy, who at first looked morose and gloomy when he learned that his stay in the country was indefinite. These women were by no means common-place beauties; copper-coloured, they were generally short in stature. They had very graceful and compact forms, well developed. Their coiffure was a real chef d'œuvre, but beside their copper ornaments around legs, arms, and neck, they wore no other article of dress, except a garland of leaves that served them as a curtain for modesty in intention, if not in fact!

All of these tribes were robust in form, tall and warlike. Their *anthropophagic* qualities are entirely due to a want of meat. They have no cattle; the products of the country are yams, sugar-cane, and dourah; whilst the banana, that in the interior is the principal article of food, is here replaced by a millet of a very superior quality, and resembles the grain of wheat. The soil is highly productive, as shown in the luxuriant growth of water-melons and vegetables in the private gardens of the Sheiks.

Having completed my disposition of the troops that had been sent immediately to their several stations, I proposed to enlist 600 Abides, to accompany me back to the Bahr-el-Abiad, as porters of 600 ivory tusks that the Sheik Latroche wished me to take. The Niam-Niam, who had

suffered severely from the incursions of the Yanbari, begged that I would permit them to fight them. In fact they made this a condition of their return with me, and I was nothing loth to accept their offer, for the death of Ismaine Dasha since here, had made me sympathize with his comrades, who now looked to me for revenge. It was arranged then that the Niam-Niam should return with us. "Væ victis!" for these people, armed with bouclier and huge knife, were reputed the most courageous and the most warlike of all the Africans we had met—at least Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman told me so.

On the 15th, accompanied by my Soudanieh escort, and in company with Latroche, I started in light marching order south-westward to another station called Makraka Assariah. After a march of four hours we arrived at that station, situated in a banana grove on the banks of the "Hor Torah." The soil here, as before noted, is strongly impregnated with iron, and the country rolling and mountainous.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Sheik of Makraka—"Tieki-Tieki," Akka woman—Interesting interview with her—Hear of a raee westward of Makraka with monstrous ears—The Sheik Parafio—His numerous wives and children—Gebel Lingeterre—Fadlallah—The "Mittoo" tribe—"Goorah-Goorah," a present from Fadlallah—Taken ill at Khartoum, I am eompelled to leave her—Anthropophagy, the result of neeessity—The Niam-Niam ant-eaters—Marriage—Night attaek by a Dongolowee—Return to Makraka Assariah—"Congo" danee—Elephant Hunting—Aehmet Agha—Grand danee—Musie—Prepare to return—Enlistment of Niam-Niam men—Mundo Niam-Niam Boy—Abou Lange.

The Sheik of the Makraka Assariah post was an Affghanistan, that in some way had cast his fortune years before with the Dongolowee faction. His Zeriba, under the order of Latroche, was a model of cleanliness, and his immense garden of vegetables, and his banana groves, an evidence of a greater industry and foresight than I had ever seen in Central Africa. Achmet Agha was untiring in his efforts to supply my table with chickens, mutton, and delicious bananas and water-melons. As this included one of my stations, the officers and men already arrived, came

to express their thanks, as well as to assure me of their perfect happiness in remaining. It seemed that the soldiers had unlimited numbers of wives, and up to this time all went "merry as a marriage bell!" and none had as yet shown a disposition to jealousy. The Sheik Latroche and Achmet had in store for me what they knew was a much coveted prize. I had frequently questioned them in relation to the Ticki-Ticki, or "Akka" tribes, to the south-west. What was my surprise and delight when Achmet Agha announced to me that he could give me a full-grown woman, and accordingly sent at once for her.

Her appearance struck me with wonder and astonishment, that could be in nowise translated by the infant and undeveloped form of the Ticki-Ticki that I had already seen on the Bahr-el-Abiad returning from Chambé. Ticki-Ticki was certainly twenty-five years of age. Scarcely four feet high, she was nearly as broad. Her diminutive hands and feet, and well-rounded limbs, were strangely at variance with the huge breadth of *beam*, haunches, and stomach; the eye large, the nose flat, and the tint a bright copper-colour. Gazing at me with downcast, half-fearful look, for I was the first white man she had ever seen, I asked her, as she spoke Arabic—from long intercourse with the Dongolowee, by whom she had been brought from the court of Munza, King of Monbutto—if she would like to go with me,

she replied, "Yes, but I fear you will eat me!" For several days she refused to eat, assigning as a reason that if she became fatter the white man would undoubtedly eat her—a proof positive that among

"TICKI-TICKI," AKKA WOMAN.

her people the fat ones were considered a great gourmandise. Ticki-Ticki was perfectly devoid of clothing, with the exception of the poignée of leaves that passed between the thighs, projecting

in front and rear, that served the same office as the primeval fig-leaf—the sole attempt at covering of the females here—if I except the ornaments of brass, copper, and iron, that encase in burnished coils their legs, arms, and neck. Presented with a piece of red cloth the little Lilliput soon lost her shyness, babbled away, and amused me greatly with her grimaces, and feats with the diminutive lance of the Akka, four of which had been given me by the Dongolowee who had brought her from the court of the Monbutto king. A few days after, when perfectly assured that I would not eat her, she told me that she had been sent to the court of "Munza," King of the Monbutto, as a slave, in company with the infant already referred to, at Chambé; that they were separated, and that she had come from that country in company with a daughter of Munza, whose name was "Goorah-Goorah," who was now at one of the stations. This girl was afterwards given me, and returned with me, in company with Ticki-Ticki, to whom she was greatly attached. It will be understood by the reader that these enrolments of male or female were entirely voluntary. The non-attachment to home or place may be explained by the fact that the people in whose hands she had been for several years were nomads, and of course she constantly changed hands. Ticki-Ticki declared that she had never been a mother, though her huge breasts would seem to prove the reverse. She told me

that "Gongo" was the King of the Ticki-Ticki, a very numerous tribe, who was tributary to King Munza, furnishing him with slaves and ivory; that as a rule her people were much shorter than she, and that the women always accompanied the men, whether in attacks upon neighbouring tribes or in hunting the elephant. Always armed with the lance in question, living in the high jungle-grass, they secreted themselves in great numbers and awaited the approach of a troop of elephants, that they attacked in swarms, and transfixed them with their lances. She represented her people as having much greater strength than the Dongolowee, or even my black soldiers. In reply to my question as to why they were anthropophagic, she made me understand that it was when meat was scarce, or when a change from the regular banana *régime* was demanded by nature.

Ticki-Ticki was passionately fond of smoking, not in the sense of the exhilarating effect of the weed as known to us, but after the manner common to all these tribes. A huge bowl is filled with tobacco and clay, sometimes of a questionable mixture; the fumes are inhaled until the smoker falls stupefied, or deadly sick—this effect alone being sought for.

I was assured by the Sheik who had presented me with this strange specimen of the pigmies, that a few days' journey westward of this race a people existed whose ears, of almost elephantine propor-

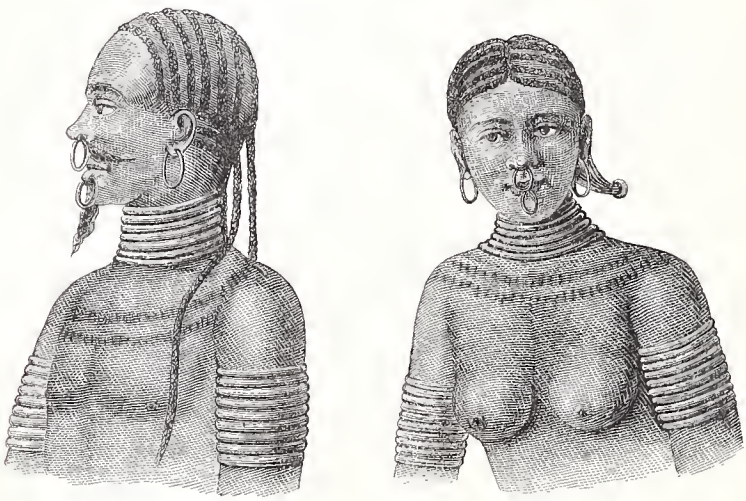
MAKRAKA NIAM-NIAM. TICKI-TICKI. MAKRAKA NIAM-NIAM.

tions, hung nearly to their haunches—told me with every expression of sincerity and innumerable "Wallaïs" of attestation. I give it place here only as a story, as it was told to me to enter perhaps in the same mythical category of "men with tails," that until now have persisted in evading the steps of the traveller in Central Africa, save those who have yielded to Munchausenism, in endeavouring to attach the caudal appendage to the Niam-Niam people.

On the 18th of February, accompanied still by Latroche, I left this station, at six a.m., to go to Makraka Kibire, six hours distant, where I had already established a post. The country presents the same characteristics, and the people along the route showed their friendly disposition by their cheerful salutations. A march of two hours and a half brought us to a neatly-swept plateau of nicely-built straw-huts, where the Sheik Parafio, and his numerous wives and men, waited to welcome our coming.

The Makraka Niam-Niam Sheik is *par excellence* the greatest "fat" of all sheiks yet encountered. His *coiffure* is an object of the greatest care, and the most intricate detail of plaits, that in many cases, notwithstanding the unwilling crispy hair, is reduced into several long cues that hang down behind. The moustache and imperial, though not of luxuriant growth, are waxed in points, that lend a very distinguished expression to a figure not

unlike that of a cavalier of the sixteenth century. The nose and ears are pierced with a copper ring, the neck is encased in finely-wrought copper wire, well burnished, as are the legs and arms. The loins are covered with a cotton cloth, from which is suspended a huge knife, which, with the shield is their common weapon of preference, though the most beautiful and well-designed lances of copper



PARAFIO AND (SAMPLE) WIFE, SHEIK OF THE NIAM-NIAM.

and steel make also a part of their war equipment. Their muscular limbs, long bodies, and short legs, added to their unexampled courage and vigour, mark them as splendid types of warriors, as I had ample evidence in a combat with the Yanbari on my return to the Bahr-el-Abiad.

Their bodies are traversed in fine tattooed lines; their teeth filed to a point, and of a pearly white-

ness. Here, as elsewhere among the tribes at or near the Equator, both in Central and Oriental Africa, the negro uses a small piece of wood, with which he continually rubs his teeth, and thus secures that whiteness that may be remarked among the inhabitants of those regions. Parafio was surrounded by his apparently countless wives, one of whom I have endeavoured to portray here as a sample. Copper-coloured like him, or an approach to that tint, these women are short in stature, with well-shaped, diminutive hands and feet. Like the men, their ankles, arms, and neck are encased in a perfect coat of mail, either of steel or copper, the rings around the ankles clanking with great noise as they walk. The head is kept painfully elevated by the choking necklace, whilst the ears, nose, and mouth are either brass or iron-clad. The *coiffure*, that seems their sole occupation, as it is performed reciprocally, is fashioned much after the mode of an English damsel into a chignon behind. With this exception the Niam-Niam female is entirely "in puris naturalibus," the garland of leaves, already referred to as the dress (*sic*) of Ticki-Ticki, being the sole attempt at covering.

Parafio was very communicative, and as well as his wives seemed greatly delighted at our visit. He informed me that he was the father of 250 children! and that 100 of his wives were the mothers thereof. Involuntarily I exclaimed,

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us" from the children! Here is an individual who would be a shining light in Utah—a not improbable competitor for the honours of Brigham Young.

Resuming the march, amid the most affectionate adieus of Parafio's happy family, we arrived after a march of four hours at my outpost, where I had already established a detachment.

This post is situated at the base of Gebel Lingeterre, from which Gebel Baginsi may be seen—the south-east point of route reached by the traveller Schweinfurth, coming from the Bahr-el-Ghazal in company with Hamet, the Dongolowee chief, by whom he had been piloted throughout his journey. I learned afterward that both Abou Hamet and Munza, King of Monbutto, had been killed by their own people, in a drunken orgy at the latter's court.

The nature of the soil here was even more highly impregnated with iron, and the natives might be seen everywhere smelting the ore, and working their well-designed and deadly pronged spears and arrows. Their copper rings and bars, from which their ornaments were fashioned, evidently came from Darfour, to which place there was a road twenty-five days' march distant, and which was frequently passed over by the Dongolowee emissaries of Zuber Bey (now Pacha), who had years before entered the Bongo

and Niam-Niam country in the exploitation of ivory.

From this point to Lado, the head-quarters of our Government on the Nile, there was a distance of 150 miles, which made the road to the interior much shorter and direct, a consideration that would be invaluable to the Government, or to the future explorer. It remained, however, in order to secure its safe transit, to punish, and if necessary, to annihilate the Yanbari, that till now had been the scourge of their fellow-tribes. The Zeriba, under the command of a tall black named "Fadlallah," differed in nothing from the incongruous collection of straw huts, within a straw enclosure, under the general denomination of Zeriba; except, perhaps, more motley and varied types were here assembled, in addition to the Niam-Niam, Mundo, Muro, Kiyéh, and Abaker, there were to be seen the "Bongo," the "Monbutto" or "Goorah-Goorah," and the "Mittoo." The latter presents the most curious type of all. The upper lip is elongated to such an extent as to resemble a shed to the mouth; whilst in the centre of the lip thus fearfully and repulsively enlarged, a piece of ivory is inserted about the size of a Mexican dollar! Curious, I asked why this was done, when Saïd, who stood by, said, "Ye Bey, fantasiah betaou,"—literally her "fétiche."

Fadlallah, the Sheik, not wishing to be outdone by Latroche, who had presented me with Ticki-

Ticki as an "antiqua," called upon me and asked me if I would accept from him an "antiqua," a Monbutto or Goorah-Goorah girl. This was the daughter of Munza, King of Monbutto, before referred to as having come with Ticki-Ticki; they were therefore great friends. Their meeting was a very joyful one, not unmarked by an exhibition of feeling and grace as they carried both arms crossed, to cover their faces, and rushing towards each other, knelt in mutual embrace, exclaiming in salutation, in the euphonious language of the Monbutto, "Ingassy!" Goorah-Goorah belonged to a race which had received the appellation of Goorah-Goorah, by reason of their pierced ears, the interior of that membrane being cut out with a knife when young; whilst a large hole traversed the exterior part, to admit an iron bar two inches in length, and one inch in diameter—"fantasiah betaou." [1]

Added to the most delicately-shaped hands and feet, the colour of her skin—a dark bluish tinge—rendered her certainly very marked among the general copper colour of these tribes. She was taken ill at Khartoum on my return, and unable to proceed—to my great regret—I was obliged to place her in care of an officer's family, and was thus deprived of the pleasure of pre-

[1] I noticed the same custom among several females of the M'Youah tribe, in my exploration of the river Juba on the oriental coast of Africa in December, 1875.

senting her, in company with Ticki-Ticki and others, as an "antiqua" at Cairo.

In the vicinity of my camp there were significant accumulations of human bones and skulls, memorials of that periodic flow of small-pox, known among the Arabs as "Geddiréh," the scourge of Central and, indeed, of all Africa, as the marked and pitted face of the negro on the east coast will attest its prevalence. Alas, these bones were significant of still another evil that is disappearing, and is being now confined to remote tribes as the influence of the Government is being felt. Anthropophagy, strange, nay horrible propensity, is relieved however of much of the horror that it inspires, when we learn that the very improvidence of nature has driven these people to a practice of which I observed an intuitive shame. There are no cattle in these anthropophagic regions. Overpowered by other tribes, and robbed of their herds; or, more probable still, that they sicken and die from the poisonous weeds, the fatal necessity grew into a habit that now is disappearing. I was assured, after careful inquiry, that the slain in battle, infants or the aged, are devoted to this use. The hands and feet are considered the most delicate portions—in fact, a great gourmandise.

It is a remarkable fact that the Niam-Niam, as well as other tribes to whom Anthropophagic pro-

pensities are attributed, whether in the Sandwich Islands or New Zealand, are inferior in nothing to tribes that look with horror upon human flesh as an article of food. The starving, miserable, almost brute negro along the Bahr-el-Abiad, disdains to eat human flesh. To supply the want of animal food, the winged ant that infests the ground in all Central Africa, is made a great delicacy in a cuisine almost entirely vegetable. In walking around the

NIAM-NIAM GIRLS CATCHING ANTS.

camp I observed the manner of catching them as here pictured.

Seated around an ant-hole were two very pretty maidens, who with sticks, beat upon an inverted gourd "bourmah," in cadenced time to a not unmusical song, that seduced from its hole the unwary ant, who approaching the orifice, was

quickly seized, and pushed into a mass of mud to prevent its escape, there to await a sufficient number with which to form a repast.

In addition to the remarkable skill of these people in the manufacture of arms, they fabricate a cloth of the bark of a wild fig-tree in the same manner as the Ugunda, the cloth, however, being of a heavier texture.

A marriage is contracted by the suitor, who presents to the father of his fiancée a huge knife, with curiously wrought handle wound with copper wire. One or more are given in ratio as the lady may be valued; whilst the happy suitor of course is obliged to make the countless rings that must encircle nose, neck, ear, arms, and legs of his future spouse.

Many Dongolowee, who had once made a part of the bands of ivory-hunters for the Khartoum merchants were here living in idleness, "their occupation gone." The occupation of the country then by the establishment of a regular military post could not but replace disorder and give protection to the negro. These Dongolowee were still armed, and here as elsewhere they claimed the country as their own, and looked with jealous hatred upon the advent of the Government. Fully aware of this, I slept with my Reilly elephant No 8 in a convenient spot near my head; whilst my Soudanieh guard, with Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman, were stationed near my door. On the

night of the 19th, whilst lying awake, I heard a stealthy step without, which approached my hut cautiously. The open door was darkened by a figure, the shadow of which caused me to spring to my feet at the same instant that the intruder was seized by my stalwart guard. A long knife was in his hand, whose office it was unnecessary to explain. About the same time, from their Zeriba, several balls whistled through the top of the hut. The fellow was kicked out of the camp by several vigorous applications of army shoes.

On the 21st of February, at an early hour, having contemplated my disposition of troops, I returned to "Makraka Assariah," from whence after a day's stay, I proposed to return to "Makraka Mundo," the station of Latroche, there to make arrangements for the enlistment of the Niam-Niams, who were to accompany me back as porters of ivory.

A march of four hours brought us to the Zeriba of our friend Parafio, who prevailed upon Latroche to induce me to remain until the next morning. At night a great "Congo" dance was given in my honour. The wonderfully quick and graceful step of the females as they followed their liege lords in the intricate mazes of a ring dance, might have caused Terpsichore herself to have cried for very jealousy. This was but a preface, however, to a dance to be given me on arriving at the next station.

The next morning at six a.m. we bade adieu to Parafio and his amiable household, and after a march of two hours and three-quarters, we arrived back at the station of Makraka Assariah, amidst a slight rain, where we were received with great pleasure by the Sheik Achmet Agha. At six a.m. accompanied by my soldiers, I went and bathed in the clear waters of the "Hor Torah," near by, not without risk, however, for even this little stream is full of crocodiles. The Sheik told me that a large quantity of ivory had been collected, and the work of recruiting porters was going bravely on.

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to cite here the manner of hunting the elephant, which are very numerous in this country. Contrary to the general supposition, the native rarely attacks the elephant with his lance. Timid and fearful, the negro will sometimes, with loaded spears, await the passage of a troop, concealed in the overspreading branches of some huge tree, and then let drop upon them the heavy spear, which sinks deep into the back, inflicting a wound which if not immediately fatal, renders him so weak by loss of blood as eventually to fall dead. Another mode is to dig great trenches, that are covered with leaves and sticks, falling into which he finds himself a hopeless prisoner, the wary beast, however, is seldom thus secured.

The tall grass jungle that grows so rapidly in

Central Africa during the wet season, is the feeding-ground of the elephant, whilst at the same time it is the fatal instrument by which great numbers are secured. A large area of this grass is selected by the Sheik of the villages, and a large circle is cut around it, separating it by a road or open space that the fire may be confined only to the devoted spot. Around this are posted sentinels at stated intervals, and within easy communication, whose duty it is to signal the passage of the cordon by a troop of not less than forty to fifty. Any troop less than this number are left undisturbed. At a given signal by the Sheik, who has been notified, fire is simultaneously put to the dry weeds, and soon the herd is encircled by a wall of fire.

The trumpet of retreat by the sheik elephant comes too late, as the maddened herd is crushed and annihilated in frantic efforts to escape, or asphyxiated by the impenetrable smoke, fall dead, or an easy prey to the mass of negroes assembled without. The blackened though uninjured tusks are given to the Sheiks—the flesh of the elephant is given to the Abides.

On the night of the 23rd of February, a great "Congo" was given by the Sheik, who had caused all the warriors to assemble; and invitations had been sent to all the Niam-Niam lasses, who came even from as far as Parafio, and did honour to the occasion by brightening up their copper and iron fastenings, and in putting on fresh fig-

leaves. The loose bands that encased their ankles, kept perfect time in loud clanking sound to music really euphonious, and of a symphony, that my unmusical ear I regret cannot translate here, evoked from a Sinon-like wooden horse that was beaten on its sides with drumsticks, or by parallel banana trees that were traversed by different-sized pieces of dry wood, upon which several performers beat successively. This musical instrument as well as drums and horns, the latter made of elephants' tusks, were very similar to those I had seen in Ugunda, which, in addition to the manufacture of the bark cloth already referred to, seemed to point by reason of customs to a possible communication with the people of the Equatorial Nile Basins, though the language has but little in common.

The Sheik, a robust, powerfully developed man, led his brave warriors in the dance, holding in his hand a curiously shaped sword—his insignia of office, whilst the round little forms of hundreds of Niam-Niam maidens followed, each with giddy swiftness as the "cancan" fantasiah became fast and furious. The festivity continued until the "wee sma' hours" of the morning.

On the 24th I returned to Makraka Mundo (station of Latroche), where I proposed to make with as little delay as possible, my final preparations for return. Menaced already by an early rainy season which gave now the usual premonitions

in strong winds and occasional hailstorms of a most violent character, the Sheik told me that "El Harif" (winter) preceded the rainy season at Gondokoro by at least a month, commencing there about the 10th of April and ending the 10th of October. The difference, however, in latitude being only about forty minutes south; it seemed strange that the rain belt should thus turn Gondokoro on the west, leaving its direct march by the Bahr-el-Abiad until a month later.

The object of the expedition had now been successfully accomplished, and its results in the affirmation and establishment of the authority of the Government, and in valuable information of the country and people obtained, was surely a subject of self-congratulation. One thing alone remained to do, the punishment of the Yanbari tribe on my return. My attention then was turned wholly to enlistment of the Niam-Niam, which was accomplished with but little difficulty with the aid of presents of cotton cloth. The Niam-Niam men are very fond of a waist cloth, and the distinction of a piece of European fabric in exchange for their habitual cloth of bark of tree, was eagerly sought for. I promised besides to give them meat on the road, and also when we should get to "Lado" on the river.

On the night of the 6th of March every preparation had been completed; we had bound together with ropes, 600 ivory tusks of all sizes, and

600 Makraka Niam-Niams of the many adjacent tribes were ready to leave on the morrow. Sheik Latroche wished to return with me, and would take his irregular Dongolowee ivory-hunters, fifty in number. My escort of Soudaniehs that would return with me had been augmented by recruits to thirty-six, add to this the inevitable bint or bints that had voluntarily entered into bonds of matrimony, whether with my soldiers or the irregulars, I was to have in my column 1375 souls! A Falstaffian and Amazonian troop, that caused me to ask Latroche how they should be fed? he quieted my fears, however, on this score, in telling me that the greater part were the wives of his Dongolowee men, and that they carried provisions sufficient for the route on the

MUNDO, A NIAM-NIAM BOY OF TWELVE YEARS.

backs of the cows that they had trained as pack animals.

Several Niam-Niams had volunteered to join my personal escort, two of whom I brought with me to Cairo, already illustrated here, as well as a "Mundo" Niam-Niam boy of twelve years, who is given likewise from a photograph. With others they were intended as types, which I hoped to present to His Highness in the interest of ethnographic study, that might perhaps establish, whether by type or language, that mysterious link in the origin of the human race, which want of tradition with the negro has committed to a most impenetrable mystery.

In addition to these human types, I had with me as a constant companion of Ticki-Ticki and Goorah-Goorah, a little monkey (Abou Lange), whose resemblance to a Lord Dundreary was so strikingly true that in my mind I determined that he would be an incontestable link à la Darwin between the brute and human species. Poor "Abou Lange" was drowned accidentally on the Nile, in his frantic efforts to avoid me, and was thus to my great regret lost to the appreciation of an Ethnographical Society to which I hoped to send him.

CHAPTER XX.

Return to Lado—Irregulars advanced to the "Yeh"—Join them in the morning—Improved health and spirits—The Yanbari oppose our passage through a defile—Their complete defeat by the Niam-Niam and my regular force—Burning of villages—Suspicious fires—Cannibalism of the Niam-Niam—Imminent peril from a Boa—Snake stories—Monstrous Flies—Arrival at Lado—Received with honours by the garrison—Firmans of Sultan Abd-el-Aziz and his Highness the Khedive conferring on me the Order of the Medjidieh and the rank of Colonel—With suggestions as to Keba Rega, Rionga, the Dongolowee, &c., I return to Cairo.

6*th March*, 1875.—In order to start at an early hour in the morning, experience had told me to start the day before. Accordingly I had ordered the porters of ivory and the irregulars to proceed the night before as far as the river "Yeh," there encamp, and thus be ready for the morrow's march, a piece of foresight that prevented what otherwise would cause me vexatious delay, and, in my irritated state, the emission of a plurality of adjectives, in which the Arab language is excessively rich.

On the morning of the 7th, accompanied by Latroche, Saïd, Abd-el, and my Soudanieh guard,

we left camp to rejoin the column on the "Yeh" that awaited our arrival to resume the march north-eastward to the Bahr-el-Abiad. A fearful thunder and rain storm had raged all night, and to their state of misery I owed an early start.

Though still a victim, as were also my men, to almost daily attacks of fever, they resembled in nothing the fearful attacks of the jungle fever to which I had been a victim during my six months' absence in the basin of the Nile Sources. I felt a great amelioration of health, and a corresponding elevation of spirits, as with eager haste I pressed on in forced marches to Lado. I longed for repose —a rest from the incessant tramp, tramp, through jungle and mud, with all its consequent misery and suffering, and from the rude shock of companionship with savages and savage nature. Nearly a year had passed of this fretful war, that had well-nigh rendered me misanthropic, and at times almost brutal, in moments of haste and hatred of those details of travel that necessarily fell upon me. Lado then was looked forward to as the "be all and end all" of this, and my Soudanieh never once murmured at the long marches I imposed upon them. A tribute I pay them here with pleasure, adding, that during long painful campaigns, as with the Arab soldier, I have never experienced other than the greatest devotion and discipline when directly under my command.

On the 9th of March, at mid-day, we arrived in

the vicinity of the spot where the soldier Ismaine Dasha had been brutally set upon and mortally wounded. His comrades the Soudaniehs were greatly incensed, but my orders to commit no act without my knowledge were strictly obeyed. It was my intention to reach a plateau in the amphitheatre of mountains before alluded to, and once there send for the guilty Sheik, and demand that the murderer should be surrendered. This step was however anticipated, for on reaching the narrow defile—a real Thermopylæ pass in the mountains that gave entrance to the plateau I hoped to gain—I found the summit on the right occupied in force by the Yanbari, who saluted us with defiant yells. Throwing forward the irregulars under Latroche, to clear the thick jungle, from the cover of which the enemy commenced a thick shower of their poisoned arrows. Their leader, débusqué, fell in our path with a bullet through his brain. Whilst I commanded the fire upon the overhanging cliff, aided by the explosive shells from my elephant gun, and drove them quickly in disorder from their position; and we passed the gorge at a double-quick with our heterogeneous mass of followers without loss, whilst a desultory fire was being maintained as we pushed for the plateau.

The Niam-Niam were ordered to pile up their ivory, about which I threw a detail from my Soudanieh as a guard, as well as a cordon of sentinels around the camp, beneath the friendly

shade of a large tree where the non-combatants were ordered to assemble. With my Soudanieh and the irregulars I drove the Yanbari from the surrounding jungle, whilst the Niam-Niam, eager for contest, were sent flying into their midst to engage the enemy hand to hand. I confess that I never saw a more perfect ideal of the warrior, not alone in muscular display, but in the bounding élan with which he flew rather than ran—the right hand grasping the huge knife, while with the bouclier pressed closely to his side, he met the enemy. Covering his body with it with wonderful quickness from the deadly arrows, that, his adversary in vain expended upon the broad shield, he threw himself upon him and cut or stabbed the now defenceless "Yanbari" to death. When the "tide of war" rolled away only the yells of the combatants might be heard, as the Yanbari, in full retreat, endeavoured to gain the mountains in our rear.

My bugler called in vain the "retreat." When night came we saw the smoke and flame that seemed to envelope the whole valley around the plateau for miles in a cordon of fire; they returned only the next day at sundown, having burnt at least twenty villages, and captured about forty goats. My soldiers had captured thirteen women and children. "Morbi" was brought in requisition, and explained to the most intelligent-looking of the lot, who, like the men, looked like savage

ATTACKED BY THE YANBARI.

beasts, "that I made war upon them, not alone because they had murdered my soldier, but that as they had murdered and massacred the other tribes, this was to show them that in the future they should not be permitted to kill without being killed; that 'Meri' was the Father of all, and as such desired peace and good will among them." They were released and told to go and tell the Sheik what "Ali Bey" had told them.

The Yanbari had received a lesson that insured for the future an uninterrupted road from the Bahr-el-Abiad to the territory of the friendly Niam-Niam. At night, at places without the cordon of sentinels, fires were burning whose fitful flame and glare proclaimed the presence of more inflammable matter than wood; even if an odour of burnt flesh did not indicate it more plainly to the olfactories. On inquiry I found that my Niam-Niams had built these fires and were feasting there. "Horresco referens!" The meat that I had promised them was, without doubt, the unlucky Yanbari "potted" that day. I did not care to investigate the matter closely, appreciating the delicacy of their retirement from camp, and as well feeling here the force of the maxim, that "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

We resumed the march. On the following morning (the 11th) there was a "drowsy stillness" in the heated atmosphere that was all the more sensible, since only a few days before the air had

been rent with wild whoops and yells of a defiant enemy, to-day not a living soul was to be seen. The Yanbari had been nearly annihilated.

On the night of the 12th we had reached the spot where Corporal Ali Galal had died. Here, as the sun was setting, we bivouacked, tired and worn-out with a long day's march. Under the influence of fatigue, this was my almost habitual moment of repose, for I seldom slept at night. Owing to an unaccountable restlessness that caused me to spend the long vigil of the night in smoking and in thoughts that wandered back over a varied and chequered existence, I had crept away to a secluded spot, and had fallen asleep near the bank of a dry stream, when I was suddenly awakened by the consciousness of the pressure of something horrible. Was it my good star, or the natural repulsion that had shocked my nerves and saved me from a Laocoon-like embrace? At my feet, its ponderous jaws wet with the fatal horrible saliva, lay a huge boa; transfixed to the spot, I called my soldiers to me, who soon despatched him, and made a savoury meal of his flesh, whilst the skin was divided into pieces that were to act as charms against the devil (?)—a common superstition which exists among all negro races that even civilization does not disabuse them of.

Snake stories were rife around the camp-fire at night. Near my tent-door a veteran Dongolowee told in exaggerated strain, in the "historic tense"

of how he had "seen snakes:" that he had visited a country where the natives always slept with their legs crossed, or forming a V to prevent the snake from swallowing them; that a failure to do so, was to be swallowed and digested ere morning. Another aspirant for the crown of the marvellous delivered a story on flies. With reference to the monster flies described as infesting the Bahr-el-Abiad in the vicinity of Fashoda, and near the mouth of the Saubat, the eloquent story-teller said the flies here were mere Ticki-Tickis in comparison with the "Dibbans" he had seen in a country —geography of which, however, was not clear even to him—where the natives used them as a substitute for horses! ending the story with a very emphatic Wallai (by God), in order to "hedge" the observations of doubt that generally followed too great a tension of truth, expressed in Soudanieh, by "Kaddab Sakit, ye Achoui!" (A barefaced lie, O my brother!)

Notwithstanding the halt of thirty-six hours in the Yanbari country we had marched at such a rate, that on the 14th, in advance of my column, I arrived at Lado at seven a.m.: and leaving some at Laguno, the village of "Morbi" the Sheik, though having marched that day seven hours and a half, I left again with my escort, favoured by a bright moonlight, and marched three hours, when by the darkness and fatigue we were compelled to halt and wait the dawn of day. Resuming

the march we arrived in camp at the early hour named.

My arrival had already been announced, and I found the garrison of 250 men of all arms paraded to receive me with all honours, a compliment I did not appreciate until the affable commandant, Ali Loutfi Bimbachi, informed me that he had orders to that effect; and he insisted, notwithstanding my soiled and tattered uniform, that I should appear immediately before the troops.

Accordingly I dismounted, and accompanied by the Commandant and my old friend Sala Effendi, the post doctor, who had braved the rigours of the climate under the two expeditions, one "among the few survivors"—turned towards the troop that now presented arms as Commandant Loutfi read the firmans of His Highness the Sultan Abd-el-Aziz, and of His Highness the Khedive Ismaïl Pacha, conferring upon me the grade of Colonel and the Cross of the Third Class of the Medjidieh: conferred upon me for services indicated in the letter of transmission from His Highness the Prime Minister of War, Hussein Pacha, addressed to Colonel Gordon, C.B., the Governor General of the Equatorial Provinces:—

"Le Caire, 7me Decembre, 1874,
"Ministère de la Guerre,
"Cabinet de Ministre.

"Colonel,—Le Khédive voulant donner à M. le Lieut.-Col.

Long un témoignage de la satisfaction pour la belle conduite, le courage et la fermeté que cet officier a montré dans les deux engagements, qui ont eu lieu à Mrooli, près la ligne de l'Équateur, lui a conferé le grade de *Colonel* et la Croix de l'Ordre du *Medjidieh*.

"Je vous envoie ci-joint, Colonel, le firman du grade, que je vous prie de remettre au Colonel Long Bey, en lui adressant mes félicitations personelles.

"Recevez, Colonel, l'expression de mes meilleur sentiments.

(Signé) "HUSSEIN.

"A Monsieur,

"Monsieur le Colonel Gordou,

"Gouverneur Général de l'Équateur."

On the 17th I went to Gebel Regaf, south of Gondokoro, in order to present my reports, and confer with him on many important questions, in relation to Central Africa and its exploration.

I desired that Keba Rega might be punished as I before suggested, assured that the speedy re-establishment of Rionga as king at Mrooli would cement the union made with M'Tsé, and drive Keba Rega from the country, thus destroying the nucleus of slave-trading arrangements through the Dongolowee, with whom this Keba Rega was leagued in bitter hostility to the Government. With a troop of men mounted either on mules or horses, the country could then easily be subjected, and the question of the Albert Nyanza readily solved.

I further desired to return to the Niam-Niam country with cavalry, (for I had proved how baseless was the assertion that horses may not

live in Central Africa,) and, striking westward through the Monbutto and Akka tribes, reach the Atlantic.

It was resolved finally that I should return to Cairo, there to recuperate my health, greatly impaired, recommended by the Governor General in the most flattering terms, to the command of an expedition,[1] that with a scientific object should proceed from a point on the Oriental Coast of Africa, on the Equatorial line, to the Lake Victoria Nyanza.

Nothing was left me save to extend to the Governor General my earnest thanks, in return for his flattering estimate of the work I had accomplished. Bidding him adieu, to go to other, perhaps more dangerous fields of service, I offered him my sincere hopes for his success in the one object which chiefly engaged his attention; namely, the placing (and making a thorough exploration of that sheet of water) a steamer on the Lake Albert Nyanza.

[1] See Note in Appendix.

CHAPTER XXI.

Departure for Cairo—Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman accompany me—Arrival at Khartoum—The captive Sultan of Darfour—Arrival at Berber—Hamed Halifa—Major Prout—Cross the Desert on a camel—The Mirage—Korosko—Assouan—Philae—Meet some European Friends—Siout—Arrival at Cairo—Receive a Message from His Highness the Khedive—Summoned to the Palace, I make my presents to His Highness, of Ethnological specimens, &c.—Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman receive promotion and the Medjidieh at the Court of His Highness the Khedive—Inauguration of New Geographical Society at Cairo.

On the night of the 20th of March I returned to Lado in dahabieh, reaching there at four o'clock on the morning of the 21st, when having discharged whatever responsibilities that were attached to me by reason of my official position, I left Lado on the morning of the 22nd for Khartoum; the steamer "Tessa," No. 9, being in readiness to sail.

Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman were to accompany me to Cairo, for I wished, in addition to the service they could yet render me, to present them personally to His Highness the Khedive, as a reward for their

heroic courage and devotion. To their care were committed two Niam-Niam warriors, who volunteered to accompany me; as also another Niam-Niam boy, a Ugunda boy, Ticki-Ticki, and Goorah-Goorah. All these were to be given to his Highness, as I have before stated, in the interest of ethnographic study: types of races that had never before been presented to the civilized world, certainly never under such good auspices; since their history, language, customs, and arms were illustrated by them, bringing what had been fiction or romance into the realm of reality.

Without lingering on the route that has been heretofore explained, it is only necessary to note that the passage was without incident; the greater part of the time I was ill with fever.

On the 7th of April, in the afternoon, we arrived at Khartoum, sixteen days from Lado, telegraphed my arrival, and received orders from H. E. Khairy Pacha to come at once to Cairo *viâ* Korosko. A part of the river between Khartoum and Berber was unnavigable at this season; the annual rise in the Nile would not occur until a month later, when the influence of the Equatorial rains would then be felt, I was, therefore, obliged to proceed to Berber by the tedious "nugger."

Whilst at Khartoum I visited the captive Sultan of Darfour, Abd-el-Rahmed, the brief successor of his brother, killed in the decisive battle that made Darfour a province of Egypt. Though the present Sultan continued the conflict, soon con-

quered, he had surrendered, and was now on his way to Cairo, formally to make his submission to the Khedive. He was stretched on a divan when I was ushered in. His feet were entirely nude, but there was a certain savage native dignity that hedged in the fallen monarch, and became him well in his fallen fortunes.

On the 16th of April I bad adieu to Messrs. Giegler, Orlowski, Camboni, and others of the European colony, as well as to Mohamet and Yusuf Bey representing the Arab element, and left Khartoum. Ten days of fretful impatience and discomfort, and quarrels with Reis, who seemed determined to irritate me and retard my departure, finally brought us to Berber. I was compelled to put on shore Reis Mustapha, replacing him by his second in command, ordering the former, as a punishment, to walk at least a distance of twenty miles on shore.

Arrived at Berber, I was warmly welcomed by my old friend the great Sheik of Korosko, Hamed Halifa. Seated in his garden, beneath the grateful shade of overhanging orange, lemon, and date trees, I was surprised to hear my name pronounced in much the same way as Stanley accosted Livingstone, "Colonel Long, I believe!" I started in vain attempt at recognition of a bronzed and bearded face. It proved to be Major Prout, the gallant young American officer, whose valuable work in Darfour, and Kordofan since that time, will certainly give him a prominent place among the explorers of those regions.

With the exception of two brief ceremonious visits made at the head-quarters, I had scarcely uttered a word of the vernacular since my absence from Cairo. With what importunate eagerness then I plied him with a thousand questions, of what was occurring in the world without; since leaving Khartoum I had received neither papers nor letters. Major Prout had arrived at Cairo a few days before my departure for Central Africa, and therefore I had known him but slightly. He was *en route* to take service in exploration in Darfour. As I lay upon the grass, in most disreputable dress that would have well become a rag man, with haggard features, worn and emaciated by disease, I fancied that Prout regarded me with something akin to horror; for he doubtless remembered me vigorous and muscular, as when I had left Cairo only fifteen months before. I kept him until a late hour a victim to incessant questioning. He proceeded next day on the nugger in which I had come to Khartoum; whilst, at the moment I bade him adieu, I was mounting my camel *en route* for Abou-Hamed, from thence to across the "Atmoor" to Korosko.

Three hundred and fifty miles of desert on camel-back is at all times a serious enterprise: and the more so when you are to run against time, on account of the absolute want of water: for on the Korosko desert, water must be carried in skins from Abou-Hamed, from which

point the route is an arid scorching sandy waste.

The water taken from the river at Abou-Hamed, becomes quite putrid, and there is one well only on the road, the water of which is like Epsom salts, absolutely undrinkable by man, and rarely by beast; unless the direst necessity compels one to drink the unpalatable and aperient liquid. The route is marked by countless carcasses of camels, and the rude grave of his driver.

On this desert not many years ago, a regiment was passing to Berber. Deceived by the mirage, on all sides presenting to the eye lakes of transparent water, the men maddened by thirst could no longer be restrained; and notwithstanding the protestations of their guide, broke from their ranks in eager haste in quest of water, too late to discover the fatal illusion; for most of them perished with thirst. On through horrid heat and blasts of sand, we pushed our forced march by day; stopping at sunset to feed camels and men, and snatch a moment's rest; to resume the march during the whole night, rendered the more difficult since the extremely cold temperature induced sleep, and the struggle to keep awake was painful in the extreme. We crossed the well-defined bed of a river, called by the camel drivers, "El Bahr" (the River). Along its unwatered bed, solitary and dwarfed palms still had a sickly existence, but there could be no doubt that the Red Sea or

an affluent had once trickled through this channel.

On the 8th May, at seven a.m., we arrived at Korosko, having made the transit from Berber, in the short space of ten days; averaging at least thirty-five miles per day. Here was finally the term of painful marches, and sea of troubles, that had marked my daily life for many months. My arrival had been anticipated: and a palatial dahabieh had been ordered to be in readiness, to convey me to Assouan. A few hours only were necessary for the purchase of supplies for the route, and the reception of the "Mudir" (Governor) and other functionaries, and we left in the afternoon. The saloon and divans of the boat were elegant in all their appointments; and I felt almost a childish delight in the pleasure it afforded me to repose once more upon mattress and sheets, a luxury which must be dispensed with in Africa, at least in my experience. A copy of Malte Brun enabled me to appreciate the historic banks of the Nile, whose monuments, and sites of dead cities, mark the mysterious grandeur of ancient Egypt. Eight days were consumed in the passage to Assouan, where we arrived on the 16th of May, early in the morning. Ere the sun had yet risen, I climbed the steep ascent that led to the Temple at Philae, that cradle of art, culture, and mystic rites, which gave to Egypt her mysterious and imperishable monuments. Here it may be said, as Malte Brun wrote of Syene and Assouan close by, "Ici

les Pharaons et les Ptolémées ont élevé ces temples, et ces palais à moitie cachés sous le sable mobile; ici les Romains et les Arabes ont bati ces forts, les murailles, et au-dessus des débris de toutes ces constructions des inscriptions françaises attestent que les guerriers et les savants de l'Europe moderne sont venu placer ici leurs tentes et leurs observatoires. . . . Sur la surface lisse de ces rochers des sculptures hiéroglyphiques représentent les divinités Egyptiennes, les sacrifices et les offrandes de cette nation; qui plus qu'aucune autre a su s'identifier avec son pays et qui dans les sens les plus littéral a gravé sur le globe, les souvenirs de sa gloire."

Whilst musing here an hour alone the shrill whistle of a locomotive recalled me from my reveries from the temple of Ibis. The Mudir came to receive me, and to inform me that the steamer "Foad" had been awaiting my arrival for several days, and that if it pleased me the steamer could proceed at once. Mr. Kilgour, chief engineer to Mr. Fowler in the construction of the Soudan Railway, had written me a most kind letter of welcome from Wady-Halfai, and introduced me at the same time to several gentlemen of the company, Mr. Gooding, Mr. Varley (artist), and Mr. Bakewell, who had come down in the train. Accompanied by my escort, we entered the railway carriages, which in a few moments took us to Assouan, and on board the steamer "Foad." In the interval of getting up steam, I returned to Assouan,

and breakfasted with Mr. Gooding, and in his genial company relished my return to civilization. Mr. Bakewell was going to Cairo, so we returned together on board and steamed towards Siout, stopping a few hours en route to visit those temples, palaces, and tiles stupendous of Edfou, Esneh, Luxor, Medinet-el-Abou and Karnak by moonlight, the Memnonium in all its glory, and "Memnon's statue that at sunrise played." In vain we tried to make the latter resound to the tapping of a hidden minstrel, as even in ancient days sceptics were wont to accuse Egyptian priests of impiety in secretly causing the statue to resound by hiding in its hollow side. To visit these scenes was indeed the realization of many of my boyish fancies: but could imagination have conjured up so strange a story, that fate should thwart my steps hither, fresh from the fountains of the Nile which to the ancient architects of these monuments had been a problem whose solution they could never accomplish.

Away! and let me leave here: for the steamer's whistle recalls us to resume our route, and proceeding we arrived at Siout the 21st of May, where we were received by the Wekil of the Governor. Our baggage and staff were sent to the railway station—Mr. B. and myself passed the day in wandering through the streets of Siout, that ranks, with its well-built houses of brick and lively bazaars, as an important city of Egypt. The station master kindly offered us the divan at the

station for the night, as Siout does not yet boast the luxury of a hotel.

The morning of the 22nd we were en route by the train, arriving at Cairo, the "city of the Victorious," at half-past six p.m.

The following morning, the announcement of my arrival was made to His Highness the Khedive, who immediately sent a message, that he would receive me at the palace of Abdin. On my being announced and ushered in, he advanced towards me, and took me by the hand, and in terms too flattering to repeat thanked me for what I had accomplished in Central Africa; not alone for the establishment of his authority in those regions, but in a commercial and scientific sense; and for the amelioration of the condition and protection promised to tribes of negroes amicably disposed.

The suppression of the slave-trade, that was sure to follow the stringent measures which His Highness had taken, was referred to, and my action was greeted with the greatest satisfaction, convincing me how sincerely and ardently the Khedive hopes for the total extinction of a system that is no longer a want, or even a luxury (as it once was) to Egypt.

A few days after I was again summoned to the presence of the Khédive at the palace of Kasr-el-Nil, where surrounded by his ministers, high functionaries of the Court, and officers of the army and navy, he received me, with renewed expressions of sympathy and approval. I had

taken this occasion to present him a quantity of arms, and utensils of war and peace, of the tribes visited southward to the sources of the Nile, and westward of the river to the Niam-Niam country.

ABD-EL RAHMEN. SAID BAGARRAH.

At this time also I presented to him the two Niam-Niam warriors, a Niam-Niam boy, an Ugunda boy (M'Tsé), and Ticki-Ticki, the dwarf woman, portraits of whom have been given in this book as types of races that cannot fail to be of inte-

rest to ethnographers—the latter especially so as the first adult ever presented to the civilized world from a race vaguely mentioned by Herodotus, but whose actual existence now was left no longer in the realm of doubt.

On the 30th of May His Highness summoned me again to the palace of Kasr-el-Nil, where were assembled many high functionaries and officers of the army and navy; and my soldiers Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman were ordered to accompany me.

In eloquent and moving words the Khedive alluded in flattering terms to their devotion and courage, as represented by me, in the affair at Mrooli, and their subsequent service with me in the second expedition. As a mark of his favour he placed in my hand a firman, conferring on them the grade of *Bash-Schouish* (Sergeant-Major), with decorations of the 5th class of the Medjidieh, that I might attach them to their breasts. For the first time in the annals of the service, a common soldier had been decorated; and the ceremony was rendered the more significant, by this prompt and gracious recognition of merit by the Khedive himself.

If my reception by him had been flattering in the extreme, it was no less so by the Cairene community. I had been followed in the jungles of Africa with an affectionate interest, which on my return showed itself in demonstrations that at every step attended me. I was weak, emaciated, sick in body and spirit, but the consciousness of

sympathy and affection that now surrounded me, awoke me to a vitality, that months of constant fever, and the cold companionship of savages, had nearly stifled and frozen in my breast.

On the 2nd of June the inauguration of La Société Khediviale de Géographie took place, under the presidency of Dr. Schweinfurth, the Prussian traveller, who had been nominated to that position. His Highness Prince Hussein Pacha, Minister of War, honoured it with his presence, as did also the high functionaries of the Government, the Consuls General, and distinguished foreign savants. On the 11th of June, in response to an invitation from the president of the Society, I delivered an address, giving a resumé of my expedition and its results, which was alluded to by the French press at Alexandria in a flattering notice, as will be seen in the extract in the note below.[1]

His Highness the Khedive, with kind consideration for my health, ordered me to go at once to Europe, there to regain, if possible, strength and health for other service, that I was assured awaited me on my return: and I obeyed the kind command.

[1] "Malgré une chaleur assez intense, un auditoire nombreux a tenu à venir acclamer l'admirable conduite du jeune et brave Colonel Long. De chaleureuses applaudissements témoignent du vif intérêt que lui inspiraient non seulement toutes les péripetiés imposantes de ce voyage aux Lacs Equatoriaux exécuté dans des conditions vraiment étonnantes, mais aussi et surtout le héros de l'expédition lui-même qu'on était heureux de voir échappé comme par miracle d'innombrable périls."

CHAPTER XXII.

Results of the Expedition to Ugunda and the Lake Victoria Nyanza—Also of the Expedition to the Makraka Niam-Niam Country—Sir Samuel Baker and the width of the River at Mrooli—My opinion of the Negro—Mr. Stanley and the conversion of M'Tsé—The Slave-Trade and the Khedive—Seyyid Burgash and Zanzibar—The opening up of the Interior by the Soudan Railway and River Communication, the most effectual means for the regeneration of Central Africa.

"La vérité seule est féconde."—*Lamartine.*

It is not necessary here to explain why, under such untoward auspices, the Expedition to the Equator was undertaken with only two soldiers, as reference has been made thereto in preceding chapters, to excuse me from an act of premeditated folly or inexcusable hardihood, with which I might consistently be charged. It would have been considered madness had the expedition failed: for it has been well said that "nothing succeeds like success."

I felt it to be the tide of life, that was to be

taken at its turn, and upon its full sea I cast myself, in order that I might not lose my opportunity.

It may be well, in conclusion, briefly to sum up the results obtained by the explorations to the Lake Victoria Nyanza, and the country Makraka Niam-Niam, expeditions that had their inception and accomplishment in the space of twelve months, with interval of service on the Bahr-el-Abiad and on the Saubat. Their cost to the Government were only in the insignificant presents made to the King and Sheiks of those regions, whilst valuable cargoes of ivory were in return brought back, and placed to Government account.

The following results were submitted in substance to the Government of Egypt,—

1. M'Tsé, King of Ugunda, had been visited, and the proud African monarch made a willing subject; and his country, rich in ivory and populous, created the Southern limit of Egypt.

2. The Lake Victoria Nyanza had been partially explored; not thoroughly, owing to my helpless and almost dying condition at the time.

3. The Victoria River, leaving the Lake from Urondogani (from whence Captain Speke had been driven), had been explored, for the first time, as far as Karuma Falls; thus for ever putting at rest all doubts, and establishing the connexion between the Lake Victoria and the Lake Albert. From Urondogani to Karuma Falls the

river was proven to be navigable by steamers of the greatest draught.

4. The discovery, in about Latitude 1° 30′ North, of a Lake since named "Ibrahim," thus adding another great reservoir to the Sources of the Nile—a system of basins of which the Lake Victoria and the Lake Albert were only known heretofore—the plateau southward acting as a great water-shed to the almost perpetual equatorial rains.

5. The affair at Mrooli—a desperate preconcerted attack on the part of 500 savages upon two frail barks containing three combatants, resulting in the loss to the enemy mentioned in the general orders already cited.

The results of the Expedition to the Makraka Niam-Niam country may be summed up as follows :—

1. Communication had been opened from the Bahr-el-Abiad "vi et armis"—by punishment given the Yanbari tribe—to the Niam-Niam country, rich in ivory, whose inhabitants were friendly and well disposed towards the Egyptian Government.

2. Occupation of that country by the establishment of military posts, which were to serve the double purpose of acquiring ivory in exchange for cotton, cloths, &c.; and at the same time inculcating in the native habits of industry, cultivation of the soil, the raising of cattle (the want of which

has been the chief incentive to Anthropophagy); in fact, working an amelioration in the state of the negro, social, moral, and mental.

3. Extended information, as to the customs, fabrics, &c., obtained of these people, specimens of whom, in the interest of ethnography, were brought to Cairo, and presented to the Government.

In paragraph No. 3, as to results of the Ugunda Expedition, I have claimed to have explored and navigated the Nile from Urondogani to Mrooli for the first time. From Mrooli it will be remembered, however, that Captain Speke endeavoured to pass to Karuma Falls, but was compelled to abandon the attempt by the wily agents of the superstitious Kamrasi; and thus even this part of the river had not been then navigated.

The river at Mrooli, as Sir Samuel Baker claims, is at least 1000 yards, and in width forming quite a little lake, a fact to which I owe my life; for in the attack made upon me there, I kept my barks in the middle of the stream, and out of range of the enemy, who otherwise would have attacked me successfully from each bank of the river.

One word more, and the writer will have closed these notes of travel—"these naked truths of naked people"—that are given to the public, whose interest has been so deeply awakened in

the mystery that has enshrouded the regions and the people of Central Africa—solely that there may be a just appreciation of the true condition of things; "with malice to none, and charity to all."

I have only to repeat here, what I have already said in several chapters, as my honest impression based upon facts, and not upon fancy:—that Central Africa is no Paradise, but a plague spot—and that the Negro, the product of this pestilential region, is a miserable wretch, often devoid of all tradition or belief in a Deity, which enthusiastic travellers have heretofore endeavoured to endow him with. This is the naked truth that I would present to the reader, in contradiction to all those clap-trap pæans which are sung of this benighted country. The humanitarian may pause to consider the cost at which he sends his emissaries, in the laudable effort to humanize and civilize a country, where nature has placed a barrier, not alone in the poisoned arrow of the savage—but in the more deadly poisoned air.

Mr. Stanley, who has since visited M'Tsé, as reported in the "Explorateur," in a letter dated the 14th April of the present year, says he "se flatte d'avoir ébranlé passablement la foi du Monarque Noir au Mahométisme" (flatters himself to have shaken very sensibly the faith of the black monarch in Mohammedanism).

If (as I can scarcely believe) such language was actually used by Mr. Stanley, he was either the dupe of the artful savage, or appeals to the pseudo-philanthropy, which in Europe elevates the African at the expense of truth. Having already made one step from Fetichism to Mohammedanism, the attempt to shake that new faith, would only cause him to grope hopelessly in a confused labyrinth of gods.

King M'Tsé had recently adopted the Mussulman faith when I entered the country. Being a soldier, not a missionary, I did not attempt the work of conversion on this savage: which would be utterly useless, in my opinion.

His character and conduct as I have described them, in my humble judgment, rendered him a very unfit disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus; besides, I felt conscientious scruples against advocating the sending of missions into a country, which I believe would only devote them to misery and a speedy death, without any results that could justify their inevitable martyrdom. Certainly this has been the sequel of all the attempts made by those brave men of the Austrian Catholic Mission, under the Apostolic Vicar, Monseigneur Camboni, at Khartoum, who has endeavoured to plant Missions along the Bahr-el-Abiad and Khartoum, with but one result: they all succumbed to the inevitable and fatal fever.

Egypt holds within her domains in the region of

the Upper Nile a hardy population of Nomads, especially fitted for the exploitation of these countries. Inured to hardships, these Nubian Dongolowee have already entered these countries, and have been the pioneers of every traveller, except Captain Speke and myself, in the explorations that have from time to time been made there. Under a proper régime of discipline, and the selection of good men that I know among them, I regard them as the great future civilizing element for the redemption of this country; since the white man and the Arab cannot permanently dwell in its pernicious climate.

When the Khedive first initiated the project of opening Central Africa to commerce and civilization, the abolition of the Slave-Trade was the first point of attack; as will be seen in an article of the Firman issued to Sir Samuel Baker, investing him with power as Governor General of these provinces in 1869:—

"Considering that humanity enforces the suppression of the slave-hunters who occupy these countries in great numbers, an expedition is organized to subdue to our authority the countries situated to the south of Gondokoro, to *suppress the slave-trade*, to introduce a system of commerce," &c., &c.

The "most absolute and supreme power, even that of death," was conferred by this firman (as it was also given to the successor of Sir Samuel

Baker), that he might the more speedily and surely suppress the slave-trade.

Ignorant and unscrupulous writers, anxious for place in the columns of the English press, have endeavoured to call in question the sincerity of the Khedive, in his efforts to abolish the slave-trade—an accusation that is as puerile, as it is without foundation. An expedition had been formed, and committed to the care of an Englishman, whose strong feeling against slavery was well known, and published in his former work.

To quote Sir Samuel Baker on this point:—
"It was thus the Khedive determined, at the risk
"of his own popularity among his own subjects,
"to strike a direct blow at the slave-trade in its
"distant nest.

"To insure the fulfilment of this difficult enter-
"prise he selected an Englishman, armed with a
"despotic power such as had never before been
"entrusted by a Mohammedan to a Christian."

When this expedition had completed its four years of service in those lands, with its great budget of expense and loss of life, the Khedive, with a zeal and pertinacity that *should have awakened the most generous sympathy*, determined that the work should go on, *coûte qui coûte;* and thus a successor was appointed to Sir Samuel Baker (again an Englishman), doubtless under the impression that Englishmen alone

had a specialty in the suppression of the slave-trade.

Fresh from these regions, I declare that the result of the simple establishment of the Government along the Bahr-el-Abiad, south to the Equator, and westward of the Nile, both in the Niam-Niam country and Darfour, has struck a vital blow to slavery and the slave-trade; for in every camp and garrison a fugitive slave may seek protection and freedom, by simply declaring that he "Owse Merí!" literally, wants protection of the Government. It has been already shown that this has become a serious burden to the Egyptian Government; since freedom is interpreted by the negro as a licence to laziness. This protection, however, may not be denied by any Post Commander, save at the cost of severe punishment to the recusant.

On the East Coast of Africa, in or near Zanzibar, from my own personal observation, there is no such refuge for the negro; for the slave-trade flourishes on shore under the very guns of the British man-of-war, sent there on a special mission to suppress it. Seyyid Burgash, it is said, has promised to abolish slavery in his dominions, and has issued "*A Proclamation*" to that effect. Mere clap-trap! The truth is, that the authority of Seyyid Burgash, except in Zanzibar and one or two stations north in close proximity, has no other existence than in the brain of some

of his Missionary friends and agents in London. The soldiers of Burgash are simple "squatters" along the bleak sterile coast north of the Equator. His weak and effeminate soldiery are permitted to stay by the sufferance of the proud Soumali natives, simply because these soldiers are slave-traders, and placed there for this purpose. They make no pretension to government, nor do they levy tribute; and the Soumali, did he not sell them his slaves, or use them as supercargoes, he would soon drive them from the coast.

The Proclamation of the "Sultan of Zanzibar" is merely "a Pope's Bull against the comet," as Mr. Lincoln used to say.

In conclusion, the Soudan Railway which is fast making its way across the desert, from Wadai-Halfai to Shendy,—from whence by steamer communication to Khartoum is had,—will make the latter place the front door of Central Africa, the radiating point of civilization, through trade and commerce that will eventually be established with the Equatorial Provinces—Darfour, Kordofan, and Sennaar, rich in ivory, gold and copper mines, gums, and ostrich feathers, &c.

I repeat that Egypt alone has within her domain a population especially fit for the perilous service of exploration of these countries; and it is to this element, rather than to costly foreign expeditions, whose sacrifice of life and of money are greatly in disproportion to results obtained,

that recourse must be had by the Ruler of Egypt, by the philanthropist, and by the trader. If Providence has ordained that the regeneration of Central Africa is to be wrought by human means, it is thus, and thus only, it ever can be accomplished.

POSTSCRIPT.

Fate had decreed that the insignificant little band of explorers, whose deeds have been detailed in these Chapters, should count for something in the discovery of the *Sources of the Nile*. In that connexion, as well as to render a just tribute to my former chief, Colonel Gordon, whom I quitted to continue still the service of the Equatorial Provinces, namely, the opening of a direct road to connect the Lake Victoria with the Indian Ocean[1]—I may be permitted to quote here the text of an official note communicated recently by his Excellency Cherif Pacha, the enlightened Minister of Foreign Affairs of his Highness the Khedive, to the Consuls-General of the foreign Powers in Egypt, containing a *résumé* of latest news received of the expedition of Gordon Pacha, and at the same time affirming the annexation of territories in and around the Equatorial Nile basin:—

"D'après les dernières nouvelles parvenues au Caire, Gordon Pacha a définitivement pénétré

[1] See Appendix.

dans le district de Mrooli, sur les bords du fleuve Somerset (où, comme on le sait, le Colonel Long a essuyé au mois de Septembre, 1874, l'attaque à laquelle il a si courageusement résisté). Une station a été établie à Masindi, capitale de l'Unyoro.

"Le roi de ce pays, Keba Rega, qui s'était toujours montré hostile à l'Egypte, a dû prendre la fuite.

"Aufina, son compétiteur, animé, au contraire, des meilleurs sentiments, a été appelé à lui succéder comme représentant du gouvernement du Khédive.

"Les populations sont soumises et tranquilles. Gordon Pacha a envoyé sous les ordres de Nour Agha, officier sûr et connaissant le pays, les troupes nécessaires pour former un poste militaire à Urondogani et un autre sur les bords du Lac Victoria, près des chutes de Ripon. D'après les dernières nouvelles, il a occupé la position de Magungo sur les bords du Lac Albert, vers l'embouchure du fleuve Somerset et mis en communication Magungo avec Duflé, station sur le Nil Blanc, en amont de l'embouchure du fleuve Asua, où sont arrivés les bateaux en fer avec un bateau à vapeur.

"Ainsi est accomplie l'annexion à l'Egypte de tous les territoires sis autour des grands lacs Victoria et Albert qui, avec leurs affluents et le fleuve Somerset, ouvrent à la navigation un vaste champ d'explorations que Gordon Pacha prépare jusqu'à présent.

"Nous sommes heureux d'avoir à annoncer le résultat de cette expédition qui a réussi, grâce à l'initiative intelligente, à l'énergie et au dévouement de ceux qui l'ont entreprise sous la direction de Gordon Pacha, dans la généreuse pensée de concourir au but que s'est proposé le Khédive, celui de féconder ces contrées par la civilisation, par l'agriculture et par le commerce.

"Ce but sera complètement atteint avec le temps et à l'aide d'une administration sérieusement organisée, première base du succès. Après avoir posé cette première assise, le gouvernement du Khédive ne négligera aucun des moyens propres à assurer et en même temps à hâter autant que possible le résultat progressif qu'il poursuit.

"Gordon Pacha exprime l'espoir que dans un ou deux ans les communications entre les diverses stations seront assez sûres pour permettre aux trafiquants et aux voyageurs de circuler avec la plus entière sécurité dans le pays."[1]

Still later information, conveyed through Major General Sir Henry Rawlinson, dated April 29,

[1]According to the latest intelligence received in Cairo, Colonel Gordon has penetrated as far as the banks of the river Somerset, in the district of Mrooli. A station has been established at Masindi, the capital of Unyoro, the king of which country, Keba Rega, who had invariably shown himself hostile to the Egyptians, has been obliged to seek safety in flight. Aufina, the rival of Keba Rega, has been called to succeed him as representative of the Egyptian Government: Riouga, who had been expelled by Keba Rega, and who, for many years past, had sought the protection of Egypt, had been re-

1876, to the Royal Geographical Society of London, speaks of a telegram from General Gordon Pacha, in which he states as follows :—

"On the 8th of March Mr. Gessi left Duflé with the two iron lifeboats and the steamboat, the 'Khédive,' with their crews, numbering twenty-two officers and men, with their arms, ammunition, &c.; carrying also certain other supplies.

"They went to Magungo, to make the reconnaissances already indicated to his Highness as to be made.

"They arrived at Magungo (which is indicated on the map of Baker Pacha) on the 31st of March.

established at Mrooli in a capacity similar to that of Anfina at Unyoro. The surrounding native population is represented to be quiet and submissive. Colonel Gordon has despatched a body of troops, under the orders of Nour Agha, a trustworthy officer, well acquainted with the country, with the design of establishing two military posts, the one at Urondogani, and the other at the borders of Lake Victoria, near the Ripon Falls. He has occupied the position of Magungo, on the banks of Lake Albert, near the mouth of the Somerset river, and established communications between Magungo and Duflé, a station on the White Nile, near the mouth of the river Asua, where the iron vessels and a steamboat have arrived. In this manner all the territories surrounding the Victoria and Albert Lakes have been annexed to Egypt, these lakes, with their confluents and the river Somerset, opening to Colonel Gordon a vast field, which he is understood to be about to explore with as little delay as possible. Lastly, he is said to have expressed the hope that within a year or two from the present time the means of communication between the different stations which he has established will be sufficiently secure to allow both merchants and travellers to traverse the country in perfect safety.

There they missed the way, and returned to the island of Fori, known as the Cataracts of Aufina, where they were met by Mohammed Aga-Wat-el-Mek, accompanied by several officers and soldiers, and the Chief Aufina. After the proper ceremonies of reception were over, they raised and saluted the flag of the Government.

"After several days of rest, they left and went to Magungo, where they arrived on the 12th of April; and on the same day they hoisted the flag there, on the banks of Lake Albert, in the presence of the officers, soldiers, and natives, and all the assemblage prayed for long life and continued victory for his Highness the Khedive, and the Princes, his sons; and all those regions and their inhabitants came under the rule of the Khedival Government.

"Mr. Gessi left Magungo on the 15th of April, with the two iron boats, to explore Lake Albert, and did not stop until he reached its extremity. On the 19th of April he was able to state that the lake is 140 miles long, with a width of 50 miles; but he was not able to make the entire circuit of the shore. He states that the lake is bounded on the south by great trees (forests?), and that in that portion the water is only leg-deep; that it is bounded on the west by high mountains and great forests, so that passage there was impossible.

"'On the east there is a river which empties into the lake, but the forests form an obstacle to

its ascension, and the current is so strong that it could not be navigated without great danger.

"I have no news of Stanley, and can only suppose that he passed from Lake Victoria to the west, saw the south end of Lake Albert, and then went on to, perhaps, the nest of lakes I suppose exist south of Lake Albert.

"A very curious feature presents itself in the split which the Nile makes soon after leaving Lake Albert. It divides into two branches, one of which goes north to Duflé and this place; the other goes north-west, is 200 yards wide, and has a strong current. If you have Manuel's maps, look down 28° E. long., and you will see west of Gondokoro a 'River Jaië,'[2] on 'Bahr D'jemit' marked on it, coming from near the Lake. Now we know that from 'Lake Djak' (Manuel's map) a stream enters the Nile (near the point where Bahr Zäräff leaves it), that this stream is deep during rains, and is navigable to Eliab. We believe that the same stream runs past Makuka, and I think the north-west branch of the Nile, above spoken of, is that stream, as Manuel's map would imply that it is, and if so, we, here at Kerri, are on an isle of the Nile. The levels of the River Welle, 2707 ft., and Lake Albert, 2740 ft., allow of its going to Munza's, but I do not think it possible. Speke, from native report, put Lake Albert in nearly the same position and about the same size as Gessi found it; look at

[2] The River Yeh (?), see page 258.

the map of Speke ('Backwater of Nile,' Luta Nzige). Gessi had, and so have I had, great help from Baker's map. Murchison Fall is twenty-two miles from the entrance into the lake."—Letter of Gordon Pacha, April 29, 1876.

I am certainly puzzled to read that a river empties into the Lake Albert "on the east, with a current so strong that it could not be navigated;" no such river was encountered either by myself or Linant in going southward, the road being only—by native intelligence as well as through Sir Samuel Baker, to whom the honour belongs of the discovery of the Lake Albert—"three days distant from Mrooli;" it may be possible, however, that the telegram has said "east" instead of *west*, or it may be the short river Kitchiri, or a similar stream finding its force in some mountain descent. In any event particulars will soon be given that will add this very important navigation of the lake to the work accomplished by the Governor General of the Equatorial Provinces, work in which the Khedive has been untiring in energy as he has been generous in the means afforded for its accomplishment.

It is with pleasure, alloyed with pain at his sad fate, that I refer to my friend, M. Ernest Linant, mentioned before in these pages, the son of that great French Engineer, M. Linant de Bellefonds, whose name is written in the great irrigational works that have marked progress in Egypt since

the days of the great Mehemet Ali. M. Ernest Linant had left Cairo to visit his brother Auguste, of whom I have also spoken. I met Ernest for the last time at the junction of the Saubat with the Bahr-el-Abiad, in company with Messrs. Watson and Chippendall *en route* southward, whilst I was hurrying down the Nile to Khartoum, having but just returned from the Expedition to Ugunda.

In the month of December of the following year, when in command of the land forces under H. E. McKillop Pacha, of the Royal Navy, and Admiral in the service of his Highness the Khedive, on the banks of the river Juba, on the Indian Ocean, I received news of the massacre of poor Linant and thirty-six of his men of the same valiant "Forty Thieves" that had accompanied him to M'Tsé.

It seems that he had followed my route to Ugunda, where he had arrived in the month of April, 1875; he had been well received by M'Tsé, and when ushered into his presence had the pleasure of meeting with Mr. Stanley, the now famous traveller, who in coming from Zanzibar had circumnavigated the Lake Victoria Nyanza.[3]

[3] Mr. Stanley, ere he quitted M. Linant, entrusted to him letters and a sketch Map of the lake, which—save with some minor differences—confirms the accuracy of the dimensions of the lake as conjectured by Captain Speke. Although the first to navigate the lake, my enfeebled condition, and having

Linant, after spending several days with Stanley, turned his face northward, and retraced his route towards Gondokoro or Bedden, now become the head-quarters of Gordon Pacha. Stanley turned to pursue his explorations—in what direction is not clear—but the long interval that has passed would seem to indicate that he had gone westward to the Atlantic. This conclusion amounts almost to a certainty since the recent exploration of the Lake Albert by Mr. Gessi says nothing of Mr. Stanley.

To return to Linant, he passed in safety over the return route; and was attacked by the same tribe that had attacked me in 1874. In his own eloquent way he described his visit to M'Tsé, his Itinerary embodied many incidents related by me, and it was with a mournful pleasure that I passed thus in review the scenes of misery to which my poor little troupe had been doubly devoted, save with here and there an occasional enthusiastic sentiment expressed of a spot that presented less of misery in nature and in man. There was the same record of marches through bog and morass, through pestilence and fever, and the same struggle with the treachery and hypocrisy of the negro. He mentioned a lonely

only two soldiers, rendered me unable to brave the opposition of the 1200 escort of M'Tsé's navy, and was therefore obliged to turn my back upon the lake with the impression that the numerous islands seen (and reported by Stanley) were a coast-line, and, thus deceived, causing me to report the lake as only fifteen to twenty miles wide.

spot in the Kidi Wilderness, between the Post Fatiko and Foueira, where on a dark and gloomy day, in the month of May of the preceding year, I had stopped beneath a tree for protection from the howling storm; here he says, "J'ai vu le nom de mon ami Long!" Cut deep in the bark was "Long '74."

If, as has been said, and I most ardently desire that it may prove to be so, that M'Tsé has been converted to Christianity, and that he no longer considers human sacrifices an attribute of greatness, it seems difficult to reconcile this conversion with an act which M. Linant cites in his report; that a few days prior to his departure, and consequently after the departure of Mr. Stanley, M'Tsé, boastful of his accuracy of aim, "levelled his gun deliberately at one of his female attendants, and blew her brains out."

Linant returned then to the station at Bedden. It was here three days afterwards that he crossed the river, and in full view of the camp was massacred with thirty-six soldiers, as already stated. It may not be mal à propos to add here, for the benefit of those who claim that this race may be civilized by moral suasion, that the duplicity and treachery of the negro, evidence of which may be gathered from the honest opinion of all travellers, render a confidence in his probity by weak and inoffensive parties not only wrong but almost criminal, since it becomes an incentive to the black to exhibit that nature which Sir Samuel

Baker has attributed to him, in the assertion that he does right only when he has not the power to do wrong—a perfectly legitimate savage instinct, that oft-repeated massacres attest.

The question of the Nile Sources is now no longer one of "Caput Nili quærere"—the problem of remote ages has been finally solved. The Lakes Victoria, Ibrahim, and Albert, acting as great basins of the Equatorial water-shed, and fed by perpetual Equatorial rains, constitute with their affluents *the Sources of the Nile.*

One other problem that may await the exploitation of the countries discovered engages the attention of the Geographical world—the relation with these lake basins of that great affluent of the Bahr-el-Abiad, the river Saubat.

APPENDIX.

NOTE.

Scarcely had I finished the course of medical treatment prescribed me at Plombières dans les Vosges, when I received a summons to return to Egypt. On the 2nd of September, obliged to sacrifice to a military exigence my intention of visiting America, where my aged and honoured father and family reside, I left Paris *viâ* Marseilles, arriving in Egypt the 9th of the same month. On the 16th I left Cairo in a special train for Suez, there to take command of a battalion of soldiers of all arms. Our objective point was the Oriental Coast of Africa in the Indian Ocean; the purpose, a scientific and commercial Expedition, to cut an Equatorial Road to the Lake Victoria, and open up those countries to commerce and civilization by a short and direct route. With the force at our command its accomplishment seemed easy. The chief command of the expedition had been confided to H. E. McKillop Pacha, a distinguished officer of H.B.M. Navy, now in the Egyptian Service.

The expedition, however, was recalled, before its legitimate object had been accomplished. The river Juba, 15′ south of the Equator, had, until this moment, been unexplored. Von der Decken, ten years before, had made the attempt, but was treacherously massacred with his boat's crew by the savages; and the river was left thus still unknown to geographers.[1] Taking with me a detachment of twenty-five men and two

[1] The Author is mistaken in this statement:—Von der Decken ascended the *Juba* in a steamer as far as *Barderah*, about 350 miles as the river winds, or 175 miles in geographical distance.—E. M.

rocket-pieces, I ascended the Juba for a distance of 150 miles in a steam launch that, with difficulty, had been carried over the dangerous surf which makes the mouth of the river nearly impassable.

I am not inclined to believe with Sir Samuel Baker "that the river called Jooba, in the Lobbohr country, east of Fatiko, is the Juba that flows into the Indian Ocean."

I ascended the river far enough to perceive its frequent discolorations tinging the water red, that certainly showed its mountain origin, and, from the report of those who had been to its source, I do not think that his supposition is well founded.

This exploration, with the study of the tribes and their relations of language and customs, with the races that inhabit Central Africa, will be made the subject of subsequent "Notes of Travel and Exploration of the river Juba."

VOCABULARY OF WORDS SELECTED FROM LANGUAGES SPOKEN BY TRIBES IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

	Ugunda.	Monbutto.	Niam Niam.	Muro.	Abaker.	Kiyéh.	Mundo.
Salutation	Otiano and Yanzig-Yanzig	Ingassy !	Moyiehkóro	Mu'to'tah	Agi	Mabayiéh	Angiora andikonya
Morning	Kakâti	Nebi li bou	Iso	Yitou	Kalondo	Abutissé	Rar
Night	Kèro	Nekini		Gessé	Kerba	Odrou	Bibiti
Sun	M Sana	Neiko	Oola	Outou	Kardo	Adra	Rar
Moon	Moŭesi	Nangare	Tiwi	Imbar	Affé	Omba	Rha
Star	Mui yen yé	Etton lou	Torgo	Miui-Mini	Kebl	Aurassola	Goféra
Heavens	Lubali		Manga	Boŭ	Aerré	Iton	Phi
Earth	Taka	Nappé	Sanda	Yuini	Cou	Obraé	Tou
Forest	Mitti	Tonoor	Ungonah		Kagah	Ocbé	Rho
House	Miyou	Egnoke	Dimo		Ditché	Ba!	Cambo
Wood	Nukou	Nagama	Tuaké		Ghir	Natâfâ	Rho-or-ne
Iron	Kyŭmà	Nobila	Binga		Manbillo	Oufa	Cié
Copper	Ngaga	Natala	Talah		Gōdō to mo	Attala	Ija Combe
Cloth	Lubongo	Nehlouma	Bongo Locor		Koddo	Bongo	Bongo
Eye	Liso	Nengo	Zoga or	Mi	Komo	Mi	Gigah
Ear	Mattou	Nebbee	Iué Bongalissa.	Pi	Bilé	Bi	Gegah
Head	M'tué	Nédona	Lili	Dí	Doli	Dri	Jungo
Nose	Nindo	Namo	Ossi	Nmpho	Sommo	Nmpha	Gogo
Forehead	Kenyŭ	Napimba	Popoli	Millitti	Som de Komo	Undrogalli	Pobarah
Mouth	M'momuăh	Natikwa	Papoucé	Tila	Tola	Toila	Kokom
Teeth	M'nyo	Ekki	Linda	Si	Shwiga	Si	Tatah
Tongue	Lima	Nakkrada	Nubah	Ladra		Adra	Mimi
Moustaches	Birefo	Endelo			Bi	Tibili	Chingah
Arm	M'Kono	M Takwa	Bey	Dri	Schili	Drago	Papa
Hand	Nugaro	Etté	Nliza		Nuga	Doago	Gi-gi-pa
Chin	Kalefo	Naki-ki	Chin-balli	Bongo	Nugoko	Ditrhoboli	Sa-mimi
Leg	Korigoulo	Neddo	Ondolah	Pii	Shindi	Pou	Luiu
Foot	Tigi ri	Apuéndri	Pendolah		Shindi	Pompey	Gi gi lu
Thigh	Chingas galli	Etoppi					
Calf of the Leg	Mitombré						
Listen	Agumbé						
Water	Mezi	Agua					
Ivory		Nekoké					
Man	M'sagă	Agogo		Ago	Addo	Ago	Commoko
Woman	M'kabsi	Namassé		Akoi	Kar	Oko	Worsah
Girl	M'nârâ				Kira	Koussé	Worsha
Boy	Kelensi	Aliko			Ao	Adoupi	Imbassah
Child	Katto	Nēba ta bou			Schillou	Infarmare	Impar-sepero
Father	Kittă oŭ	Papa		Adoupi	Baba	Attar	Nyeĭ
Mother	Yoko	Iĭ			Ma Ma	Andromari	Worsa
Brother	M'Kontŏó wŏ	Aowrogua			Lundaina	Adroupè	Augonani
Sister	Barimgoe sega			Nnopi	Lima		Au-ga-nani -worsa
Fish	Tukagé	Nada	Tio		Kangé	Apé	Si'
Beef	Akaba	Noko	Iti	Dongo	Mima	Monégo	Mansu

	Ugunda.	Monbutto.	Niam Niam.	Muro.	Abaker.	Kiyéh.	Mundo.
Cow	Mitté	Nirrh	Nito	Iti	Ití	Ití	Ití
Goat	Imbosé	Mimi	Wossonda	Indi	Ina	Inré	Mimi
Dog	Umbois	Nessi	Ango	Ocho	Ich	Ojekko	Boro
Cat	Ki'ya'yo	Nessengina	Dandarah	Ioro	Allabonga	Lóko-kó	Zarzas
Rat	Missi	Naipi	Okoli	Idra	Chigak	Orago	Zou
Lion	Ingafo		Ziáh	Komnero	Iri	Kami	Kami
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Yes	Ah	EE. EE.					
No	ah	Muh					
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